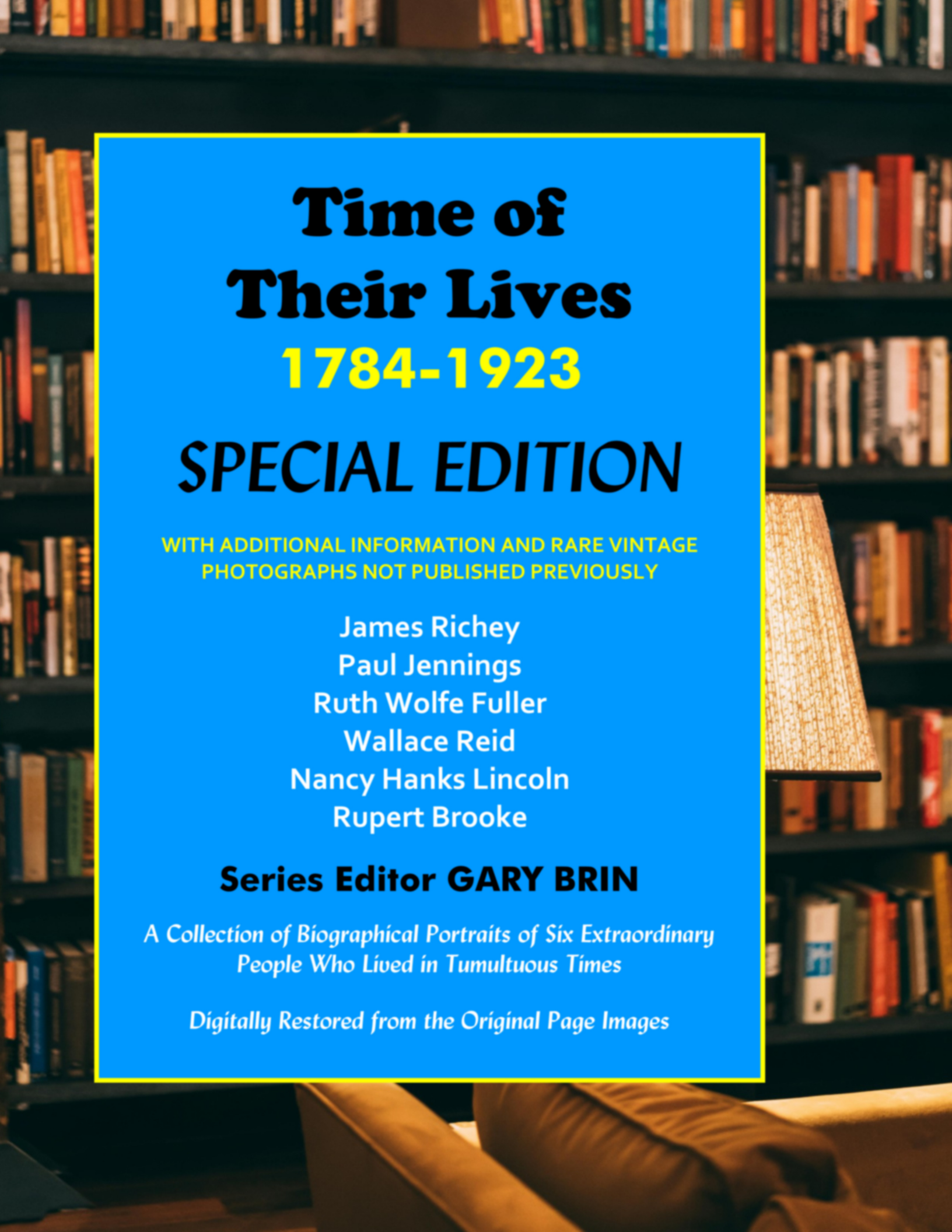

Time of Their Lives
1784-1923

SPECIAL EDITION

WITH ADDITIONAL INFORMATION AND RARE VINTAGE PHOTOGRAPHS NOT PUBLISHED PREVIOUSLY

James Richey
Paul Jennings
Ruth Wolfe Fuller
Wallace Reid
Nancy Hanks Lincoln
Rupert Brooke

Series Editor GARY BRIN

A Collection of Biographical Portraits of Six Extraordinary People Who Lived in Tumultuous Times

Digitally Restored from the Original Page Images

Time of Their Lives

PORTIONS OF THIS BOOK WERE
PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED
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Time of Their Lives
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Time of Their Lives

1784-1923

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Series Editor GARY BRIN

Standish Press

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

In Remembrance

James Richey
Paul Jennings
Ruth Wolfe Fuller
Wallace Reid
Nancy Hanks Lincoln
Rupert Brooke

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Introduction

The biographical collections in this volume are of people who lived exceptional lives in extraordinary times. The pages from this book are actually six books that were published separately in 1908, 1865, 1918, 1923, 1952 and 1918. In order to retain as much of the historical accuracy of each title, each book was reprinted from page image scans of the originals. The text pages of each book in this edition were not changed or corrected in any way from the original publications. It should be noted however that page images from the books featured were digitally restored and renumbered in order to be merged into this present volume. Original copies of all four books featured in this volume can be found online at the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library.

During the middle of the nineteenth century there were many hardy pioneers traveling across the Plains in order to reach Western America. On the way there many hardships and dangers befell those traveling by covered wagon. While many accounts written by pioneers dealt with the tragic aspects about life and death situations faced by many, the narrative-style memoir by James H. Richey focused more on the adventures experienced during the trip across the Plains rather than hardships. Originally published in 1908, Richey's simple reminiscence told of what it

was like to live during those times in 1854—bringing back to life a time that in 1908 must have seemed like a novel to most people who were born decades after the detailed events in Richey's short narrative took place—which today still makes for fascinating reading in 2025. A good story doesn't need hundreds of pages to entertain—a handful of pages can be just as memorable.

Paul Jennings was an important figure in nineteenth century American politics—but he remains unknown to most history buffs because he was a slave—and only appears as a footnote in most historical accounts concerning former President James Madison. During the nineteenth century it is a known fact that only a select number of slaves could make their own decisions about their lives and few had influence—and even fewer held any influence in society. Paul Jennings was born sometime during 1799 in Virginia and was enslaved to James Madison. His mother was biracial of African and Native American ancestry while his father was an English trader. During his youth he was a companion to Dolley Madison's son Payne Todd. He gained his freedom in 1847 after Daniel Webster purchased him when the former First Lady refused to free Jennings—selling him to an insurance broker instead. In 1865 Jennings published a short memoir about his experiences with James and Dolley Madison. His account is regarded as the first memoir about life at the White House. It also clarifies a historical inaccuracy involving the saving of a copy of the Gilbert Stuart painting of George Washington which was credited to Dolley but in reality it was a Frenchman and another unknown person. Jennings died in 1874 at 75.

Ruth Wolfe Fuller published only one book in her lifetime but it was a book that defined the lives of women experiencing the horrors of war—hoping their husbands came back to them when it was over. Very few books written during World War I was from the point of view of life on the home front and Fuller's reminiscences allowed for people to see that not only were soldiers affected by war—so was their wives and families. Written simply, without meaningless fancy words or overly dramatic displays of affection—it is what you'd expect from a young

woman who had aspirations that was beyond the scope of the reality of war. World War I was ignored in the years following and more so with the inclusion of World War II twenty years later. This book as well as many others of that era paints a picture of normal individuals that were forced to think of their future knowing how quickly events half a world away could forever alter their lives.

Bertha Westbrook Reid's tribute to her late son Wallace Reid focuses on her relationship with him instead of his status as a beloved icon of silent films. Though considered an account of his childhood years it isn't an actual biography as has been assumed. Reid's mother wrote of what she knew from her own experiences with her son and was probably shielded from how serious his drug addiction was by Reid or those close to him. Her memoir of her son should be viewed through the eyes of being a parent rather than a well-researched biography of an actor that was suffering from drug addiction—while being overworked by selfish movie executives. Wallace Reid was what everyone assumed was the perfect image of a movie star. He seemed confident with a glint of naughty behavior—which appealed to women looking for a man that seemed like the boy next door but wasn't like anyone they knew in their everyday lives. Yet despite this public view the truth was not even close. Reid was no different than any other man of his time except his struggles were splashed across newspapers and magazines around the world. His mother's memoir humanizes Reid but yet she seemed unwilling to face reality about the child she loved—or maybe she wasn't aware of what everyone else knew—or she simply chose to ignore certain aspects about her son. She died in 1939 at the age of 71.

The life and times of Nancy Hanks Lincoln as written by historians Harold E. Briggs and Ernestine Bennett Briggs remains the definitive account about the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Their biographical study remains unsurpassed decades later of which over eight years of research was focused upon in order to bring forth the most accurate account about the mother of the former President—whose family background has been a subject of controversy over the years due to inaccurate stories that were

spread by lazy biographers or political rivals of her son. Much research has been done into the Lincoln family—many of which have been flawed or purposely misleading. Over the last nine decades many books published about Abraham Lincoln seemed to be focused on the trashy aspects about his heritage. And when truth isn't good enough or isn't sensational—select biographers have chosen to recreate events in his life—including faking family tree records online—purposely fooling unsuspecting viewers. To date—this account of the life of Nancy Hanks Lincoln's life by two notable historians remain the only version that reflects reality.

Rupert Brooke was one of the most well-known poets of the World War I era—yet at times he doubted his own ability to make his words speak to millions. Though he died suddenly in 1915 at 27 he remains a potent force in war literature today. Many poets before and after Brooke has been forgotten or ignored by present-day readers of poetry—and though poets are usually very talented and creative with their wording—it must be noted that Brooke's appeal relied on his youth and movie star looks that kept him a favorite. A century has passed since his death yet he seems more alive today than he did at the time he passed. His words reflected his feelings before and during World War I—and along with his letters he spoke clearly about what he felt while so many others struggled to have the same clarity. Edward Marsh was clearly biased in his view of his friend—and purposely ignored the worst of Brooke's flaws but nevertheless he tried to be fair in how he saw his friend—which is more than other writers of similar books have done. Was Rupert Brooke perfect? No. Is anyone perfect? No. Everyone has flaws—some more than others.

Series Editor
Gary Brin

Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
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Historical
Book
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Series

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GARY BRIN

A TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1854

DIGITALLY RESTORED VERSION FROM
AN ORIGINAL 1908 EDITION

Covered wagons during travels to Western America

Original photographic image courtesy of Wikimedia Commons
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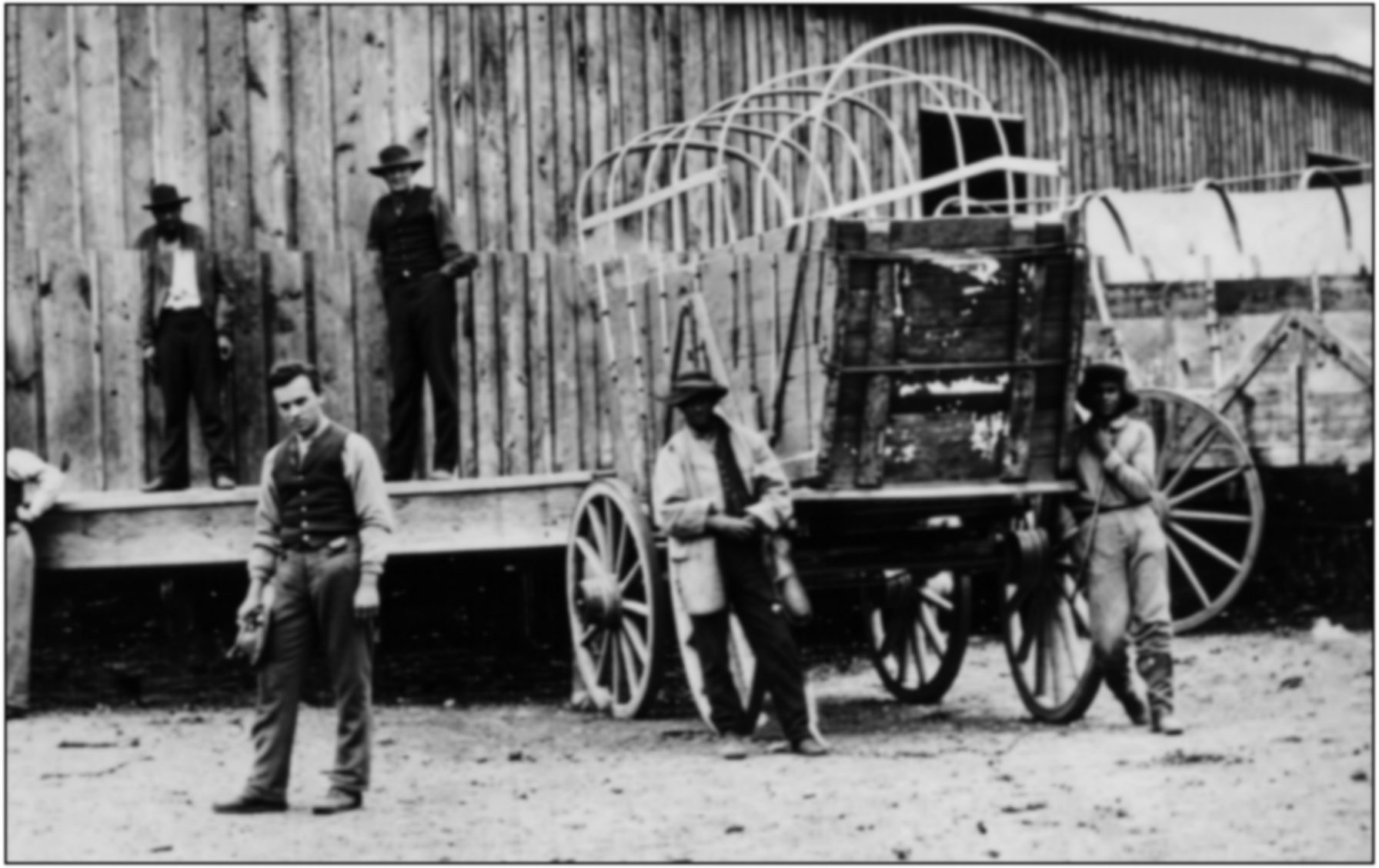

Pioneers with covered wagons en route to Western America during the nineteenth century

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A Trip Across the Plains in 1854

A Trip Across the Plains in 1854

By James H. Richey

A Trip Across the Plains in 1854

By James H. Richey

RICHEY, CALIFORNIA, March 15, 1908.

Just fifty-four years ago to-day, in 1854, I left my home in Illinois for the trip across the plains. After bidding all good-bye, brother Thomas took us, Alex and I, to Mr. Miller's, where Mr. Strahn had his outfit, but they had started. We overtook them at DeHague's. We then transferred our luggage to the ox team.

Our company consisted of Miller Strahn, Tom Eberley, Bill Henry, John Flemmings, Alex Richey and James Richey from Illinois and S. Steele, Mose Knox, Abe Earnest and Wm. Morse from Iowa.

Arriving at the Mississippi river we experienced our first

ferrying of cattle. After considerable trouble we got a load on the ferry boat, "The Flint Hills." When it cast off for the other side the cattle were greatly excited and rushed from one side to the other, tipping the boat, and crowded four or five head into the river. On the upper side one went under the boat, coming up, followed the boat across making nearly as good time as we did. We then named her Mississippi. When other rivers were to ford she readily led the herd across.

We stayed four miles west of Burlington the first night. The fifth day we arrived at Bloomfield, the home of Mr. Steele, had dinner, then took cattle to farm seven miles from town, stayed two weeks, here finishing our outfit for the trip. On Monday morning broke our first camp grounds and left for the long trip to the "Golden State." Went south, passed a short distance into Missouri, then west to the Missouri river, up this river to St. Mary's, twelve miles below Omaha, where we camped for a few days waiting to be ferried across the river. On the 28th of April, Hopper's train joined us here, where we had our first sight of Indians, two hundred or more of the Omaha tribe, all great beggars. Here commenced guard duty for the next three months. I was on duty the after part of the night. It was a stormy night and the cattle very uneasy. We were each on guard one-half night every fifth night. On April 29 left the settlements and started out on the plains and passed over some fine looking country. Crossing the Elk Horn river, we ferried the wagons and let the cattle swim, then the Loupe Fork of the Platte river which we ferried; came to the Platte river at Grand Island, one hundred miles from Missouri. Here we saw the first Pawnee Indians, much finer looking than the

Omahas and were very friendly. We now traveled up Platte river, having fine feed and good roads. Saw but few buffaloes, as but few had come north as yet. Here we had our first stampede. We had been in camp and had our supper. A heavy thunderstorm stampeded the cattle, they going with the storm, but the men stayed with them, getting them back to camp about two o'clock in the morning; had all of our cattle and the most of another train's.

Following the Platte there was nothing of note for some time, regular daily duty. We separated company with Hopper, traveling by ourselves, three wagons and ten men. One day we came to the camp of a train that had part of their horses stolen and had to throw some of their wagons away. We took two of their men, also a wagon, cutting ours up and carrying it for wood, as there was none on our route. Following the Platte we had our first view of the Rocky Mountains, Laramie Peak, said to be two hundred miles away. We were in sight of it for four weeks. The next thing of interest was Chimney Rock, on south side of Platte, about twenty miles away, looked some like a chimney in the distance, height some 150 feet. Next was Court House Rock which resembled a large building. We arrived at Fort Laramie on May 25, being the first building after leaving Omaha. Here was our first chance for mailing letters. Strahn crossed the river at the Fort.

After leaving Laramie we had our first mountain travel through the Black Hills. The view was fine but very rough roads. On guard one night I saw what I thought was an Indian coming towards the cattle. After watching it a short time I made up my mind to find out, so I crawled on my hands and

knees some one hundred yards and found my Indian was a little mule that had strayed from a camp some distance from us. We traveled up Platte river to the north crossing where the road from the south crosses to the north and joined the road on which we were traveling from Ft. Laramie, one hundred miles. Here we left the Platte and crossed to the Sweet Water, still on the Oregon trail; table land country, very good roads. We met the Cheyenne tribe of Indians on their way down to hunt buffalo and fight the Pawnee. A trader said there was about five thousand men, women and children. They had their belongings packed on horses and dogs, tent poles on the sides, the back ends dragging and baskets lashed to these with children in them. The morning before reaching Sweet Water we had a stampede of our horses. While we were yoking up they pulled their picket pins and were off. As they passed me I grabbed one of the ropes; it pulled me down but Strahn was near and held it. He threw a saddle on it and followed them, catching them at Sweet Water, some ten miles away. We arrived there about noon feeling very good that he had them. We followed this river to the south pass of the Rockies.

Places of note on Sweet Water: Independence Rock, laying in the valley, covering about ten acres and one hundred feet high. Five miles from Independence Rock is Devil's Gate, where the river passes through a chasm of rock three hundred and fifty feet in depth. On the south side of the cliff overhanging the river, laying down I crawled out and looked down at the river. It looked like a small rivulet. After passing this point, the next was the Ice Fields, when digging down from one to two feet in the ground we found solid ice, said to be four miles

wide. Following the river up to the last crossing, ten miles from the summit, which was our last camp on the east side of the Rockies. In the morning we had a heavy sleet and snow storm, very cold. Cleared up by seven o'clock and had a fine day crossing the summit.

About noon June 10th, stopped for dinner at Pacific Springs. The water flows to the Pacific ocean from here through the Colorado river. From here the road leads to the Little Sandy, a branch of Green River. Here the Salt Lake road and the Oregon road, form the Salt Lake road. Bearing south, we kept the Oregon southwest; from Little Sandy we crossed to Big Sandy some twenty miles where we camped till the next day noon. In the forenoon we were busy shoeing cattle and preparing for crossing the Green River Desert, fifty-four miles, with no water. This is a sage brush country, with considerable bunch grass. We started at noon and traveled till near night, camped and had supper. About dark a heavy rainstorm came up so we had plenty of water for cattle as well as feed. It cleared up about midnight and we hitched up and put out for Green river, which we reached about nine o'clock the next morning. This is a fine looking stream, some two hundred yards wide, clear and deep, with a rapid current.

They were well prepared to handle the travel having fourteen ferry boats. Charged $5 per wagon without any team. Our ferry bill was $30 which we paid in bacon at fifty cents per pound. We had a hard time getting our cattle to take the river. They would start, then when they struck the current they would down stream and back. We finally got them across about the middle of the afternoon. We went down the river

some fourteen miles and camped here and had some trouble with a horse train. Strahn had put our horses on an island early that morning and during the day a horse train had put their horses on the same island where they forbid us putting our cattle on. Strahn said there was plenty of feed for both but they said no, the first animal that we drive across they would shoot. Stepping to a wagon he took a shot gun down also Mr. Hopper and several more of our men standing on the bank of the slough. Strahn told them his cattle were coming across and the first man that fired on them he would kill. He then ordered the cattle driven in which we did, but they backed down and got out of our way. We put on double guard but had no more trouble. The next morning he gave the captain of the train some good advice. In the morning we left Green River traveling through a mountain country with plenty of water and good feed. At Forest Grove about midnight the cattle stampeded. They were lying quiet when they jumped to their feet and were off like a shot. We were up and after them in a hurry. They ran down the mountain side into a deep canyon, but when they tried to climb the other side, it being very steep, we soon got ahead of them and drove them back to camp where they soon quieted down for the night. The only accident to a wagon was mine which I upset coming down a mountain to Bear River, breaking the top off. We followed down Bear river to Soda Springs, where there was a trading post, about sixty miles north of Salt Lake. A spring of very pleasant tasting water lies on the bank of the river. Steam boat spring near a gushing spring through a hole about four inches in diameter, recedes out of sight then gushes several feet into the air, making a sound very

much like a steam boat.

Our next point is the Humbolt. After leaving Soda Springs some six miles, we have the Oregon trail which goes north. We took the sublet cut-off which goes southwest into the Goose Creek mountains. When leaving the Oregon trail we passed over a volcanic country covered with rock resembling broken black bottles and fissures where we dropped rocks to an unknown depth. Goose Creek mountains are quite rough, but plenty of feed and water. Northwest Salt Lake then came to Raft river, a branch of Snake river, which we followed up for some distance. The morning we left the river we passed a train of wagons encamped. They had had their horses stolen that morning. We followed up a small stream into Thousand Spring Valley. Here we found both hot and cold water. At the head of the valley we passed the divide between the Raft river and the Humbolt river, which we reached on July 3rd, crossed to the south side and traveled along the foot of the mountains, where we found fine feed and good streams of water. We traveled very slowly here to let the cattle recruit. Found a few Mormon settlers here. They said they were going back to Salt Lake. Crossed the south fork of the river then had a mountain range to cross, coming to the main Humbolt river, Gravelly Ford, about half way down the river.

From here the country to the Sink is sage brush, with meadow along the river. One day we suffered for water, leaving the river at sunrise we went through sage brush and sand country until sundown, with no water to be had, both cattle and men were wild for water. Arriving at the river, the cattle rushed in and the boys grabbing tin cups, waded out past the cattle to

clear water about waist deep. I think water never tasted better. There was a trading post here—they said we traveled forty miles that day. At the Sink we passed around the lake to the west side where we camped till noon the next day, when we took up our line of march to Truckee Desert. It is forty miles across. About sundown we stopped for supper, then resumed our travel, very good roads until we came to heavy sand, about ten miles across. Arrived at Truckee river about ten o'clock and stayed until morning. Traveled up the river to Big Meadows, turned to the right, took Beckwith road, crossing the summit into the valley July 29. Just three months from Missouri river. Here they went into camp to stay three or four weeks.

The next morning five of us shouldered our blankets and started for Dowiesville where we arrived on the third day.

A COLORED MAN'S REMINISCENCES OF JAMES MADISON

DIGITALLY RESTORED VERSION FROM
AN ORIGINAL 1865 EDITION

Enhanced 1848 painting of Dolley Madison by William Elwell

Original photographic copy courtesy of National Portrait Gallery
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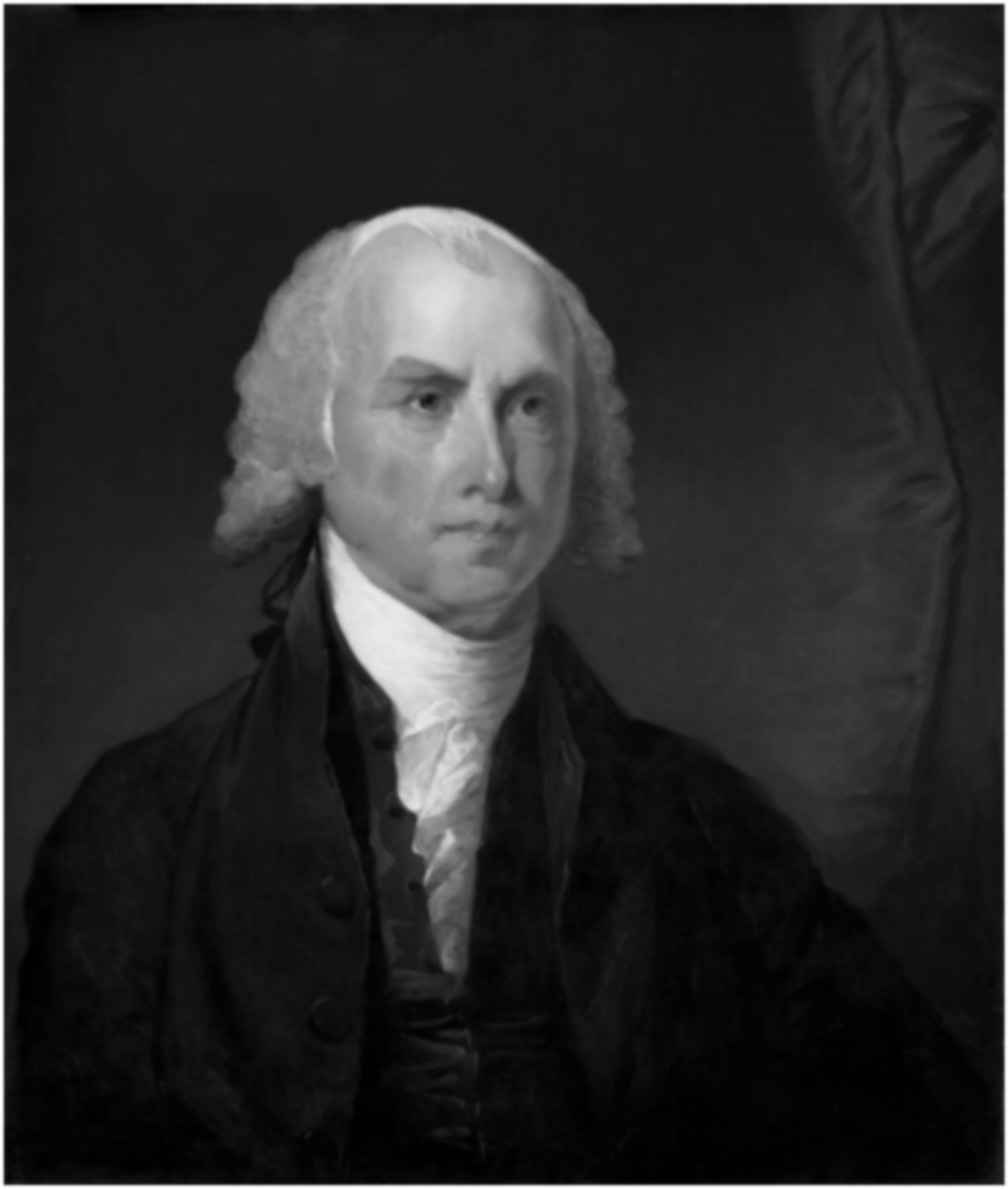

Undated painting of James Madison by Gilbert Stuart

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Enhanced 1850s daguerreotype of former slave Paul Jennings

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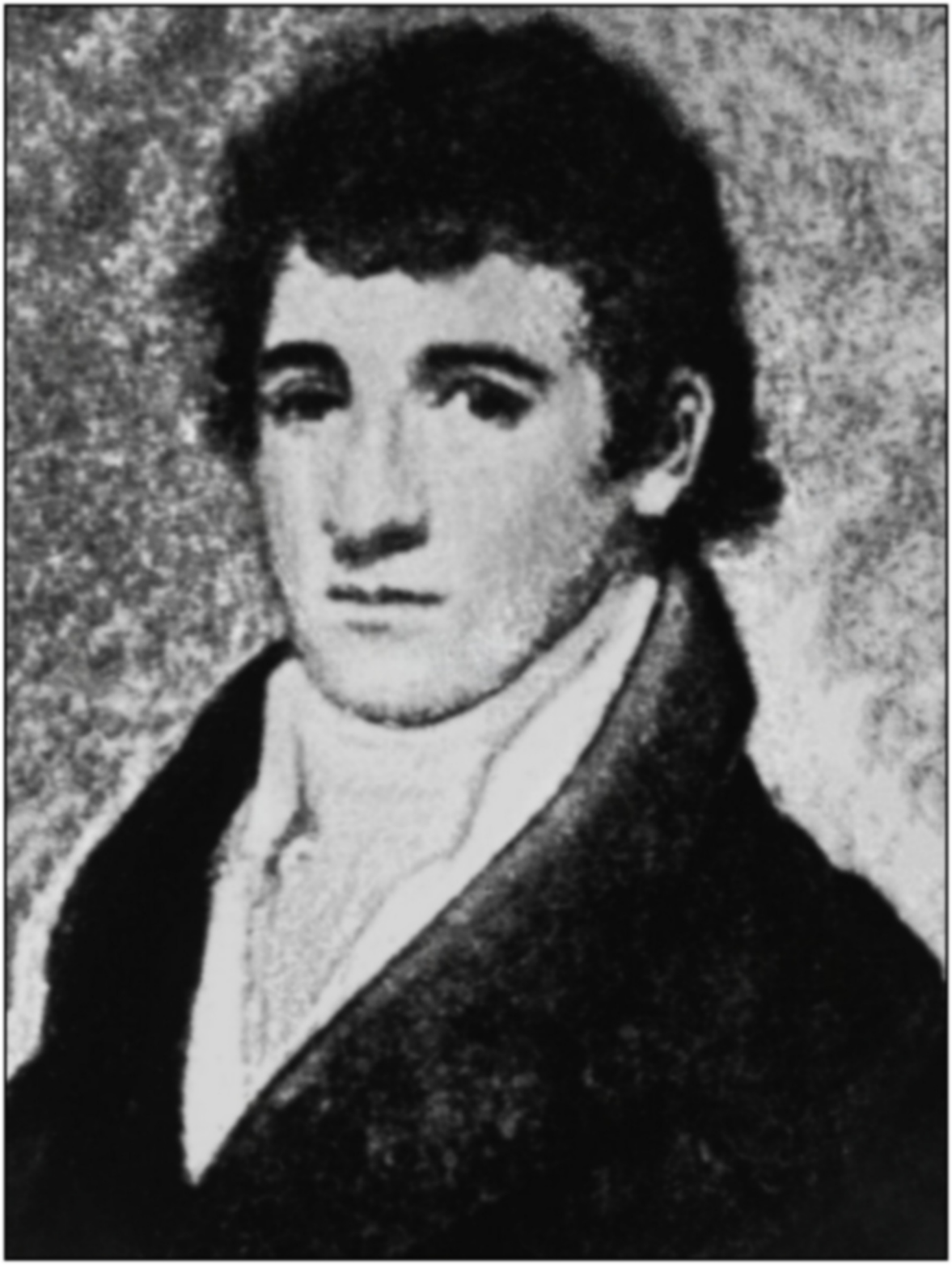

Enhanced undated engraved portrait of Payne Todd by Henry Kurtz from an 1817 painting by Joseph Wood

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A

COLORED MAN'S REMINISCENCES

OF

JAMES MADISON

A

COLORED MAN'S REMINISCENCES

OF

JAMES MADISON

By PAUL JENNINGS

BROOKLYN
GEORGE C. BEADLE
1865

PREFACE.

Among the laborers at the Department of the Interior is an intelligent colored man, Paul Jennings, who was born a slave on President Madison's estate, in Montpelier, Va., in 1799. His reputed father was Benj. Jennings, an English trader there; his mother, a slave of Mr. Madison, and the granddaughter of an Indian. Paul was a "body servant" of Mr. Madison, till his death, and afterwards of Daniel Webster, having purchased his freedom of Mrs. Madison. His character for sobriety, truth, and fidelity, is unquestioned; and as he was a daily witness of interesting events, I have thought some of his recollections were worth writing down in almost his own language.

On the 10th of January, 1865, at a curious sale of books, coins and autographs belonging to Edward M. Thomas, a colored man, for many years Messenger to the House of Representatives, was sold, among other curious lots, an autograph of Daniel Webster, containing these words: "I have paid $120 for the freedom of Paul Jennings; he agrees to work out the same at $8 per month, to be furnished with board, clothes, washing," &c.

J. B. R.

Mcer: 19. 1647. —

I have paid $120 for
the Freedom of Paul
Jennings — He
agrees to work out the
sum, at 8 dollars a
month, to be found
with board, clothes
& washing — to begin
when we return from
the Levant — His
freedom papers I gave
to him; they are
recorded in this District.

Dan'l Webster
Washington.

REMINISCENCES OF MADISON.

About ten years before Mr. Madison was President, he and Colonel Monroe were rival candidates for the Legislature. Mr. Madison was anxious to be elected, and sent his chariot to bring up a Scotchman to the polls, who lived in the neighborhood. But when brought up, he cried out: "Put me down for Colonel Monroe, for he was the first man that took me by the hand in this country." Colonel Monroe was elected, and his friends joked Mr. Madison pretty hard about his Scotch friend, and I have heard Mr. Madison and Colonel Monroe have many a hearty laugh over the subject, for years after.

When Mr. Madison was chosen President, we came on and moved into the White House; the east room was not finished, and Pennsylvania

Avenue was not paved, but was always in an awful condition from either mud or dust. The city was a dreary place.

Mr. Robert Smith was then Secretary of State, but as he and Mr. Madison could not agree, he was removed, and Colonel Monroe appointed to his place. Dr. Eustis was Secretary of War—rather a rough, blustering man; Mr. Gallatin, a tip-top man, was Secretary of the Treasury; and Mr. Hamilton, of South Carolina, a pleasant gentleman, who thought Mr. Madison could do nothing wrong, and who always concurred in every thing he said, was Secretary of the Navy.

Before the war of 1812 was declared, there were frequent consultations at the White House as to the expediency of doing it. Colonel Monroe was always fierce for it, so were Messrs. Lowndes, Giles, Poydrass, and Pope — all Southerners; all his Secretaries were likewise in favor of it.

Soon after war was declared, Mr. Madison made his regular summer visit to his farm in Virginia. We had not been there long before an express

reached us one evening, informing Mr. M. of Gen. Hull's surrender. He was astounded at the news, and started back to Washington the next morning.

After the war had been going on for a couple of years, the people of Washington began to be alarmed for the safety of the city, as the British held Chesapeake Bay with a powerful fleet and army. Every thing seemed to be left to General Armstrong, then Secretary of war, who ridiculed the idea that there was any danger. But, in August, 1814, the enemy had got so near, there could be no doubt of their intentions. Great alarm existed, and some feeble preparations for defence were made. Com. Barney's flotilla was stripped of men, who were placed in battery, at Bladensburg, where they fought splendidly. A large part of his men were tall, strapping negroes, mixed with white sailors and marines. Mr. Madison reviewed them just before the fight, and asked Com. Barney if his "negroes would not run on the approach of the British?" "No sir," said Barney, "they don't know how to run; they will die by

their guns first." They fought till a large part of them were killed or wounded; and Barney himself wounded and taken prisoner. One or two of these negroes are still living here.

Well, on the 24th of August, sure enough, the British reached Bladensburg, and the fight began between 11 and 12. Even that very morning General Armstrong assured Mrs. Madison there was no danger. The President, with General Armstrong, General Winder, Colonel Monroe, Richard Rush, Mr. Graham, Tench Ringgold, and Mr. Duvall, rode out on horseback to Bladensburg to see how things looked. Mrs. Madison ordered dinner to be ready at 3, as usual; I set the table myself, and brought up the ale, cider, and wine, and placed them in the coolers, as all the Cabinet and several military gentlemen and strangers were expected. While waiting, at just about 3, as Sukey, the house-servant, was lolling out of a chamber window, James Smith, a free colored man who had accompanied Mr. Madison to Bladensburg, gallopped up to the house, waving his hat,

and cried out, "Clear out, clear out! General Armstrong has ordered a retreat!" All then was confusion. Mrs. Madison ordered her carriage, and passing through the dining-room, caught up what silver she could crowd into her old-fashioned reticule, and then jumped into the chariot with her servant girl Sukey, and Daniel Carroll, who took charge of them; Jo. Bolin drove them over to Georgetown Heights; the British were expected in a few minutes. Mr. Cutts, her brother-in-law, sent me to a stable on 14th street, for his carriage. People were running in every direction. John Freeman (the colored butler) drove off in the coachee with his wife, child, and servant; also a feather bed lashed on behind the coachee, which was all the furniture saved, except part of the silver and the portrait of Washington (of which I will tell you by-and-by).

I will here mention that although the British were expected every minute, they did not arrive for some hours; in the mean time, a rabble, taking

advantage of the confusion, ran all over the White House, and stole lots of silver and whatever they could lay their hands on.

About sundown I walked over to the Georgetown ferry, and found the President and all hands (the gentlemen named before, who acted as a sort of body-guard for him) waiting for the boat. It soon returned, and we all crossed over, and passed up the road about a mile; they then left us servants to wander about. In a short time several wagons from Bladensburg, drawn by Barney's artillery horses, passed up the road, having crossed the Long Bridge before it was set on fire. As we were cutting up some pranks a white wagoner ordered us away, and told his boy Tommy to reach out his gun, and he would shoot us. I told him "he had better have used it at Bladensburg." Just then we came up with Mr. Madison and his friends, who had been wandering about for some hours, consulting what to do. I walked on to a Methodist minister's, and in the evening, while he

was at prayer, I heard a tremendous explosion, and, rushing out, saw that the public buildings, navy yard, ropewalks, &c., were on fire.

Mrs. Madison slept that night at Mrs. Love's, two or three miles over the river. After leaving that place she called in at a house, and went up stairs. The lady of the house learning who she was, became furious, and went to the stairs and screamed out, "Miss Madison! if that's you, come down and go out! Your husband has got mine out fighting, and d—you, you shan't stay in my house; so get out!" Mrs. Madison complied, and went to Mrs. Minor's, a few miles further, where she stayed a day or two, and then returned to Washington, where she found Mr. Madison at her brother-in-law's, Richard Cutts, on F street. All the facts about Mrs. M. I learned from her servant Sukey. We moved into the house of Colonel John B. Taylor, corner of 18th street and New York Avenue, where we lived till the news of peace arrived.

In two or three weeks after we returned, Con-

gress met in extra session, at Blodgett's old shell of a house on 7th street (where the General Post-office now stands). It was three stories high, and had been used for a theatre, a tavern, an Irish boarding house, &c.; but both Houses of Congress managed to get along in it very well, notwithstanding it had to accommodate the Patent-office, City and General Post-office, committee-rooms, and what was left of the Congressional Library, at the same time. Things are very different now.

The next summer, Mr. John Law, a large property-holder about the Capitol, fearing it would not be rebuilt, got up a subscription and built a large brick building (now called the Old Capitol, where the secesh prisoners are confined), and offered it to Congress for their use, till the Capitol could be rebuilt. This coaxed them back, though strong efforts were made to remove the seat of government north; but the southern members kept it here.

It has often been stated in print, that when Mrs. Madison escaped from the White House,

she cut out from the frame the large portrait of Washington (now in one of the parlors there), and carried it off. This is totally false. She had no time for doing it. It would have required a ladder to get it down. All she carried off was the silver in her reticule, as the British were thought to be but a few squares off, and were expected every moment. John Susé (a Frenchman, then door-keeper, and still living) and Magraw, the President's gardener, took it down and sent it off on a wagon, with some large silver urns and such other valuables as could be hastily got hold of. When the British did arrive, they ate up the very dinner, and drank the wines, &c., that I had prepared for the President's party.

When the news of peace arrived, we were crazy with joy. Miss Sally Coles, a cousin of Mrs. Madison, and afterwards wife of Andrew Stevenson, since minister to England, came to the head of the stairs, crying out, "Peace! peace!" and told John Freeman (the butler) to serve out wine liberally to the servants and others. I played

the President's March on the violin, John Susé and some others were drunk for two days, and such another joyful time was never seen in Washington. Mr. Madison and all his Cabinet were as pleased as any, but did not show their joy in this manner.

Mrs. Madison was a remarkably fine woman. She was beloved by every body in Washington, white and colored. Whenever soldiers marched by, during the war, she always sent out and invited them in to take wine and refreshments, giving them liberally of the best in the house. Madeira wine was better in those days than now, and more freely drank. In the last days of her life, before Congress purchased her husband's papers, she was in a state of absolute poverty, and I think sometimes suffered for the necessaries of life. While I was a servant to Mr. Webster, he often sent me to her with a market-basket full of provisions, and told me whenever I saw anything in the house that I thought she was in need of, to take it to her. I often did this, and occa-

sionally gave her small sums from my own pocket, though I had years before bought my freedom of her.

Mr. Madison, I think, was one of the best men that ever lived. I never saw him in a passion, and never knew him to strike a slave, although he had over one hundred; neither would he allow an overseer to do it. Whenever any slaves were reported to him as stealing or "cutting up" badly, he would send for them and admonish them privately, and never mortify them by doing it before others. They generally served him very faithfully. He was temperate in his habits. I don't think he drank a quart of brandy in his whole life. He ate light breakfasts and no suppers, but rather a hearty dinner, with which he took invariably but one glass of wine. When he had hard drinkers at his table, who had put away his choice Madeira pretty freely, in response to their numerous toasts, he would just touch the glass to his lips, or dilute it with water, as they pushed

about the decanters. For the last fifteen years of his life he drank no wine at all.

After he retired from the presidency, he amused himself chiefly on his farm. At the election for members of the Virginia Legislature, in 1829 or '30, just after General Jackson's accession, he voted for James Barbour, who had been a strong Adams man. He also presided, I think, over the Convention for amending the Constitution, in 1832.

After the news of peace, and of General Jackson's victory at New Orleans, which reached here about the same time, there were great illuminations. We moved into the Seven Buildings, corner of 19th-street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and while there, General Jackson came on with his wife, to whom numerous dinner-parties and levees were given. Mr. Madison also held levees every Wednesday evening, at which wine, punch, coffee, ice-cream, &c., were liberally served, unlike the present custom.

While Mr. Jefferson was President, he and Mr. Madison (then his Secretary of State) were extremely intimate; in fact, two brothers could not have been more so. Mr. Jefferson always stopped over night at Mr. Madison's, in going and returning from Washington.

I have heard Mr. Madison say, that when he went to school, he cut his own wood for exercise. He often did it also when at his farm in Virginia. He was very neat, but never extravagant, in his clothes. He always dressed wholly in black—coat, breeches, and silk stockings, with buckles in his shoes and breeches. He never had but one suit at a time. He had some poor relatives that he had to help, and wished to set them an example of economy in the matter of dress. He was very fond of horses, and an excellent judge of them, and no jockey ever cheated him. He never had less than seven horses in his Washington stables while President.

He often told the story, that one day riding home from court with old Tom Barbour (father of Governor Barbour), they met a colored man, who

took off his hat. Mr. M. raised his, to the surprise of old Tom; to whom Mr. M. replied, "I never allow a negro to excel me in politeness." Though a similar story is told of General Washington, I have often heard this, as above, from Mr. Madison's own lips.

After Mr. Madison retired from the presidency, in 1817, he invariably made a visit twice a year to Mr. Jefferson—sometimes stopping two or three weeks—till Mr. Jefferson's death, in 1826.

I was always with Mr. Madison till he died, and shaved him every other day for sixteen years. For six months before his death, he was unable to walk, and spent most of his time reclined on a couch; but his mind was bright, and with his numerous visitors he talked with as much animation and strength of voice as I ever heard him in his best days. I was present when he died. That morning Sukey brought him his breakfast, as usual. He could not swallow. His niece, Mrs. Willis, said, "What is the matter, Uncle Jeames?" "Nothing more than a change of *mind*, my dear."

His head instantly dropped, and he ceased breathing as quietly as the snuff of a candle goes out. He was about eighty-four years old, and was followed to the grave by an immense procession of white and colored people. The pall-bearers were Governor Barbour, Philip P. Barbour, Charles P. Howard, and Reuben Conway; the two last were neighboring farmers.

SILVER LINING
EXPERIENCES OF A WAR BRIDE

DIGITALLY RESTORED VERSION FROM
AN ORIGINAL 1918 EDITION

Enhanced undated photograph of World War I soldiers

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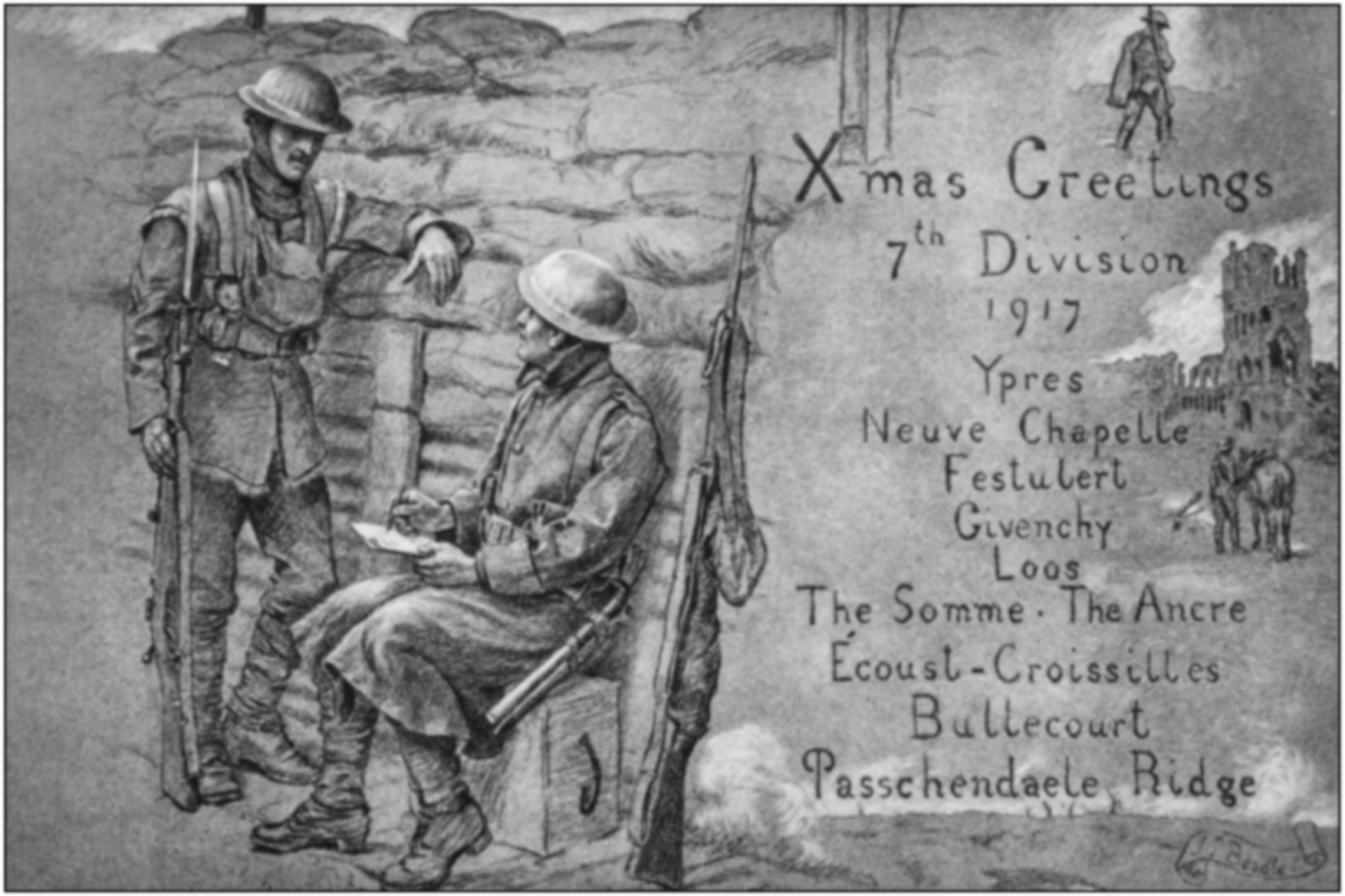

Enhanced 1917 World War I Christmas Postcard

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SILVER LINING

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THE EXPERIENCES OF A WAR BRIDE

By

R. W. F.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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TO MY SERGEANT

"Praying the dear God to keep you,
My Soldier — wherever you are."

Preface

THIS *little book is dedicated to my husband, who has far surpassed the most extravagant of my "teen age" dreams of a possible Prince Charming.*

And yet, an underlying dedication I feel is also due to the dear mother and father in whose early influence the spirit of the following pages was undoubtedly rooted.

The author makes no claim to the subtleties of literary distinction, this being the narrative, simple and unadorned, of what one woman has learned from war. And if, by virtue only of priority in experience, it affords the merest scrap of comfort and optimism to those who are at the portals of a similar experience, its existence will have been justified.

R. W. F.

In Appreciation

Over my heart I wear it,
My brave little Service Star!
Praying the dear God to keep you,
My Soldier — wherever you are.

Under the emblem your image
Is written in heart-beats of mine;
It mirrors the every-day level
Of living, as wholly Divine.

As Launcelot's Shield was embroidered,
A fabric for my Knight I weave.
My soul is inlaid through the pattern,
And all that I am — and believe!

Its colors are painted in yearning,
And threads that are spun one by one
Form substance of Hope and Assurance
Through Faith — of the Future to come!

* * * * * * *

Over my heart I wear it,
My brave little Service Star!
Praying the dear God to keep you,
My Soldier — wherever you are.

R. W. F.

(Published in American Khakiland)

Silver Lining

CHAPTER I

It is June!

June of silvery green leaves joyously aquiver in the warm gold of summer newborn. June of the blushing, breathless dusk that so gradually blurs into starry evening. June of roses! — June of brides! —

A year ago it was my June, and to-day is the anniversary — the first anniversary of my wedding. Four weeks ago, one morning, just as the dawn broke through the gentle mist of budding spring, my husband sailed for France. A year ago it was my June, when all the world and the reason for it was suddenly revealed to me. It was Arcady!

And yet, to-day, June is mine too — in spite of all the past year's loneliness, the ache of separation, the suspending (for the

time being) of all that makes life livable — yes, because of it, this June is more truly mine, for it has taught me that after all it is not we who live in Arcady, but Arcady that lives in us! For joy and love are not lessened by suffering; rather are they deepened and glorified with an intensity of tenderness which "passeth understanding."

We had two months together, two months of such utter content and happiness that life seemed almost too good to be true.

Then one day, in August, it was announced that married men were also to be called. I can remember the feeling of helplessness as the morning headlines stared up at me.

Some days later, the Boy having passed his physical examination (though but recently recovered from appendicitis), the question of exemption was suddenly put to me. I had only a few moments to consider it. We had every right to the claim — except the moral right! — and I faced the

hardest decision of my life. It would n't be honest to say that my answer was instantaneous (heroics struggle — they do not leap!) but even through the mass of conflicting emotions I knew what I should say. All my life I have prayed to be equal to anything Fate might demand — and so, presently (the Boy was watching me, white, eager), I said quietly, "Certainly you shan't claim exemption. There must be no compromise with Honor." For a moment the Boy did n't speak. Then he straightened up, drew a sigh of relief, smiled, and exclaimed, "I knew you would say that." And his smile was reward enough!

So together we left the office of the local board, our souls serene — and our hearts leaden.

Then, when after leaving him at his office I turned my own steps homeward, there came to my mind the realization, and determination, that henceforth I was to be a soldier's wife, not a citizen's! (And there

is a vast difference between them, for the former involves a sacrifice of practically all that the latter means!) And so I began to plan an unusually festive dinner for that evening (*entre nous*) to celebrate my début in the new rôle!

Donning the gown my husband particularly liked, after everything was ready I ran down the street to meet his train. Walking back, arm in arm, I informed him gayly, "We're entertaining a soldier for dinner this evening!" He looked curious, and, explaining, I added confidentially, "But, of course, there will be nobody there except you and me!" Then I dashed up the steps ahead of him, for I did n't want to be kissed in full view of the neighborhood!

Well, it was a wonderful occasion, that little dinner — and while each of us crammed down the lump in our throats, and vied with each other in gay repartee, underneath was the solemn consciousness

of having entered into a covenant fully as significant as our marriage promises.

Later in the evening, the tension snapped, and we clung together with the realization of what we were facing.

CHAPTER II

AND so the die was cast.

It was hard at first to maintain that spontaneous resolve, and to keep the flame burning steadily day by day. We enter life much as we do a church or lecture hall, with our own preconceived ideas about where we shall sit. We look over the space with appraising eye; we say, "Ah! there's a good seat down front, in full view of the speaker and the music — I'll sit there." And the aisle stretching out apparently straight before us, we stride along confidently. But only for a few steps. An usher overtakes us, politely but firmly, and before we know it we are seated halfway down — on the side — behind a post!

Of course we may leave the building, since we are thwarted in our destination, but, curiously, most of us prefer to remain and face the music! At first we squirm —

we cannot see the speaker's face, nor watch the organist's hands (all on account of the post), but gradually we discover that it is what the speaker says that matters, and what the organist plays that touches us, till finally, the post is impotent.

So, in September, when the first quota was called, came my first real "post," as a soldier's wife, to eliminate; and that was to "send him away with a smile." (Only those who have accomplished that smile know its cost!)

Looking back, I sometimes think that first parting was the hardest fight of the subsequent year of fights.

It was all so new. To my now somewhat maturer conception of renunciation, I was psychologically young and unprepared. Until my marriage I had never been away from my family more than a month at a time, and suddenly, after only two short months of my new life, three hundred miles from my own home, came the "acid test"

— the gauntlet that fell before thousands of other brides, as well as before me. (But, oh! you thousands of others, are n't you glad that you bent and picked it up? I am!)

I shall never forget the poignancy of that first evening after our parting. I was spending the night with my husband's mother, and when the waning twilight and deepening darkness overwhelmed me with almost terrifying loneliness, I rushed to the bathroom, turned on all the faucets (so no one could hear me), and sobbed from my very toes! I include that confession to show that the strength and courage which afterward came to me were by no means at my complete and immediate disposal.

That was Wednesday.

After centuries had passed, Sunday came, and motoring out to camp I saw the Boy in uniform for the first time. And *from that moment* our separation began to take on glimmerings of glory along with its pain! I

was so proud of him! Besides, it was splendid to feel that in the country's championing of the Great Cause we, too, belonged.

In about three weeks my Soldier was given his first twenty-four-hour pass, and mere words fail to express the ecstasy of that reunion — nor the swiftness of its passing.

Soon after this I was offered a church position in the suburb where we had spent our first wonderful summer together, which I gladly accepted; for it was as near my husband's camp as I could hope to be; it would keep me occupied as well as provide an opportunity to continue work in my beloved music — and it meant, in a way, a home-going.

It was middle October, in the dusk of a late fall afternoon, that I descended, alone, from the train to the platform of the pretty little station we had left together a few weeks — *was* it only weeks? — before. The train happened to be the 5.18 express from

Boston, the one the Boy had always come home on. I recognized many familiar "commuters" as they sprang from the steps, rattling evening papers in that strange, indefinable, "Well, it's-good-to-be-home-again" way — and it was with a great sense of aloneness that I turned from my accustomed route, and in a different direction to my new abode.

That evening (my first experience of living in one room here, getting meals around the corner there), the doorbell rang, and there stood my Soldier! — borne thither by a rickety little old Ford, which chugged complacently at the curb as if aware of the precious surprise it had brought me. It might have been a gold chariot, so hungrily overjoyed was I to see the Boy!

It seemed that an officer, hard up for cash, had offered the car (!) for $115 — and after the usual bickering took a check for $112.50 — and the time being just after

Retreat the Boy jumped in and drove straight to me — that is, as straight as rough roads, in a Ford, and two hours, can be!

"Was I foolish to get it?" he asked.

"I should say not!" I caroled joyously. "We can't buy any furniture till this old war is over, and we can have some jolly good times in this funny thing on wheels!"

Thereupon it was christened the "Jolly Rattler," and hopping in we rode around the village till it was time for the Boy to go back to camp for "Taps."

(P.S. We had many a ride in the "Jolly Rattler" before cold weather made us sell it; and never a Pierce-Arrow that swept us by in high disdain carried one half the tonnage of pure joy that humble "Henry" boasted!)

CHAPTER III

THUS autumn passed.

And, little by little, I began to adjust myself to the new circumstances; trying (not always succeeding brilliantly) to make each day a stronger demonstration of my fervent creed; to *love*, *work*, and *hope*, as never before! And the more I honestly tried to find light where shadows *appeared* to be, the more I found to be grateful for — the gladder I was to claim a tiny share in the Battle for Principle.

Feeling this, and having come in contact with a few wives (happily in the minority), who, situated as I was, proceeded to make themselves, and incidentally their soldier husbands, miserable, through their inability to see any justice in the appropriation of their men by the Government — it seemed to me that the *women* of the Country had a very definite and necessary part to play;

they to maintain optimism and courage, keeping the Lamp of Inspiration trimmed, so to speak, while the men learned how to fight. And I wanted to shout for coöperation, for concerted effort toward that endeavor.

Well, the only way for a conventional person to "shout," and "according to Hoyle," is *via* the press; so therewith poured I my earnest convictions into an article which, after laborious and anxious conclusion, was duly bundled off to meet the possible acceptance or rejection of an editor.

In the meantime, the Boy was made First Sergeant of his battery, and I was as thrilled as if it had been a generalship! Indeed, as my glance rests on the little chevron, framed and standing on my dressing-table, which, with the inscription, "October 23, 1917 — 301 F.A., Battery F," denoted the proud achievement — it seems to me that no generalship could ever bring quite the quiver of pride which flamed for my Sergeant!

Compensation for our sacrifice manifested itself in numberless ways. One instance of this occurred during the time of the Y.M.C.A. campaign when my husband was asked to speak at a big rally in the Armory of his home town. Standing well back in the flag-waving crowd, it was quite all I could manage to keep my heart in its proper place, when my khaki-clad Soldier, standing straight and eloquent and convincing, finished his speech amid wild cheers of approval! — Oh, yes! it was all worth while.

At Thanksgiving the Boy obtained four days' leave, and we went home to my people. Needless to relate, there ensued much proud exhibiting, on my part, of my uniformed husband. Another compensation, you see.

Soon after our return, one Sunday, the Boy excitedly brought me the paper, magazine section open, with the words, "Have you written anything lately?" I grabbed the sheet from his hands, and, sure enough,

there was my article, in grown-up headlines, with a nice little editorial comment attached! It really was mine, but no signature being given, I asked the Boy curiously, "What makes you think I wrote it?" He laughed. "Anybody who knows you could n't fail to recognize the exclamation marks and parentheses." So I owned up, and what the Boy said about it made me happier than the subsequent check that followed in the course of a few days.

Ah! you successful authors, to whose mature experience editorial comments and checks are matter-of-fact and logical — *you* may smile tolerantly at my exuberance over that modest acceptance; but to me, it meant a step farther — a goal nearer — I had earned the Boy's applause; and best of all, the conviction in which I so sincerely desired supporters was being circulated — and, perhaps, in an infinitesimal degree, I was beginning to do my "bit."

CHAPTER IV

SOON after this the opportunity was offered me to spend a month at Camp Devens, in the capacity of Volunteer Hostess, at the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House. Naturally the appeal of being so near my husband was in itself sufficient inducement, aside from the splendid chance to make myself useful, so without further ado I found myself installed in the Land of Khaki.

My subsequent experience there (detailed impressions of which have since been published under the title "Being Hostess in a Military Camp") convinced me more than ever of the great need for cheery courage and patriotic loyalty among the women upon whom their embryonic soldiers so obviously depend. Compare the attitude of one soldier who declared proudly to me, "I never could have enlisted if mother had n't been such a thorough good sport!

I felt she needed me at home and it would be selfish to go, but no — she said, with her hands on my shoulder — 'Son, *you go!* and your mother stands back of you!' Gee! I could have licked the whole German army after that." Compare that case, I say, with another soldier whose wife always departed in tears whenever she came to visit him at camp, and then tell me which soldier marched with a song in his heart?

I met many mothers and wives, from all over the land, during my work there, and was repeatedly thrilled and uplifted by countless evidences of bravery and idealism. And it inspired me with fresh determination to keep pace, to the limit of endeavor, with the Soldier whose name I bore — to "carry on" with a vision — and a smile!

Quite aside from the psychological effect of surroundings military and, consequently disciplining (such as having to bid one's husband "Good-night" at five minutes of

ten, his having been there only five minutes, to the contrary notwithstanding), there remained the very interesting adventure of just living in a military camp. It was, obviously, a privilege very few women have been permitted to enjoy in this war.

It was exhilarating to tramp off, of an afternoon, up the snow-packed road that crunched beneath the measured tread of hiking squads, to the Camp Post-Office; there to replenish the Hostess House stamp-box.

It was novel to wake to the sound of the Reveille call, the buglers echoing one another in the distance, in the stillness of early morning.

It was thrilling, at dusk, to watch rigid figures silhouetted against pale sunset, standing motionless, at Retreat, while the Nation's Flag was lowered.

Then, at the end of evening, strangely like a benediction, floated the music of that most beautiful of bugle calls — "Taps"!

when as the notes died away, out across the barracks-dotted snow, thousands of little twinkling lights were blotted, one by one, into the darkness. . . .

On Christmas Night, standing by my open window, the sweet, familiar strains came to me with deeper significance; for it was as if these Trumpeters of the Great Crusade were bringing, as the angels brought long ago, that night of the Christ-Child's birth, the self-same message: "Great tidings of joy — on earth, *Peace!* — good will — toward men!"

CHAPTER V

In January the Boy won an appointment to the Officers' Training Camp, and my pride again scaled the heights. Nothing seemed too hard for his accomplishment, and I began, womanlike, to picture him in spurs and a "Sam Browne" belt. And, by the way, if any one had asked, about this time, whether I wished we had claimed exemption, I should have flamed with righteous indignation. Curiously enough, the months had brought not only adjustment, but an honest and wholly sincere *zest* in the Game! As the "boys" would remark, in popular camp argot, I was "in the Army now!" And I had discovered that discipline is truly soul-stimulating when the cause for which we are disciplined is humanitarian.

Shortly after the O.T.C. commenced its training, my husband's battery was quar-

antined for measles, and for over a month the Boy was unable to leave camp, during which time we were obliged to console ourselves with letters, and my weekly visit to camp. There I was permitted to see him only outside the barracks, where the rules of quarantine allowed us to walk one hundred yards in each direction. As it was zero weather then, walking — within a restricted area — was not the most unalloyed joy. However, we always had the consoling fact that at least, so far, the Boy was still on this side of the "Pond."

This was our one cheering thought, when, the afternoon over, I would start wistfully off down the road, in the wake of a winter sunset — the Boy standing, watching me to the curve where the road dips out of sight, and where I always turned to wave gayly to him. It was hard to leave, yet, when I think of the greater demand on courage that was to follow a few months later, I wonder how the former could have

gripped me so. I suppose we are never given strength in advance of our need, as we plod up our Hills of Difficulty; and so each elevation appears as a mountain until we stand on its peak.

My biggest "mountain" came suddenly.

One Saturday, early in April, in the first hints of spring, came the overseas call!

The telephone rang. Over the wire the Boy's voice came in queer, jerky sentences: "Thirty-six hours' leave — can't tell you anything more — wild rumors afloat — get some one to sing in your place to-morrow — telephone the Plaza — meet you there this afternoon —" Surprised at my own calmness, I listened to his instructions, then hung up the receiver in a dazed fashion. He had n't mentioned France, but my beating heart spelled the truth.

I only cried for a moment or so — there was so much to be done; and it was a poor time for a soldier's wife to indulge in tears. Above all, there was the ever-persistent

challenge to patriotism, and I must n't be found wanting. In other words, rehearsals were over — the Play was on; and I had n't been studying the lines all those months, just to miss the cue.

I went to my room and, gathering together all the socks and things which the Boy had been keeping with me, I packed them up, in case his leaving should be precipitate. Kneeling on the floor in the midst of things, my mind reverted to the day after he had gone to camp, when I had packed away the "mufti," and I wondered, dully, why I had suffered so keenly when he was only going to camp. . . . *This* was France!

The hours dragged until I saw him and learned the little he himself knew.

That evening we arranged everything that was necessary, planning about addresses, cablegrams — all the frantic eleventh-hour reminders that are familiar to every one who has gone through with it.

Each kept up for the other, when, suddenly, the Boy glanced anxiously at me.

"Why don't you just cry it out? You must n't swallow the thing any longer — the strain shows in your face —" After all, we loved each other. Life was a beautiful thing to be *shared*, not renounced — and we had only just begun to discover its wonder —

My heart began to overflow my soul.

"Please," he urged — and held out his arms!

Bon Voyage

Mayhap you deem it passing strange
That I should smile *to-day,*
When on the morrow's dawn a transport
Bears you leagues away —
But, ah! no blinding tears shall dim my eyes
Because — you see —
I'm saving tears *to cry for Joy —*
When you come back to me!

R. W. F.

(Published in American Khakiland)

CHAPTER VI

THE following day was spent in visiting friends, the Boy bidding temporary farewells and receiving warm, cheery "God-speeds." He was n't supposed to tell people where he was going, so he merely intimated that he *might* be seasick shortly. . . . And no one demanded any further explanation.

That evening, just before the Boy returned to camp (from where he was to leave the next morning for the camp of embarkation), there came a heaven-sent message; an invitation from the mother of one of the Boy's fellow candidates, who chanced to be visiting her son when the sudden order overseas came. Her home was near the embarkation camp to which the men were going, and she insisted that when they left, I follow and come to her for the time they remained on this side.

War has proved a sort of common denominator, to which we who participate are

brought together in grateful *camaraderie;* and so the understanding which prompted her invitation made its glad acceptance obvious. And to my husband and me, the incident was more than a happenstance; — it was just another wonderful assurance of "Green Pastures."

Almost before I was up the following morning, came word from the Camp Y.M.C.A. (according to the Boy's promise) that the men had left.

In another hour I was on *my* way, also.

In New York, some hours later — at the Grand Central Station, it seemed to me that every girl on the train was being greeted by a uniform! While I — I walked like Mr. Kipling's cat, ". . . all by myself; and all things were alike to me!"

The following week, thanks to my new-found friend, we motored to camp each day, making the most of our time with the Boys.

Then — one afternoon, they were ordered

to pack their barracks bags, and we knew the time was up. We had been having luncheon out on the Hostess House lawn (for spring was smiling!) and just before Retreat, the Boys said quietly, "You had better leave now."

So they sauntered along with us toward the waiting motor, laughing and joking about a proposed house-party on July 4th, for all the world as if they believed it! — Their white faces, however, belied any sense of frivolity. But when we reached the car, we took leave of them, smiling . . . as on previous days . . . and that was all. The car moved off slowly; and in another moment, whirling away, as we turned to wave to them they were just little brown specks in the road behind us. . . .

Such is the pretending mask beneath which we humans stifle our emotions; heads up — eyes smiling — lips firm, in our fierce desire to play the Game!

CHAPTER VII

NEXT morning I went home to my own family for a brief visit. It was a visit, and not a permanent home-going for this reason; long before the Boy went across, I had made up my mind that when he did go I would stay on in Boston, retaining my church position, and finding some regular work in which to do my "bit."

Just how difficult the carrying out of that resolve was, I discovered when I went home. After all, it was the natural and easy thing to do — to take my place again in the family circle which was so dear to me. All my friends assumed that I had come back for "the duration of the War"; my family wanted me, but they generously, and to my everlasting gratitude, understood my decision and did not make my holding to it the more difficult by urging. It was the situation which comes to every one sometime

— a show-down of the courage of one's convictions.

It would have been so comforting to be with my own people in my loneliness — also logical. But the Pillar of Fire pointed otherwise, to my mind. It was to go back, take up life where I had so hurriedly dropped it (this time without the week-ends with the Boy to anticipate) — and, one way or another, make good.

You see, my husband had gone to France. Over there he would encounter experiences, hardships, dangers, opportunities, which of themselves would enlarge his horizon, mentally as well as geographically — experiences that could not help but broaden and develop even beyond the degree of perfection I already believed him to occupy.

Was I to stand still in his absence? Just being cheerful and optimistic was n't enough. That was not progress — it was only the corner-stone. On it must be built

thoroughly and solidly such efforts and ideals as will make for comprehensive companionship after the War.

Unable to share in the actual fighting of battles and attending experiences thereof, I must find some way in just every-day living through which to approximate more nearly that attitude of mind and soul with which our soldiers will return imbued.

In other words, I must inaugurate and graduate in a sort of Training Course for After-the-War Wives!

Perhaps the question arises, as it did with my friends, "Why can't you be busy at home?" And the answer was that it would be no test of endurance nor courage of initiative, to work in an easy atmosphere. My husband was coping with new and uncompromising situations — how could I hope to echo him ever so faintly if my own activities were cushioned?

That is the responsibility we wives of soldiers must face, and face frankly, in this

period when our men in France are earning immortal honor and glory.

What are we doing to deserve their return to us? As surely as dawn follows night, there is to be reconstruction in *people*, as well as in affairs, when this War is ended — else what has the suffering taught us?

Surely nothing less than our highest endeavors, our broadest sympathies, our most loyal love, and our most passionate, unswerving faith in the eventual outcome of things — can avail in the present necessity!

Meredith has said — and it is strangely apt in the crisis of current affairs —

"Thou that dreamest an Event
While Circumstance is but a waste of sand —
Arise! take up thy fortunes in thy hand,
And daily forward pitch thy tent."

CHAPTER VIII

So I went back.

But I left a promise to postpone my search for regular day-to-day work until the fall, so that my church vacation might be spent with my family.

However, there was plenty to do in the meantime, what with the usual War work, knitting, etc., and the completion of a course in literature which I had started in January, as well as one on Americanization.

It would be neglecting the most important phase of my War experience if I failed to chronicle the state of mind to which I had gravitated, slowly but surely, since the Boy donned khaki.

The need for optimism and my consciousness thereof I have already mentioned — but not until the Boy had actually sailed, and was on the high seas some indefinite

"*somewhere*" between me and the Great Adventure, with all its accompanying vagueness — not until then did I realize that the effort toward good courage had rooted in deep, sure faith. It was amazing and exhilarating to find, in my heart of hearts, that my hopes were stronger by far than my anxiety.

So, when he had finally sailed, the fact of trust over worry was not merely for appearance's sake, nor yet to play the Game like a sportsman — it was something that I very definitely owed — to what Walt Whitman described as "Santa Spirita, breather, life — Beyond the light, lighter than light — Beyond Paradise! — the *tallying* song of the soul."

It is not easy to explain coherently what I mean, but the substance of it all is recognition of the call of the Ideal to the Individual as well as the Nation.

Hence, in the interim between the Boy's

sailing and his arrival on the other side, it was possible for me to reply truthfully, when people sympathized thus — "I suppose you will be dreadfully worried till you hear that your husband has landed safely" — "No, worrying is against my principles." Because it seemed to me that worrying was n't giving Faith credit for keeping my Boy in safety.

I know there are certain people (perhaps the reader among them) who may have thought — "How could she help being anxious — if she really loved him?" But they are the same ones who, conversely, would have said (if I *had* worried) — "Why does n't she brace up?"

So, after all, the wisest course is as O. Henry bluntly put it — "*Please yourself!*"

Besides, these people would never understand that it was *because* I loved, and loved greatly, that worry was smothered up in faith. . . . God had given me a love out-

shadowing my highest dreams. Why should I not trust Him to guard it?

And in due season, came the cablegram, "Arrived safely — Love."

A Spring Song

(*In Autumn*)

It seems so long —
So long ago,
That poignant day last Spring —
When all the world bestirred itself
From sleep, to blossoming;
When timid buds their flower faces
Lifted to the sky
To catch the glory of the gold
In sunlight glancing by;
When faint, sweet bird-notes, trilling,
Woke the young green leaves to dance —
Then — Winter lingered in my heart —
That day you sailed for France!

You sailed for France,
And sailing, took
The heart of spring *with you!*
And all the heart and soul of me, —
The living me — went too;
And when the Summer's magic swept
The earth in riotous bloom,
And hung Night's loveliness with stars
And drenched it in perfume —
Ah! then I knew what Beauty, clothed
In Suffering, could mean;
For you were still in France,
And miles of ocean stretched between.

For you are still *in France — and now*
Brisk Autumn's in the air,
And little gusts of rose-gold leaves
Drop fitfully here and there; —
And so the Season's Pageant Stage
Is ever being set —
The Curtain rises ceaselessly,
It ceaseless falls — and yet,
The Spring can never come again
To me — until, perchance,
Some day You *bring it back to me —*
Home *to me — from France!*

R. W. F.

CHAPTER IX

A FORTNIGHT after the arrival of the cablegram, letters began to come; and once the connection between my Boy and me was established, France seemed not so far away.

The days went swiftly, in spite of their loneliness, and almost before I knew it spring had vanished, and June poised at Earth's threshold. With it came that first anniversary which opens this little book's pages.

And, renewing mentally the vows that had been so thrillingly breathed a year past, there was added a new covenant, deep in my heart, born of the whirl of events which War had brought; and this was it: "I, ——, give thee, ——, my Husband, to be our Country's Soldier — to have and to hold, for little time or long — until PEACE us do unite!"

And while I longed for the Boy on this

most significant day, in my heart was no sadness — only a great sense of pride and happiness that I belonged to him.

It is autumn now, and I have returned once more, after a wonderful summer with my dear people at home: a summer to which it was not easy to wave farewell — but I had my work to find.

In the meantime, the Boy had been commissioned, and my letters were now proudly addressed "Lieutenant." More than ever did I want to engage in War work.

And so, after devious and multiple paths, through which the reader need not plod, I found my niche.

From nine in the morning till five at night, I am a part (if only an "also ran") of that vast organization without which the progress of the Great Crusade would be sadly hampered — the American Red Cross.

That is my satisfaction and happiness.

It is a state of paradox in which so many

individuals find themselves to-day; a time of the greatest sacrifice and pain — and a time of richest experience and joy!

Good times, in the old sense, appeal not at all. The paramount issue (for me, at least) is to busy myself in such a way and to such an extent that I may not be ashamed to welcome, when welcoming time indeed comes, my soldier husband home, with my head held high.

You, who perchance are reading this, snug beside your cozy fireside, at arm's length from the husband who has never been away from you — to you this may seem a strange tongue. And yet it is for you I am speaking — to you who will shortly, perhaps, be called upon to *learn* that very tongue; to you I give the assurance from my own experience — that it is supremely worth the price. For out of all the pain of parting — all the days that tread, lonely, one on the other — all the wistfulness of longing, is unfolded a vision

of surpassing light and joy — a light "such as was never seen on sea or land." It is the unfolding of the Flower of Idealism, and its reward is twofold; it shows life in terms of history and humanity and it lifts the individual toward that height which his vision comprehends.

But if the need does not extend to you, after all, perchance this insight into another's intimate experiences will make that which you hold dear doubly so — and that which you strive to fulfill, the more worthy of attainment.

For myself, my dominant emotion is one of gratitude; to have been given the privilege of adding the fraction of a finger-weight to the Banner of Freedom.

Perspective has developed; essentials have been grasped, non-essentials have been automatically discarded. Out of the mist, "the rainbow through the rain!" — and at the rainbow's end, the gold of joy through faith.

And you who are numbered, or to be numbered, among the ardent throng — do not falter. The way is only a step at a time, and *always on the ascent!* With your eyes "unto the hills" — from whence most surely will come your help — you cannot miss the way. And as you climb, try unceasingly to "turn the dark cloud inside out."

Always ahead of us shines that wonderful goal, the radiance of which is beyond even imagination — journey's end; war's end! That goal which is faintly dawning beyond the far horizon of Horror and Helplessness — when *your* "Johnny," *my* "Johnny" — *everybody's* "Johnny" — comes "marching home."

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the Land of my Dreams;
Where the nightingales are singing
And a pale moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my Dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you!"

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U . S . A

WALLACE REID
HIS LIFE STORY

DIGITALLY RESTORED VERSION FROM
AN ORIGINAL 1923 EDITION

Undated studio photograph of Wallace Reid

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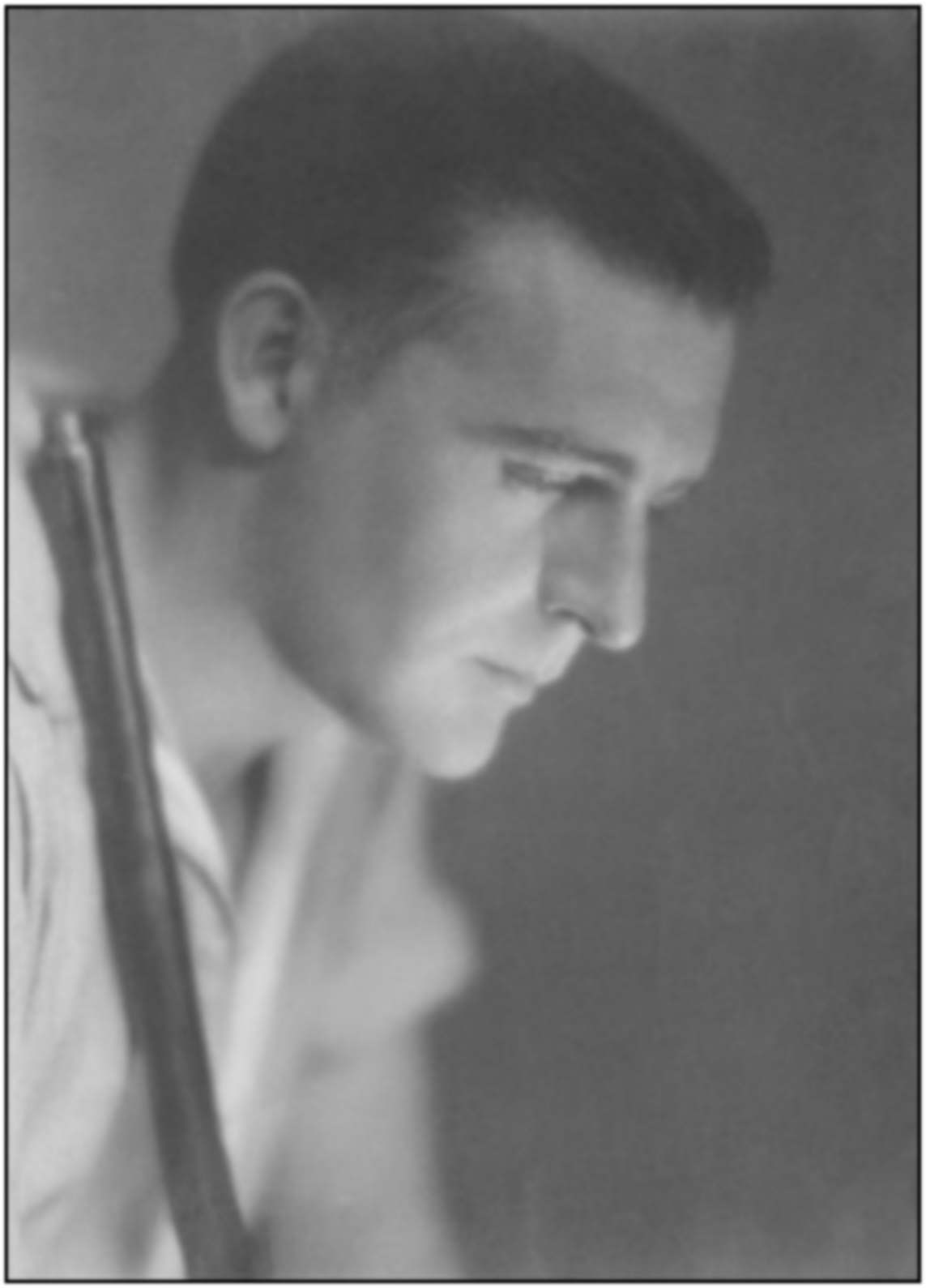

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1919 photograph of Wallace Reid and his son Wallace Reid Jr.

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Undated photograph of Bertha Westbrook Reid and Wallace Reid with Mary Virginia Rice Westbrook

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Wallace Reid

Wallace Reid

HIS LIFE STORY

AS RELATED BY

HIS MOTHER

BERTHA WESTBROOK REID

SORG PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK, N. Y.
1923

Copyright, 1923

By

BERTHA WESTBROOK REID

PREFACE

So many conflicting things have been spoken and written of my beloved son, WALLACE REID, that I feel sure he ardently wishes me to have a little "talk" with those he so dearly loved, and who as dearly loved him,—his much loved "public", the world—all of whom, were to him, his trusted friends and brothers.

I have had so many requests for photographs and incidents of his childhood,—so many—that no matter how much pleasure I would take in gratifying each and every request from the world of those who love him, for the clean joy he gave them, and who love him even more deeply in his hour of sacrifice,—but I regret I cannot possibly reach them individually. However, I am trying to reach every one of these, by means of this little story and its pictures.

No one can better understand than his mother, the sorrow and deep regret that she could not be with her dearly beloved and only child in his hour of pain and of his going away.

Surely you would like to know him in his baby-hood, his boy-hood and his young man-

hood—for he travelled no further—when the call to "ATTENTION" came. You know now that he responded with signal courage, that he never wavered nor looked back, but pushed bravely on, into the Valley of the Shadow, nor did he pause, but passed on through the Grim Portal of Mystery and stood before the Infinite General over all of Eternity's Battles. "Here."—"Well done, thou good and faithful."

I, his mother, am proud that he did not wait for an hour of adversity, but took up this self imposed battle, at the very zenith of his fame, his prosperity and his allotted span. For this greatest victory of all, he laid down his life. He simply refused defeat. Thereby, his marvelous strength of character is irrefutably proven.

To me, his mother, he is both martyr and hero. I weep for his martyrdom and glory in his high heroism!!

These are the flowers gathered from his mother's heart and lovingly, sorrowfully laid upon the altar of his memory.

BERTHA WESTBROOK REID.

New York City,
January, 1923.

DEAR READER:

Just as this book goes to press, it is with unlimited pride and joy that I can announce to you, as evidence of the high esteem in which my son was held, both as gifted artist and for his fine, clean manhood, that "The Famous Players - Lasky Corporation" with whom he was so long and so pleasantly associated, loving him like a son and a brother, will erect at Hollywood, to this ideal young American, a great bronze statue.

I know you will rejoice with me over this splendid and enduring Memorial to his honor!

HIS PROUD MOTHER

February 28, 1923

CHAPTER I.

HIS PARENTAGE.

AN AMERICAN pure and simple, was Wallace Reid. By blood, through every branch of his family tree, on both his father's and mother's side, he was an American.

On his father's side, Wallace's great-great grandfather was Lieut. Col. James Reid of the Revolutionary War. His great-grandfather, John Reid, settled on farm lands between Cedarville and Xenia, Ohio. He was brother of Robert Reid, father of the late Whitelaw Reid, Minister Plenipotentiary to France and to the Court of St. James. He was the first of our Ambassadors to address the French in their own language. He owned the New York Tribune, having won the confidence of its famous old owner, Horace Greeley.

Wallace's father, James Halleck Reid, turned to newspaper writing in his boyhood. His first advancement came as a reporter on the Cincinnati Times Star, under Charles P. Taft, owner, and brother of former President William Howard Taft, at present Supreme Court Judge. Both Judge Taft and his brother were personal friends of Wallace's father, who, at the height of his fame, numbered many other notables as his friends; among them, John Hay, William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt.

Wallace's grand-father, Dr. Hugh M. Reid, was Professor of Dentistry in the Ohio Dental College. Later, he occupied the same chair in the University of Minnesota. After the death of his wife, a Kentuckian of Revolutionary stock, he retired to a farm near Red Bank, New Jersey, where he died.

Wallace's father was author of many successful plays, among them "Human Hearts," "The Night Before Christmas," "The Confession," "The Peddler", "The Prince of the World," "At the Old Cross Roads" and other dramatic pastorals. He died two years ago.

On his mother's side, Wallace's great-great grandfathers, both, cultivated large plantations in Virginia with the work of numerous slaves, in the days of the old Dominion. His maternal great-great grand-mother, in particular, "belonged" to some of the proudest families in those proud old days. In fact, both sides of the Virginia stock, numbered among them such names as the Dabneys, Farrows, Jennings, Strothers—"names to conjure with." His mother's grand-father was, for many years, an honored Judge on the bench in Macoupin County, Illinois and declined to be sent to the United States Senate, preferring the happiness of home and family. He was the owner of many farms, numbering thousands of acres,—also grist and flour mills. Their daughter, Mary Virginia, married Col. "Harry" Westbrook of St. Louis, formerly of New York City, who liked to tell of days when corn fields flourished at Twenty-third Street. Two brothers of his grandmother were ministers in the pulpit; one of whom, now retired, enjoys good health, at the age of ninety-

four. There is also a sister, ninety-two, so that his maternal grand-mother, "sweetheart Virginia" as Wallace called her, is a mere slip of a girl—only eighty-four and enjoying the same good health. His grandfather reached the age of eighty-two.

Wallace frequently boasted that he would live to be one hundred years old, and to me, the boast seemed entirely within reason. Alas for reasonable expectancies, and unreasonable realities!

Wallace's mother was reared and educated in St. Louis, where she enjoyed two social seasons, when she became a member of the old McCullough Club for amateur theatricals. The Dean of our American Playwrights, Augustus Thomas, was a member of that club also, and she had the honor of appearing with the distinguished author in one of his early playlets, "The Last Call." Then followed a pretentious historic play in blank verse at the then, high class, Grand Opera House. The favorable newspaper comments determined her upon an histrionic career with Shakesperian roles as the shining and distant goal. "Ignis fatuus" or the "foot of the rainbow" have been no less elusive. If ever she is to shine in "propria persona," the faithful little god of Hope, smiling rogue that he is, whispers the theory of reincarnation upon which to pin such unrequited ambitions. Then plain visaged Reason tugs at Better Judgment, prompting that those ambitions have been fulfilled in the high artistic success and fair fame, attained by her dear boy, Wallace—and she is content.

CHAPTER II.

HIS BIRTH AND BABYHOOD.

Wallace's father and myself were married in Kansas City at the home and by a Southern Methodist Episcopal minister. We went to Chicago, thence to Cincinnati, where he wrote and we produced, one of his earliest pastoral plays, "A Home-spun Heart." This was played for some time. Later, we went to my father's home in St. Louis. Our fortunes carried us into the Northern cities. Thence into Minneapolis. There we appeared together in "Two Orphans," he playing Jacques Frochard and I the blind Louise. The success of this role inspired Mr. Reid to write a blind girl as the heroine of his play, "A Daughter of the Confederacy," which saw many years of success under varying auspices, having been converted later into a stellar vehicle for Stella Mayhew, as the faithful Southern mammy. From that time on, we never played in any plays or companies but our own and he never wrote a failure.

The time came when I knew that the great responsibility of a human soul-flower, an incarnated spiritual entity out of the fathomless mystery of No-where, was to be entrusted to my care, and the sacredness of that trust, was ever present with me from that time—

months before Wallace came to me—until the terrible and tremendous day when he went from me.

Every single day found its conscience imposed duties performed, gladly, happily. An hour each. was devoted to the most conscientious efforts to draw and paint good pictures, to practice the best class of music within my abilities, to write the best original prose of which I was capable, to healthful exercises and the bath, to the reading of good, clean literature and to religious thought and study, and I surrounded myself with many pictures of beautiful children, which I frequently intently studied. In short, I was a believer in the immeasurable power of pre-natal influence.

Wallace was born in St. Louis, Missouri, April 15th, 1892. He weighed eleven and three-quarter pounds and was a perfect specimen of baby-hood. His eyes were large, bright and dark blue, like dewy violets, his skin was fair, his cheeks and lips as red as roses, and his hair was so flaxen that we called him "Cotton-top." That was his reason for signing himself "Wallace Cotton-top" on the very last photo of himself he sent to me. He learned the words so dear to parents, "Mamma" and "Papa" at the early age of seven months.

About that time, business took us to Minneapolis, where the famous actor, Edmund Collier, father of our equally famous comedian, William Collier, called upon us, looking for a starring vehicle. The play "Human Hearts" was written to order for him; but Mr. Collier was destined never to play the role he liked so well.

We were stopping with Wallace's doting grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Reid, whose pleasure it was to remove his little tub to the living room, where he was given his daily bath in state. His two devoted aunts, Mrs. Clements and Mrs. Levering, made special pilgrimages daily, to witness his solemnly puzzled rosy face, as he would grasp firmly a handful of water, bringing it to the surface—oh, so cautiously—opening his chubby fist, and when he saw nothing, his look of utter astonishment was very amusing to all.

He learned to talk early and increased his vocabulary rapidly.

We travelled more or less at this time, and it was very difficult to refuse strangers, who constantly flattered his proud parents, by seeking to "borrow" him while on the train. We came to New York City. I would take him into old Madison Square for his daily airing, where a conspicuous figure of those days, George Francis Train, known as "Citizen Train," would coax him away from the grass to his bench, where the brilliant man would find the little fellow immensely entertaining. You see he was destined to be beloved from the very beginning.

About this time, his father and myself were specially engaged for a revival of "The Phoenix," in which I played Dolly Noble's role. Wallace was taken to the matinee by his nurse. When I came upon the stage as the little flower girl—much to the delight of the audience—Wallace shouted gleefully, "Oh, there's my mamma!"

CHAPTER III.

HIS CHILDHOOD.

About this time, "Human Hearts" was produced under the management of Henry C. Miner, with Wallace's parents in the stellar roles. None were more interested than baby Wallace, flitting busily about the dark stage and empty auditorium in his white dress, like a small ray of pale sunshine. In a few rehearsals, we were astonished to find that he knew every line. This play was one of the most lucrative and long lived dramas by an American playwright. From this time on, every play his father wrote, proved successful, and they were many. So that there were ample means for every opportunity and luxury that any child could enjoy. Wallace never knew anything but plenty from the cradle up; and every advantage that prosperity could give, was always his—and I am very grateful that they were.

He dearly loved to hear books read aloud to him, long before he had learned to read,—such books as "Scottish Chiefs," for he greatly admired the character of the famous Sir William Wallace. He also loved Marie Corelli's "Barabbas." He was permitted to take the train alone out to a great uncle's farm. In the station, he went to the news stand,—"I want Puck and

Judge for my light reading, and give me 'Barabbas' for my 'bestantial.' "

One day, we took an excursion steamer, running out in the open ocean to Long Branch, New Jersey. It was very rough. The roses faded from Wallace's cheeks and lips, and he slipped to the floor. He leaned his flaxen head against the post and with despair in his big blue eyes said,—"Please stop this tippy old boat so we can get off. I am so 'mis-a-bul'!!! " Poor child, he was *so* sea-sick!

His ardent love of music showed itself in baby-hood. Before the age of two, when things went wrong with him, which moved him either to anger or tears—I could go to the piano and begin to play, and he would come in and climb up in the nearest chair, and his troubles would be completely forgotten. Music was the effective mode of correction, prior to the flowering of the little mind into the age of reason, which latter method, he loved so well.

Wallace was an artist of no mean ability, both in oils and water colors. I have a small water color sketch from his brush,—not a copy, but strictly orig-inal—done by him, at the early age of eight years, which speaks for itself, promising an enviable place in the world of art.

He spent some months with my mother in St. Louis when he was a child, and at times we were away on business, when he would be left in his grandmother's charge. He always added to his prayers, the request that the dear Lord should "make me a good boy." One night after a day of especially numerous childish

mis-demeanors, he made the usual request, when suddenly he said,—"Now Lord, I've asked you so many times to make me a good boy—why don't you do it?" Again one night he prayed, "Please, dear Lord, make me like Sir William Wallace". After his prayer, he turned, saying, "Aunt Virginia, don't you think he is a good character to emulate?" He was not yet in trousers.

During this period, the devastating St. Louis cyclone occurred. The chimneys were first blown off the house and then both large bay windows were blown in, just as his grandmother was struggling to get through the house and into the cellar with him. As the windows crashed in, my mother shielding him with her body, the child fell to his knees, praying aloud to the Heavenly Father to save them. A little child's prayer was answered, for not one of the family was hurt.

One day he had been reprimanded severely by his grandmother, and he, in reprisal, pulled up some vines she had planted. She knew nothing of this, however. Finally, of his own volition, he brought a switch, saying,—"grandma, here is a switch, for I have been a bad boy. I pulled up your vines because you scolded me." Needless to say the switch was not used. But he stood ready to take his punishment, even inviting it—just as he did so recently—self-inflicted punishment for the sake of self-conquest, and as we all know, he stood by his colors and gave his life rather than retreat. This signal act of unfaultering courage was entirely consistent with his childish ideals.

About this time his imagination, the fabric out of which authors build, grew so vivid that he would get up in the small hours of the night and sit by the window watching what he thought were real people, disporting themselves in the moonlight, out upon the lawn and among the trees and shrubbery. Whoever of the family discovered him would listen to what he saw. Then he would be perfectly satisfied to go back to bed and to sleep.

Children of his own age did not understand him, so he preferred mostly the companionship of grown-ups, especially in my father's home, where reading aloud was the nightly custom.

He was kaleidoscopic,—as the clock went round and round,—the design and coloring constantly changed. Consequently many people had no conception whatever of the fine-ness of the real man down in the calms beneath the restless ebb and flow of the surface.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE HARBOR OF HOME.

We took an apartment on West End Avenue and afterwards leased one on One Hundred and sixteenth Street, near Columbia University, over-looking Morningside Park. In fact, at that time, the view was virtually uninterrupted in every direction. We bought a country place upon a hillside, at Highlands, New Jersey, where there was a far view of the picturesque Shrewsbury River and the broad Atlantic, for which reason we called it "Glory View." We gravitated between these two for some years, except as new productions carried us to other cities.

Strange to say, Wallace learned to swim in the Hudson River, where he would go bathing with some boys of the neighborhood. One day a crowd of boys concluded that it was time he knew how to swim so they pushed him over-board and ran, leaving him to sink or swim. Needless to say, he *swam!*

During this period, he was confirmed in the Episcopalian faith, by Reverend Hadley, son of the President of Yale University. Wallace possessed a deep religious vein which was frequently coming into evidence. However, he asked many questions, for his processes of thought were logical and he was never satisfied until he had received, what appealed to him,

as logical answers. He tried to think things out for himself after his own fashion; so that he was original in thought as well as logical. The first Christmas present he ever made to me, from some small earnings of his own—for he wished it to be *his* gift—was a small testament, scrawled on the fly leaf, "To Mamma, with love from Baby," which I have always carried with me and is my dearest treasure.

In the city he haunted the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts and similar places of interest, and good music drew him like a magnet. In the summer he revelled in long swims far out into the Atlantic Ocean and he won a medal at a contest for diving. He did some effective rescue work, both in aid of the regular life savers, and alone, for he was a swift and powerful swimmer and was possessed of unusual endurance. He also liked to swim inconceivable distances under water.

During this time he received an injury that necessitated a not very serious operation. We took him to the hospital. It was terrible to see him still under the ether, like one dead, as they brought him from the operating room on a stretcher. But the nurses found him intensely interesting with his quaint speeches and big words, of which he was perfectly unconscious, for they were in no wise an affectation.

In spite of the fact that Wallace had always known books on intimate terms, the day came when he began to read surreptitiously, and of course that meant books which he knew we would not approve. His aunt Maude ran upon one of these, "Dick Dead-eye" I

believe. Instead of forbidding him to read it we insisted on reading it aloud. Knowing his love of logic and consequent vulnerability, we subjected the book to every critical analysis and that more than powerful weapon, delicate ridicule. He grew very much ashamed that it had interested him at all, and he begged us not to continue reading it, which of course we were secretly only too happy to do. That was the only time I ever knew him to be interested in cheap and trashy literature, up to the time I last saw him in April, for he had accumulated a splendid library.

Wallace was fond of dogs and birds. He had a pair of beautiful Llewellyn setters, of which he was very fond. One of these that he called Jack, would sit beside him in the car and lean against his shoulder and look up into his face with the silliest most sentimental expression; and thus he would ride for miles. He was just too ludicrous for words and afforded much amusement to passers-by.

When Christmas came again, his present to his mother and father was a poem each, bound in brown suede leather, appropriately ornamented by himself.

He did far more worthy literary work at the age of fifteen, but unfortunately those were destroyed by fire.

He was just twelve years old when he wrote these, and I hope they will prove interesting to his admirers. Here they are, dedications and all:—

To
MY MOTHER
With all the love of her son,
WALLACE REID
Christmas 1904.
Dedicated to
My Mother.
W. WALLACE REID.

"She who has stood by her two erring boys with the patience of Job and the forgiveness of the Saviour."

MOTHER LOVE.

"As I sit by the rain-lashed window
Looking out on the dreary day,
Thy vision comes before me,
And drives the rain away,
To leave but the glorious sunshine
Of a love so pure and good,
I deserve not, tho' it is mine
The love of motherhood."

"That love so great and glorious,
That the waters as they swirled—
Sang, "The hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rules the world."
The poets sing of heroes
And martyrs great and good,
But none so pure as thou dear,
With thy love of motherhood."

"And when thou diest, thou wilt leave
Below thee, here on earth,
Two rusty links of a broken chain,
That wither at thy birth.
Then thou wilt wait to greet us,
As we travel the darksome wood
Waiting the while to meet us
With thy love of motherhood."

To

MY FATHER

With all the love of his son,

WALLACE REID

Christmas 1904.

"An Apostrophe to my Father. All love to you."

Dedicated to

MY FATHER.

W. WALLACE REID.

"He who deserves great admiration for a wonderful change."

A SIMILE.

" 'Tis dull and gloomy—
The pall of the mountain mist
Hangs low upon the land.
No sound except the curdling shriek
Of a fast receding train,
The dismal clang of bells—

Indeed the world is dull and bare
And the trees with naked branches in the mist,
Can send a shudder to your very soul."

"But lo! the sun bursts forth
Driving the mists
Like a flock of frightened sheep
That have been ravaged by the killer.

Away! to seek a refuge
In the mist-clad mountain-top
And see the trees, that 'fore
Had seemed so bare and naked,
Now unfold the gorgeous colorings of the Autumn leaves,
Which had been hidden in the
All enshrouding mists—
The whole earth takes on
A cheerful aspect—then—

"So like thy life, oh father, just
The mist of misery and unrest, and then
The glorious sunshine of the re-enlightened soul."

"So be it always—to which,
Amen."

Wallace wrote the two following poems at sixteen years of age, at college:—

RETROSPECTION.

"Thy vision pure and restful
  In a dreamy golden haze,
Brings back fond remembrances
  Of joyous sweetheart days."
"When we wandered in the meadow
  And by the babbling brook,
When first our love flower blossomed
  And your hand in mine I took."

"When on languorous summer evenings,
  'Neath the sighing wind-kist trees
Every worldly care and sorrow,
  Would your gentle words appease."

"But those blissful days are over,
  Like a transient flitting dream
Now no more than happy memories
  They, through recollection, gleam."

"For the quick and eager passion
  Of ardent, glowing youth
Is replaced by something calmer
  Sweet devotion, sweeter truth."

"Now on peaceful summer evenings,
  When the silver lady moon
Casts her scintillating pathway
  O'er the sparkling lagoon,"

"While we sit in quiet survey
Of the mem'ry-laden past,
Thinking of our former crosses
And the peace that came at last,"
"There is something links us closer
With its blessed golden strands,
Welded for all time together,
By the touch of baby hands."

SECLUSION'S DREAM.

"Around these dank and lichen covered walls,
The wind is wailing out its mournful strain
As if in pain
And ever and anon through sounding halls
Reëchoes from without the wierd refrain."
"Around this solemn ruin thunder rolls,
Rattling the shattered window on its sill
Then all is still;
My fancy pictures the departed souls
That once these mighty halls did fill."
"And once again I see midst myriad lights,
The stately measures of the minuet—
My eyes are wet,
For when my lonely soul reviews these sights,
My long forgotten grief assails me yet."
"The memories of days when I was young
And life and love lay forward, unalloyed
And I enjoyed
The tales of 'venture that the minstrels sung
Awhile the feasters with Madeira toyed."

"And I would sit and dream of future days
When with my fair-haired sweetheart by my side
Across the tide
Singing with mad abandon ancient lays
I'd skim, and safe to harbour glide."

"But ere my golden dreams fruition bore
Or I in turn could bear my love away
One awful day
Came unexpected call from Lethe's shore
And my Adored, hard fate, could but obey."

"Since then I've been a recluse, living here
Amidst the phantoms of my only love
Nor will I move
Till comes the Lethean summons to my ear
That I may join my heart's desire above."

CHAPTER V.

MOSTLY JUST BOY.

This was the age for the reading of James Fennimore Cooper's works—"Pathfinder," "Deer Slayer" and the like. The forest crowned hills and small glens with their rivulets, were a boyish inspiration,—especially the fact that scenes of the above author's book, "Water Witch," were laid in the immediate neighborhood, where even then the gate posts with an enormous iron latch, and the remnants of the old chimney of the inn, made famous by the book, called "Rust-in-Lust," were still standing. The pirate's stairway is still there. It is crude, is of stone but intact. It leads to the spring at which old Hendrick Hudson filled his fresh water casks before proceeding to discover the majestic Hudson River. What rich food for active young imaginations! He found a congenial boy about his own age and one became "Kit" and the other "Snake," and they could not possibly communicate with each other except in "code."

They built a hut in some "secret" place, where they could have a fire and read Cooper to their hearts' content and hear the wolves howl outside and the war-whoops of the savage Indians, as they fell upon some pioneer white man's log cabin, flourishing firebrands and scalping knives!

Wallace would go to bed in regulation fashion, have his bath, say his prayers and be tucked in. He would

lie there wide awake, tense, silent and listening. After an interminable lapse of time, the piano would cease, laughter would die away and darkness and silence envelope the house. A low whistle (code, of course) would reach his listening ears. He would silently, swiftly slip into his clothes and with the utmost caution raise the screen, (yes, there were screens in this "path-finder's" abode) and slip cautiously down a sloping roof just outside his room window, and he was gone to follow that low, clear, *mysterious* whistle! He could just as easily have gone down the stairs and out the front door in perfect safety, for carefree households slumber soundly; but no, that would *never* do for a "path-finder" and slayer of wild Indians!

One night, when his father and mother were not there to see that all was well, in the small hours one of his a u n t s heard a dull foot-fall! She awakened her sister, enjoining silence. They listened in fear and trembling. The dull steady foot-falls continued. They concluded it was on the front porch and that it could not be a burglar, for he would be inside the house by that time. They plucked up courage and noiselessly, cautiously, made their way together down the stair-way in the darkness. They stole to the window and peered out. Self appointed, to guard the slumbering inmates of the home, in the absence of his parents, those bulwarks of safety to childish minds, there was Wallace patrolling solemnly back and forth —back and forth—on the front porch, with an old gun in the crotch of his shoulder, and his legs bound with strips of cloth, in lieu of leggings, in true military style.

We never were just clear as to which was "Kit" and which was "Snake," but it was Wallace, whichever brave pioneer he might have been.

One day I heard of his growing intimacy with a very non-descript lad, and of whom it was rumored that he was pilfering from the till of his father's fish market. I told Wallace of my objections to him, as a fitting companion for my son. Of course it was hopeless for him to try to make me comprehend a "pioneer's" view-point on human valuations, so he simply did not try. But like a loyal friend, that it was his inborn nature to be, he stoutly defended him; so stoutly, that I finally said,—"Wallace, I do not wish to be unfair to your friend, and if I have been wrong, I shall give your friend the benefit of my error, so please ask him to join us at luncheon Saturday."

He was several years older than Wallace and lived some distance down the coast. He came, and of course he felt quite as much out of his element as one of his father's fish hawled up out of its native ocean. He evidently had never heard of a napkin, for when the maid finally opened it and handed it to him, he looked at it so puzzled, then laid it upon the table and never touched it again. The rest, I leave to the reader's imagination.

Suffice it to say, Wallace's enthusiasm for his new found friend began to wane and soon died away. He concluded that while he might be an interesting pioneer, yet there were others equally interesting; and as "stealing" was an ugly word, and in pioneer times,

capital punishment was inflicted upon horse thieves, he forth-with, (figuratively speaking), hung the offender to a tree—and forgot him. Besides, Wallace could not quite forget that he was linked fast to the twentieth century for a large portion of his time and he was ever alive to the eternal fitness of things.

In the course of his peregrinations he had met a little girl, possibly ten years or so of age, whose shy glances and golden curls had won his admiration. He had a small allowance of spending money paid him every Saturday morning. This money he religiously reserved for "treats" of ice cream and soda water every week-end for this little blue-eyed girl. Nor could all the blandishments of all the other youthful beauties of this period tempt him to one dish of ice cream disloyal to his one charmer. It was pleasing to note this budding trait of constancy.

One night Wallace, who had now concluded that it was not altogether "manly" to have his mother hear his prayers, called to me that he wished that I would hear them! I gladly came. He climbed into bed rather deliberately instead of jumping in like a young tornado as usual. I leaned over and kissed him and his arms clung to my neck. Finally, he asked me rather shame-facedly, to sit by him and hold his hand until he went to sleep. I sat down, and would have been dull if I had not known there was something weighing heavily upon his mind. An inspiration came to me.

The day had come to him that I believe comes to all red-blooded young American boys, "Kit" and "Snake" had planned to "run away;" and my parti-

cular branch of this youthful partnership was not finding it so pleasant when the time came, as he had so thrillingly anticipated. I said, "Now dear, if you and Johnnie want to run away, it is not necessary for you to go secretly. I will give you the railroad fare up to the city and enough money to give you a bed and food for two days. But after that you must look to your earnings, as you are now such big men. But for a little boy like you not to appreciate your home and family, horses and dogs any better than I see you do, then I shall immediately get another boy to take your place and he shall have your room and place at the table and there will be no further room for you; so you must not come back again. I will kiss you good-bye and you can write to me when you and Johnnie have conquered the world. I will pack your things and Hughie can drive you to the station. (kiss) Good-night dear." (start to go.)

The dear boy held tight to my hand and would not let me go, to my secret delight. "Mamma darling, I didn't want to go anyway—and please don't get another boy in my place. It was for Johnnie, because they don't treat him right at home and he was so unhappy, and I was only going for his sake."

He hugged me close and kissed me fervently and was so happy to be "back home again." That is how Wallace "ran away" only once and how my "prodigal" was welcomed "back home again."

That was the sort of domestic diplomacy employed toward Wallace when he was just a boy, in the sheltered harbor of home!

CHAPTER VI.

MILITARY SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS.

We concluded that Wallace should be sent to Military School, because his great height was inclining him to stoop to be nearer the height of the boys of his age. The Freehold Military School (New Jersey) was selected.

Then busy days followed, getting his equipment together, marking things and going to the tailor to be fitted with military uniform and the like. Among other things required was a marked napkin ring. A sterling silver one was bought and his father had an inspiration to have it marked "On Guard." But Wallace regarded it as a "hoodoo," for that was one form of punishment used at the school. He held that napkin ring was a constant reminder to his instructors, who were as constantly putting him "On Guard."

One day, a number of these budding military officers had a lively skirmish (quite consistent, you see) and Wallace with his giant strength, was proving a formidable adversary, when some hot headed youth of Latin blood, stabbed him deep in the leg, and he was laid up in the school's hospital ward for repairs. But he would not hear to my being notified; and I never knew until he came home on his vacation, when he showed me the scar.

He suffered from home sickness a great deal, so his aunt Maude (my sister) and myself made frequent trips to Freehold on visiting days.

These youthful soldiers were given three minutes in which to dress. Wallace and his room-mate would prepare their trousers, lay them on top of the bed so that they could pull their legs out from under the covers and thrust them into their trousers as they lay upon their beds. They figured this out to a "nicety" and practiced it until their skill and speed were breath-taking!

They were assembled for inspection and in military style, they must present their hands, palms down, for inspection of their finger nails. These young rogues would clean all but their thumb nails, which they concealed in their palms, and they were perfectly delighted with the tremendous saving of energy they had thus achieved.

However, his percentages were low—appallingly low—but his bills were equally high. We learned that the "Major," then quite young himself, had a car. And in those days cars were far from reliable mechanically, or as to tires; and in our first experience, Wallace had learned to drive and had been quick to grasp the mechanical mysteries; also the herculean task of "changing tires." He was very convenient when the car called for cranking, as self-starters were entirely unknown. So when youth met youth and there was a car, the call of the great out-of-doors was, not unnaturally, resistless. So they enjoyed the Major's car and the percentages suffered.

No wonder Wallace had learned something about a car! The first one, for which we were persuaded to part with perfectly good money, for the questionable joy of owning, was known as the "Long Distance." At that time automobiles were more or less of curiosities and were surely less than reliable modes of travel. None could have been worse than ours, for in the one month we owned it, the bill for repairs was four hundred dollars.

One day out of this entire month of ownership, Wallace was permitted to take the car alone. He drove the very "long distance" of three miles from home and back as far as the draw-bridge at Highlands, which has a considerable super-structure of iron work. Just as Wallace started onto the draw-bridge, there was a loud "bang" and the sound of falling pieces of iron and steel. Before the "bang" was half finished, Wallace had scaled the iron super-structure like a flying squirrel. The pieces were picked up and the wreck was towed on to the boat for New York, thence to the junk yard.

One hot, hot day of that eventful month, we had reached Sea Bright, had drawn up to the curb and had done our marketing. When we came back to the car, the rest of us climbed in and sat there in the blazing sun, for it had no "top." Wallace cranked and cranked. The perspiration streamed down his face. A well dressed pale young Italian, with a dainty black moustache, stood in the shade smiling and watching Wallace's fruitless efforts in the glaring sun. The heat, the exertion and the utter lack of response

from the car, and the cool and smiling young Italian in the shade, began to irritate him. Wallace continued to "crank" and to perspire and his eyes now blazed. The cool young Italian finally said very pleasantly, "grinda-da-organ, maka-no-music." Wallace started for him. I had seen the inevitable and jumped out. I succeeded in restraining Wallace. It was all so sudden that the young Italian never knew how much danger he was in, for he continued to smile encouragingly.

However, these experiences did not discourage us for we immediately bought a new one, our first Cadillac, which was quite well behaved and capable.

Wallace's aunt Maude and myself went to the closing exercises, where his only medal was for elocution and he was born with eloquence at his tongue's tip. This was a legitimate inheritance, not only from his parents, but from his grandfather, Col. "Harry" who was a fine orator.

Wallace was more than delighted to be back home.

We had bought a larger home directly across the road from the first one. The old one we leased during the summer months—one summer to Gustave Frohman and family. With them resided the father of the well known dramatic stars, Olive Windham and Janet Beecher. For two years it was leased by Perriton Maxwell, then Managing Editor of Cosmopolitan Magazine, who also made "Glory View" the birthplace of "The American Magazine." The larger one we now kept open most of the year. This we called "River Rest," for it was directly on and eighty feet

above the Shrewsbury River, and it was here that Wallace spent the greater part of his boyhood days.

We now kept two cars, one of which was for my personal use. This one Wallace liked. He would invite some boy friend and they would drive to some popular shore restaurant where there was music, and the two could feel quite grown up and almost blasé. Engagements with one of these young lads seemed to be growing in frequency, and as I had heard that he was rather fond of cocktails, this growing intimacy worried me.

They went one Saturday night, which was the fashionable night of the week at this particular restaurant. It was usually crowded with the most fashionable people of Monmouth County, for they had excellent music and were noted for their seafood and terrapin. Wallace's friend was very tall and gaunt. The two donned their dress suits and sallied forth. They were feeling especially important. They dined and smoked and lingered an hour or more and tried to look old in the ways of the world. His friend magnanimously volunteered to tip the waiter. Wallace paid the check. His friend, tipping his chair back, and thus stretching his full gaunt length into an inclined plane—as the expectant waiter had finally started to depart—he raised his hand pompously, motioning the man back again; and the poor fellow had no choice but to refuse the tip or turn up his palm to receive it. Being provident, he turned up his palm. Thereupon Wallace's companion, with much importance,

gravely dropped fifteen pennies into the astonished and disappointed waiter's hand.

Wallace assured me, in telling it, that he knew that every eye in the dining room was upon them and that they were smiling amusedly at two big children who thought they had grown up! As Wallace did not enjoy the prospect of similar embarassment, this intimacy naturally sickened and died.

When vacation was over, we sent him to a preparatory college for Princeton, which was also co-educational. While he still suffered more or less from his old malady of homesickness, he plunged with much enthusiasm into football, basketball and the like; and because he could not brook "mere girls" getting better percentages than himself, his percentages in his studies soared as high, as they had fallen low in the Military School.

Wallace remained in this college four years. He managed one of the football teams and became editor of the college paper. In the interim, he would occasionally run down to Allentown, Pennsylvania, and attend medical lectures, thinking of becoming a physician and surgeon, which was natural, as there were many of that profession both on his father's side and on my father's side of the house. However, I was having Wallace prepared for a classical course at Princeton, fitting him for a career of letters, for which he had given such early and brilliant promise.

Among the many young ladies attending this institution, there was one, pretty as a picture, with dimpling cheeks, a rose-leaf complexion, laughing

blue eyes, dainty as a fairy, brilliantly intelligent and intellectual and with perfect poise. In speaking of her to me, he said, "She is the only girl whom I sought to kiss who refused me that honor." She was his first fine, real love and she remained enshrined in his heart until he had offered her his heart and his name, and she had declined.

Wallace arranged for me to meet her and her mother at the old Knickerbocker Hotel, and I found her altogether winsome, cultured and charming.

Wallace lost much of his respect for the man at the head of this institution who, though very erudite, was not a man of much culture. The forfeiting of the boy's respect was for an unusual reason. He chanced to see this same professor treating his timid and shrinking little wife rather as a menial than an equal. He felt pity for the plain little woman and contempt for the spirit of over-weaning egotism in the man.

Now, was not that the material out of which real heroes are made?

CHAPTER VII.

COMMENCEMENT DAYS IN LIFE'S SCHOOL.

During vacation a "try-out" production of a play designed as a starring vehicle for Robert Edeson, "Unto the Fourth Generation," was made, in which Wallace played a college boy. Mr. Henry B. Harris (who went down on the Titanic) and his wife came from New York especially to see it. They were at once greatly enamoured of Wallace and sought to sign a contract for him to go under Mr. Harris' management in the spoken drama.

Miss Caryl Frohman, who also was quick to see the dramatic possibilities in this over-grown young college lad, sought to interest him in a contract with her brother, Daniel Frohman. But my intentions were that he should enter Princeton in the fall.

His father knew "Buffalo Bill" Cody quite well and conceived the brilliant idea of sending him out to Cody, Wyoming, for a little Wild West experience. He was not gone many weeks before his father grew homesick for the boy and had another bright inspiration and telegraphed him to come home at once that his mother was at the point of death. The poor boy, nearly distraught, started at once on the long journey back. His father had neglected to tell me of his sensational telegram, and when at last he reached his journey's end,

he rushed wildly to the house nearly frantic with anxiety, only to find us gone out in the car. But his father had accomplished his desire and was perfectly satisfied that the end had justified the means.

When a young birdling once falls from its nest, he may be replaced a dozen times, but he will at once proceed to fall out again. So it was with Wallace. He had had the taste of freedom, given by self-earned money, and Princeton had lost all charms for him; and try as I would to re-inspire him, it was unavailing, so that hope and ambition of his mother's alas! must needs go unfulfilled.

Mr. Perriton Maxwell placed him with Motor Magazine and Motor Boating. From there he went to the Newark Star, where he conducted a column headed "As Told in Essex." He liked the reportorial work for its color and variety and the element of chance there was in it.

The remuneration was small, however. He wished to bring a present to me. Some little milliner, where he boarded, suggested a hat and that she would make it. When he came home that week-end I saw him coming down the drive-way carrying a young pasteboard *trunk*. It contained the hat, a black velvet monstrosity of the "peach-basket" variety. Poor lad—his small earnings—how sorry for him I felt—he seemed such a trusting child to be out in the world alone—but the brave spirit of the boy to sacrifice something he might wish himself that his mother should be remembered—over this loving act I could rejoice genuinely and with much enthusiasm—but oh! that

hat! It was more of a black velvet tent, but I was heroic enough to wear it for his sake when he was home; and oh how glad I was when he himself concluded that somehow it did not just exactly fit my peculiar "style."

Sometime later his father wrote a dramatic playlet of Western life called "The Girl and the Ranger." He was suddenly disappointed by the man engaged to play the young husband, the time being very short before the opening date to secure a new man and rehearse him into the part, his father suggested Wallace, which I very bitterly opposed. He then promised to get an actor, if I would consent to Wallace getting "up" in the part for safety's sake—as understudy. I finally, very foolishly, consented. Wallace learned the part and went on the road with his father in this one-act play.

But that was short-lived.

CHAPTER VIII.

LITTLE ADVENTURES OUT OF HOME HARBOR.

The tour of "The Girl and the Ranger" was one of short duration. They landed in Chicago, where Wallace had his first taste of the "movies."

I was severely wounded in an automobile accident shortly after this and they returned to the East.

Soon afterward his father wrote the play "The Confession," which had its original production in Baltimore with the written approval of the late Cardinal Gibbons. The management of this play requested me to call upon Bishop McFaul of Trenton, New Jersey, prior to its appearance in that city; after which they sent me to Providence, Rhode Island, where I had the honor of being the first woman ever permitted to address the Catholic Club there, upon a night other than "Ladies' Night."

Such well known artists as Theodore Roberts and Orrin Johnson were in the cast. The play was then brought to New York City, where I was asked to lend my services in polishing it up for New York production. It opened at the Bijou Theatre to a crowded house, among whom were many distinguished New Yorkers and a number of personages of title.

We attended the opening performance, including Wallace of course. This brought the boy into contact with many society people and other persons prominent in New York and elsewhere. Among them was a brilliant and talented beauty of the Spanish type, but a highly cultured young American girl nevertheless—however, she was not a New Yorker. Wallace fell madly in love with her. She was beautiful of character and disposition, as well as young and marvellously beautiful to look upon, highly talented musically, cultured and altogether fascinating. Music, particularly the classics, was always a powerful magnet to Wallace in anyone, in those days. Then added to these, soft and shining brown eyes, warm coloring, grace of carriage and a thousand and one other charms—could one wonder? Seen together in New York's great hotels, in theatre parties, any where they went, there was not a couple in our great city who could compare with them. They seemed so eminently suited to each other.

Wallace enjoyed a wonderful winter in New York but he did not forget his mother and his home overlooking river and sea. But my boy was growing fast into manhood and venturing farther and for longer periods from the harbor of home.

The beautiful princess went abroad to other triumphs, but never was she spoiled by the tremendous admiration she received. She was also "rich" in this world's goods, so that she could and did dress like the princess she was.

Wallace went to the Vitagraph Company, where he gained his first real training for his triumphs, as the artist he afterwards became, in the silent drama. It was some time later, just when I cannot say, Wallace became engaged to the fairy princess. Who was she? Now, that would be telling—don't you think?

CHAPTER IX.

IN LIFE'S OPEN SEA.

Wallace remained for a time with the Vitagraph. The Reliance then sought him and offered him greater remuneration which, naturally, he accepted.

One day his father sent Wallace to the Universal to close a contract with them for the picturization of one of his dramas. This company recognized Wallace's picture possibilities and made him an offer, which he accepted.

It was summer time. My telephone rang. It was Wallace. "Mother dear, please come up town and meet me at the Knickerbocker Hotel for luncheon. I will not have the time nor opportunity to come down home, and I cannot go, 'sweetheart mother,' without seeing you before I do."

"GO! Go where, dear?" That "*go*" was a chilling word to me.

"The company very suddenly concluded to send me out to the coast, to their studio there."

The sun ceased to shine and an icy hand seemed to be freezing—crushing my heart.

"Did you hear, mother dearest?"

"Yes, my dear boy, and I will take the first Sandy Hook boat going up and wait for you at the hotel. Now don't forget," I said cheerily. Words may speak the

actual truth, as those words did, but oh, the falsehood in my voice! But I could not think of sending my boy, my only child, now all eagerness and bouyant enthusiasm, on that long journey so far away from home, except with pleasant and cheerful memories of his mother and home.

Some young lad who was being sent out there at the same time came with him. They were so full of hope and anticipation and happy confidence! We laughed and chatted gayly over our luncheon. I listened to their plans and what were then wonderful air-castles, and enthused with them. Who so heartless as to dampen their youthful ardor? Not a mother, surely. My heart was leaden but my lips smiled and they were radiantly happy, and Wallace never knew the knife in my heart, which that parting was to me. He never did know, for youth is care-free and thoughtless.

He never did know, even the last time I saw him; unless he is standing beside me now, with his hand upon my shoulder, following these lines as I pen them.

"Darling little mother—sweetheart mother mine!" I can almost hear him say—like he used to, when he would pick me up and raise me to the ceiling at home, revelling in that giant strength of his. This, I feel he has taken with him in the strength of character he showed in his last, greatest of all possible sacrifices, to hold fast to his own self command.

I am whispering to him in my heart, believing—clinging desparately in my believing—that he is with me now. "Oh, my darling—oh, my own—*mine,* once

more after so many years, do not leave me alone, suffering, sorrowing for you—for today I am no longer strong like in that day of parting so long ago. No, I am weak and clinging selfishly to you—holding you fast, for you, and you alone, can comfort me."

Balm of healing seems poured over my hurt heart, so I am surely not believing in vain that he is with me; nearer than in the long years while he was three thousand terrible miles away, sailing farther and farther away through sunshine and through gales.

Yes, he must be near me, otherwise "FOREVER" would be a long time—too long to endure.

CHAPTER X.

HIS EARLY SAILING INTO THE STRANGE PORT OF MATRIMONY.

Wallace wrote to me of his work and of his interests. He liked the West. Sometimes he was homesick, as was his wont at both the Military School and at College. I saw his interest in his Eastern home gradually wane, which caused the miles between us to grow and grow. He was still in his "teens" when he sailed so far away, so brave and so gay.

He was not there so many months when, one day in August, I received a letter announcing to me that he was to be married at Christmas. He wrote me that she was the "only girl in the world"—strange statement from an old man of nineteen—and that old fellow had determined to embark on the hidden sea of marriage with said "only girl." I took the liberty of advising them not to be in too much haste, and thereby grossly offended both these mettlesome young things.

I suggested that a little less speed would only be just and wise for the old gentleman of nineteen and the "only girl in the world." I thereby had committed an unforgivable crime. Such temerity on my part! Was it to be believed possible? I do not know yet whether I ever was quite forgiven for the awful offense. How could a mere mother—inexperienced

persons, these mothers—especially one, dreaming alone to the music of the whispering or thundering old Atlantic, with nothing but the scent of the sea in her nostrils, and only the light of the moon and the stars by which to read her thought-books. How could she understand the perfectly simple booking of passage on this much-travelled sea? Wise inexperience—and stupid mothers.

They at once took my advice and postponed their marriage from Christmas to the October thirteenth *pre*ceding—and in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen. Am I forgiven? I wonder. I will be, however, when their *own* contemplates embarkation on this same strange sea some years hence. Yes, I will be forgiven then and understood quite some better.

But then, Life is just the same, the wide world over. So I smiled at their offended dignity. Yes, some years hence, they will see.

The next I knew, the old gentleman of nineteen and the "only girl in the world" had "set sail." They were now Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid. They worked together and played together and they very kindly permitted the "other mother" to do everything in the world she wanted to do for them, which was a very great deal.

Then after five years of this marriage voyage, a very wonderful day came for them both. Billy arrived and claimed them for his parents. Wallace adored children and his happy pride can be better imagined than described. Of course Dorothy was very proud

and very happy too, for was she not Billy's mother? So Billy was hailed with delight.

When Billy was six months old, business brought Wallace East. So he announced to me that he was bringing the "only girl in the world" and Billy,—bringing them HOME, to meet Wallace's mother and his "sweetheart Mary Virginia" aged eighty, his two small aunts, Uncle Fred and Grand-dad, "Col. Harry." Coming Home!!!!

I had not seen my over-sized "baby" for about *six years.* Coming Home! They would be East several months and could spend four or five weeks with me—Joyous News! I was to meet my new daughter and their baby. Best of all, they would be there in time for Christmas. I had a genuine Old-Dominion "Mammy"—"Mammy Lou" and in good "old Virginia" style—*she could cook!* Such preparations! A warm room was cleared out and transformed into a nursery. Many, many labors of love,—joyous labors, and a family re-union! Billy's first Christmas tree was to be the centre decoration for this old-fashioned Christmas dinner of everything that belonged to such a dinner.

The day before Christmas eve, they arrived in the afternoon, at Red Bank, New Jersey, where I met them with my car. He, so tall and broad shouldered and dignified with his new honor of fatherhood. She, so petite and with the whiteness that goes with—shall I say it?—red hair and the importance and dignity that belonged with being mother of Billy. There were of

course, no other babies in the world,—at least none worth mentioning!

My "family" all arrived and gave cordial welcome to my new daughter. She was far from her own mother and we were all strangers to her, except Wallace, Billy and his nurse. We bade them all three welcome, with our hearts full of love for them, no small portion of which belonged to King Billy,—all that any one could possibly wish for in a baby, was King Billy.

Christmas dinner, with everything that could be thought of to make it an old-fashioned, old Virginia plantation Christmas dinner. All the day before and, of course, all day Christmas Day, until the raisins, nuts and candy had been reached, I was the busiest mother hostess in Monmouth County, so I had no opportunity to visit with them, much less "hold" Billy. Night came and my mother and family departed and Billy was tucked away by his nurse, fast asleep for the night. We had just a small "supper" for the few of us left. Old Mammy Lou had worked very hard, but she wanted to speak to me, so I went to hear what it was.

"Miss Butha, please don't feel bad, but I wants to tell you. Mistah Wallace and Mrs. Reid is done gwine to town tomorrow mawnin'. "

"Why Mammy Lou," I said in astonishment, "you are surely mistaken. They are to be with us several weeks, for that is what Mr. Wallace himself told me."

"No, Miss Butha, I done heard Mrs. Reid ask Mr. Wallace to take her to de city tomorrow, case it's so long since she been to New York, and jes kain't wait

to git dar, case she near 'bout crazy to see a good New York show."

"Mistah Wallace say, 'I got no business 'gagement yit awhile.' "

" 'Please,' an' she put huh arms around his neck. Den Mistah Wallace he say, 'all right, dear.' "

"Now please, Miss Butha, don't you be too hurt so's Mistah Wallace kin see."

"Thank you, Mammy Lou, you're just the best Mammy Lou that ever was."

The next morning on the eleven o'clock train, into the city they went, just as Mammy Lou had said. They never knew but that I thought the "business engagement" was of the utmost importance.

How could I be expected to know—living alone, to the music of the whispering or thundering old Atlantic, with nothing but the scent of the sea in my nostrils, and only the light of the stars and the moon by which to read my book of thoughts?

Oh, well, the call to youth of the bright city lights, its gay music and dancing, the theatres—the crowds—how could I blame them? It was all so entirely human.

That night the voice of the old ocean was kind to me and the stars smiled in through my window. Nearly twenty centuries ago a bright star in the East, shown down upon Bethlehem and a little Child.

God was very good to the world, and yesterday was that Child's birthday, which we had celebrated. I was just one of the millions of grains of human sand. Yes, God was good, and Peace spread her mantle over me, and I sank into slumber—happy.

CHAPTER XI.

FAIR WEATHER IN PROSPERITY'S SEA.

His wife, baby and nurse went home first and Wallace followed as soon as the work which brought him, was finished.

They had purchased a typical California bungalow in Morgan Place, Hollywood, where Billy enjoyed his third Christmas with tree and plenty of toys. Wallace sent me a photo, showing the tree, and himself sitting upon a toy auto big enough and strong enough to hold his weight, with a windshield and all. There is another with rubber tires, starting crank, bell and all, with Billy at the wheel, and his mother leaning over him. Wallace is watching Billy and smiling, as are Billy and his mother, but they are looking ahead. There is a rocking rabbit and a toy desk, as big as the child—a picture of Christmas joy.

Wallace had accepted an offer from the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. The "fan" mail, (letters from the admirers of the man and his work, letters from all over the world) had grown to such proportions that he had won stardom through his work and personality, and the firm gave it recognition.

His salary increased, as did his popularity; and they planned and built the house on DeLongpre Avenue, a long commodious structure, suggesting the

Moorish as well as the Spanish Mission. They moved from the Morgan Place house, which they sold. In the new home the rooms were large and airy, the French windows opening directly upon the terraces. While the lot is but an acre in size, yet it is bounded on three sides by avenues, one of which is Sunset Boulevard, which leads out to the sea beaches, Santa Monica and the like.

Wallace was fairly launched on the high sea of popularity and monetary success; still he remained the happy, care-free boy, thoroughly democratic and altogether a man's man, and yet a trusting, confiding boy, to whom intrigue was a sealed book, which he did not understand. Indeed, he but vaguely knew there was such a book, much less to know ought of its contents. His mind was as open as the sunlight and as care-free as the birds.

He was the soul of hospitality and his friends were legion. He had a wonderful library of fine editions of the best authors and some rare old volumes.

He had an arsenal of fine guns and pistols for all sorts of uses—for big game and little, for he was fond of hunting; and the open spaces and the solitudes of the mountains. He also tried his hand at archery and Billy had his bow as well as the grown-ups.

He had a wonderful den with an upright piano, a desk with drop-head and typewriter. There was a Victrola run electrically, which he would start, whether he was reading, writing or they were playing pool, for he had a table and plenty of cues. There was a large

boulder fire-place in this room, where a big wood fire blazed in the winter, and he made his own "fairy fire" to produce the beautiful colors found in a fire built of seashore driftwood. This he made in his own laboratory, which was remarkably equipped; particularly for a private home, for he loved experimentation in his hours of leisure. He had a microscope—the best—and he loved microscopic study. He had about everything that heart could desire and he knew the use of each and everything, and used them as well.

There was an attachment to the concert grand piano in the main living room, which could be converted into a pipe organ, and he spent much time playing it. He had about every musical instrument and there was not one of them that he could not play. There were guitars, banjos, six saxaphones, snare and bass drums and several fine violins and a viola or so. He was an unusually fine violinist for an amateur; and as for Victrolas, in addition to the one in the den, which by the way, was the one room that particularly reflected the man himself, there was a Victrola, electrically driven (as, in fact, they all were) in the arm of the overstuffed davenport in the main living room. There was one in console shape in the dining room, one in their boudoir upstairs in the shape of a large table lamp, a portable one to be carried "on location," as they call it, when they are called to localities not convenient to their own homes. In addition to these, there was another of the lamp variety in his dressing room at the studio.

Wallace sometimes painted in oils and there were several very creditable studies he had made, which were framed and hanging upon the walls.

He had a comparatively small projecting machine and silver sheet, which he sometimes used to run moving pictures in his den. He was fond of magic and would go to all kinds of trouble to entertain his friends with these mysteries. It was a perfect delight to him to see that he had seriously engaged and puzzled his guests.

There is a large swimming pool at the back of the house, and Billy is his father's own child as to swimming, for he is a perfect little fish in the water, and fearless, like his father.

Later, Wallace set up a regulation moving picture projecting machine in the library, when his friends would assemble in the long living room. This gave the distance for excellent moving pictures. Daily, one of his chauffeurs would go to Los Angeles and secure an evening's program of the current pictures. There were also some funny ones for Billy, which were run first, so that his nurse could get him to bed at a proper hour for a young man of his years.

After the pictures, the grown-ups would go to the den, where they would play pool or Wallace would work some tricks in magic, or they would play the piano.

Wallace, however, showed but little or no interest in cards; for he seemed to prefer a book or his violin or pipe organ music.

There were anywhere from a dozen to twenty or thirty people who would run in of an evening; some of the men with their wives; now and then they would bring one of their children. Many of them would come singly or in couples and most of them were people well known to the patrons of the moving pictures. Some brought knitting and they all seemed to enjoy the pictures as well as the patrons, who knew nothing of their construction.

Wallace had cars, from the days of that awful Long Distance, to many of the finest American makes. He liked a fast car and to drive fast when it was permissable; and he had such a marvellous command of a car and accuracy of eye for space and speed and distance, that the most timid need not fear to ride at top speed, with him at the wheel.

Among the many who came often to Wallace's home, the general run of them had their own homes and families, were at least comfortably well to do, or quite prosperous, for there are many good business heads among them who have made good real estate and other wise investments, and have thriven in consequence.

One of the frequent callers, was a young woman well known to the movie fans, who had originally been educated for Grand Opera, but who had met the terrible calamity of losing her voice. However, this did not take from her her knowledge of good music; and when she, her husband and his mother would run in, she and Wallace would spend the greater part of the evening at the piano—

he with his violin. They would have a wonderful time and it would be more than enjoyable to those who sat around listening.

Many of these people are more than well bred and possessed of various accomplishments, that would cause them to grace most drawing rooms.

There are always those everywhere, who are on the road to the group of derelicts, who are failures or whose society is undesirable and whose association is unwholesome. But, as a rule, this class is in the minority in most walks of life and groups of people; but unfortunately, they manage to thrust themselves into the public eye. And again, unfortunately, there is a predilection among many of the public-at-large, who rather enjoy reading and talking of the derelictions of their less desirable brethren, than the achievements of those who have labored and improved the "ten talents" entrusted to them and thereby acquired a place just a little in advance of the public-at-large.

When civilization reaches the point where it can genuinely rejoice over the worthy worker whose ambition and energy have made him a pace maker for the rank and file in his specific calling—and not to derive a certain morbid pleasure from the unfortunately weak and erring, then the limelight will automatically turn its bright rays upon the constructionist and leave the destructionist in the darkness of no attention attracted to himself. The weakling is a destructionist, for he cannot destroy himself without hurting some one or more who do not merit the wounds.

The problem is too intricate for human limitations —so after all is said and done, these are God's problems.

If each individual does his "bit" like each separate drop of salt water that co-operates with his neighboring drop, then the ebb and flow of the tides of the sea will come and go on schedule and the large achievement be simple and easy, through proper co-operation.

If, with the faith of a little child, we do our duty, then the ebb and flow of the human tide will also work out on schedule.

CHAPTER XII.

SHOALS, JAGGED ROCKS AND DANGERS.

As Wallace's prosperity grew apace, greater and more frequent came the calls for "loans" and more numerous grew the applicants. There were many of the "movie" world, some genuine, some of the ambitionless variety who were always about to set the world on fire in a new picture and how "crazy" the producers had been to secure this particular person's services, but the name of picture and producer could not yet be divulged—a "secret"—which remained a "secret" for it existed only in the mind of the indigent one, and never materialized under any flesh and blood producing firm.

These chronic borrowers were by no means confined to the "movie" world—they came from all callings and with every possible form of excuse. Just to live in the same town with some one whose great uncle had perhaps sold a tie to Wallace's great uncle, when Wallace was a baby, was sufficient reason. As all successful people know, they are hounded by an army of barnacles, who will do nothing themselves—so they are always "broke."

This class, of course, did not usually comprise the frequent visitors at the house, for a borrower general-

ly wishes to be forgotten until he has thought out a new excuse, as his new necessities arise.

Hollywood is a Mecca for movie-struck people from all over the world. They have confidence in themselves and the courage to spend to the last penny of their savings, just to "land" in the movie capitol, where they expect the whole colony of producers to be lined up (like so many taxi drivers looking for a "fare") at the station, waiting for the train to come in and all too eager to compete for their services. These people are sincere, earnest and entirely deserving, but one of the problems for the public authorities there—so I have been told.

Many of those he aided were entirely worthy and the troubles but temporary. But Wallace's grandmother Reid's motto was, that it was better to help nine unworthy cases than miss the one worthy.

That Wallace should be charitable was natural, and that he should be hospitable was also natural. But he was too tender of the feelings he credited to some of these forward ones, judging their sensitiveness by his own. He likewise believed too readily—believed implicitly every word of their troubles as they related them. This grew to menacing proportions as time passed, and sapped from his salary large sums—appallingly large in the aggregate—which should have been used for investments, looking ahead to the day of retirement, as any provident business man should do.

Going into the fastnesses of the mountains and the waste places of the desert, on location, where people would fall ill or get a bone broken or otherwise injured,

miles and miles from access to any kind of a physician, and as no physician is carried out into these wildernesses with these little groups of workers, more than once Wallace came forward and patched up these injured ones, as well as himself, for here his attendance at medical lectures in his college days, often stood the people and himself in good stead.

As was told in a preceding chapter, Wallace liked to have about him, as his own, the things he used. That is how he acquired a physician's complete equipment of instruments, medicines, etc., in a doctor's regulation case, such as he usually carries when making his round of calls upon his patients. This Wallace carried with him always, for some years, when out on "location" just as he did his portable Victrola and his violin.

There is one who occasionally comes to his home—a man young, handsome, successful, popular upon the screen. He drives fast cars—fine ones. People trust their lives in his keeping. He has not betrayed that trust. To meet him, he arrests one's attention by a certain quiet, tinged with a note of the furtive. It impresses one as a distrustful characteristic—distrustful of strangers. I learn, to my surprise, that this poor fellow is in the toils. I do not know the marks and signs, if there are any, but there is a vague, elusive something about him. He is a gentleman, and one feels that he comes of gentle blood, in fact, above the average. It surely is not too late for him to "right about face," before the time comes when it will be too late—the death knell in those terrible words—TOO LATE!

Among those who grew into coming to Wallace quite regularly for aid of various kinds, was a man older than Wallace, the son of a famous star of the speaking stage—this father a scholar and a gentleman, a man standing high in the history of the spoken drama. Wallace held this artist and his contribution to dramatic art, in high esteem, and in recognition of that fact, he felt sympathy for the son and backed his sympathy with aid. Sometimes he used his influence that he should have work; but he grew worse and worse, and then, poor creature, realizing his condition and that it was too late for retreat, and he too weak to try, would threaten to commit suicide. He is in the clutches, helpless, bound about the by the silent, life-sapping tentacles—a tragic shadow of what he was—now merely existing but practically dead.

Oh! But his people — his father, who can still move about among his fellow-men, his head high, his name honored for a lifetime of artistic labor, written high upon the tablets of achievement—but over his head hangs the sword of Damocles, and in his bosom is a heart of lead—yet a little while he may smile and hold up his head, thanking God for each little second of reprieve, ere the sword shall cut the hair which holds it, and the heart of lead be broken. He listens in terror for the toll of the bell, when in one flash, like a stroke of lightning, the all-enveloping mantle of shame will fall over his fair name, and in one terrible moment obliterate the labor of the flower of his years —nay, of a lifetime.

Poor father, I never met you, but I have enjoyed the pleasure of your art, but for you my heart sorrows! Your son it was, who first cast the soil of slander upon the fair name of him whom I mourn—and which soil I seek to wash away with the baptism of tears—tears of blood wrung from the deepest depths of his mother's sorrowing heart and cover it with beautiful flowers of memory, gathered in the garden of a mother's love where grow blossoms of beauty that never fade or perish.

That was not your son, but the Demon who forged his tongue, and the poor boy could not prevent. May the merciful black-robed Angel claim him before the toll of that terrible death-bell for fair fame.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SHINING PINNACLE.

Wallace, my darling one and only child, was coming to New York to be here several months! When he started, he wired me and then again several times on his way here. What joy to know that he was to be here several months, and I could see him and he could come down to visit me in his boyhood home—and visit his two small aunts, Maude and Virginia, his Uncle Fred and, best of all, his dear old grandmother, "sweetheart Mary Virginia," he always called her.

When my boy loomed up in that Pennsylvania station, he was easy enough to see—the tallest, handsomest, most perfect specimen of manhood in the range of my vision. My! but was I not proud of him! My son!

God was very good to me to bless me with such a son! Rockefeller, Morgan, Wall Street, had no riches to compare with mine. He just swept me from my feet into his arms, as if I were a child of two or three, and kissed me. I would not exchange that kiss for a king's ransom.

But now—now—there will never be another greeting, another kiss from my son to his mother—in this world—my heart ceases to beat—as I confront that terrible word—NEVER!!

"Mother! Mother!" reprovingly sounds in the ear of my inner consciousness, "That is not like my brave little mother. Ring true to the blood of your fathers!"

Those words seem as clear and distinct to me as if my sister, sitting beside me, had looked up and spoken them. Oh, how good is our Heavenly Father, to send such rays of light into the empty blackness—so good!

A small furnished apartment had been taken for him near Fifth Avenue and within easy motoring distance of the studio at the eastern end of the Fifty-ninth Street bridge.

He arrived with his secretary, a quiet young man, who without apparent effort soon had Wallace established in the apartment just as though he had been living there for months. The largest trunk of all he brought, had been built especially for—what do you think? His violin and a number of other musical instruments which were his favorites. There were tricks in magic, books and I cannot tell you what else —thoroughly innocent pleasures for the amusement of this big over-grown boy.

Nothing could have been out of harmony more completely, with this many faceted artist, than as a business man burdened with financial cares. I never saw him give one moment to scanning the stock market and other business reports in the daily papers; but beauty in pictures, books, music or the changing landscapes of mountain, sea or desert, or of people; but people were only beautiful individually, not in masses like mountains and sparkling waves.

Wallace had the keenest sense of humor, and its genial rays kept the sun shining in his happy-go-lucky heart, whether the sun shone without or the rain fell and the day was bleak and drear.

His address was not to be known until the work on the picture was finished. However, the address was soon, like most other secrets—everyone's "secret."

The picture in which, I consider, he attained the highest point of artistry in his entire career, was "Peter Ibbetson." His impersonation of an ideal lover in the dream life of these ideal lovers, was full of poetry, romance, reverential love and unswerving faith and constancy, with sufficient warmth to make it vital, and yet not the slightest taint of the exotic to coarsen this perfect love poem into the all too fleshly, so much portrayed today. It glowed with the steady white purity and strength and calm of the sea's deepest depths, so unlike the bubble-like loves on the restless surface of today, which cannot survive under the slightest pressure, so they crush like an eggshell or burst like a bubble, when scarcely more than submerged beneath the waves of life's real sea.

Miss Elsie Ferguson's Duchess was played in perfect harmony and was entirely attuned—dainty, elusive, ideal, constant through life into death, the years so welding this perfect love into one, that with her death came his awakening and death, and the birth and blossoming of this enduring love, into Life Eternal.

This role was especially congenial to Wallace, for he was Romance incarnate, and he was an Idealist.

The perfect condition of the boy, physically in splendid health, mentally and artistically eminently alert, as the picture breathes from his first appearance, until his madness and death in the dank and musty old stone prison cell, is very apparent. The picture is as perfect as the man himself was perfect at the time of its taking.

While in New York, Wallace was approached by other producing firms, of high standing, with flattering offers—flattering beyond the dreams of avarice, and with unbelievably large tenders to the firm to which Wallace was under contract, to release him—but their existing contract called for two more years, and Wallace was such a profit-bearing asset, that no offers could tempt them. Could you blame either firm? He was well worth it. But did it "turn" Wallace's head? Not one whit—he went right along, happy-go-lucky, doing his work as if it were play.

Soon crowds upon crowds of people swarmed the apartment and the tiny grand piano, on which stood a picture of his wife and baby in a silver frame, rang under the touch of artists well known on Broadway, and Wallace played his violin and saxaphone and all was happiness. He was basking in the sunshine of a popularity such as falls to the lot of but few men in this world, no matter what his calling.

Wallace took it all as in the day's work or play, and personal vanity or egotism never seem to occur to him. People from all walks of life swarmed his apartment. Bright and clever people were as the elixir of life to him and he fairly glowed with the joy of just

living. He expanded in this genial atmosphere and with the change of air and surroundings, one could see him thrive and improve—if that were possible.

One day, he called his little son Billy on the long distance. It was Billy's birthday and he was having a children's party. When Wallace heard his dearly loved childish treble, "Hello, Daddy dear," big happy tears fell from Wallace's eyes, and he forthwith grew homesick. "I'm having a party and lots of good things to eat—and I want to go back to the table."

"All right, dear. Do you love Daddy?"

"Yes, Daddy dear, good-bye," and he was gone.

How history repeats itself. I thought of the day when the two older children, Billy's parents, longed to get where the bright lights and wonderful restaurants were. In the course of time, Billy will be where his father was—where I had been. He will likewise be just a little disappointed that he does not "count," that he is not missed as much as he could wish—and so the wheel goes round and round.

But the picture was not finished, and when the receiver had been replaced, the laughter and music resumed and Wallace was happy once more, in New York, and Billy equally happy way out in California.

Among those who visited at this apartment was the handsome, well-groomed fellow, with a touch of a frightened, furtive look in his face which so puzzled me. This was my first meeting of the man, and not knowing such things could be, I was puzzled and did not understand. Poor, poor fellow, how I hope he will "wake up" at once; and how sorry I feel

for the mother of this handsome, well-groomed gentleman! Does she know? I wonder, and hope that she does not. If she is on the "Other Side," she is just waiting for the fine garment of his spirit, which she had given him, to fall away into decay, while she waits and waits to receive him. It is not that this dwelling place of flesh is only a narrow abode—a garment—for it is an instrument as well, a machine that must be kept in good order for its spiritual occupant to prosper and grow in beauty; for if it is clogged with the unwholesome, or with poison, the spirit within is in danger of getting caught and injured in the cogs. So it behooves us one and all, to set steadfast guards both night and day, over this very precious housing.

Wallace set a day soon after his arrival, to drive down and spend a day or so at home. Arrangements were made for the rest of the family to come. On the way down, all along the way, boys and girls recognized him, shouting after him, "Hello, Wally!" and he would wave jovially back to them. It was like a triumphal march of a king on the way to his coronation.

His car was followed by several others—reporters, photographers for the press. This took a great portion of time—theirs and ours; but we were all so glad of this visit, and his mother and his "sweetheart Mary Virginia" sat up with him until four o'clock in the morning, reminiscing. You can imagine the love of this girl, now eighty-two years young, to do such an unheard-of thing!

He came several times; once by the Sandy Hook boat and he was photographed and interviewed on the

way down. Such is the life of a man belonging to the public—the public which was his chum.

The day came when that same brave figure of my lad, went back into that station, whence he had come only yesterday, it seemed. He vanished into the Pullman—the train receded—growing smaller and smaller, disappearing into the earth—lost to view. His sojourn in New York, in spite of his work, had sent him away in the very "pink" of condition. I will never believe that Wallace ever left this city with a taint or tarnish of any kind upon him, nor in any way touched with anything abnormal, unless it be a super-abundance of health and joy.

It was not pleasant to see him go; but he was determined that the winter should see me in his home for those months, with the hope in his heart and on his lips, that it might become permanent—my residence out there. That was not an unpleasant prospect, with his very apparent pleasure and expressed hope to surround me with everything heart could desire. Only! —my own dear mother, now eighty-two, and the rest of my immediate family lived here in the East. But I was to go out to California for the winter, which I did.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOLLYWOOD.

After trying to shape my affairs, I suddenly dropped everything, packed my trunk, bade my family good-bye, with many misgivings as to the advisability of putting so many miles, for so long a time, between my mother and myself, at her advanced age.

I was to arrive in Los Angeles at two o'clock in the afternoon. We were winding in and out among the mountains and arid wastes of barren lands. We ran into a rainstorm, and where all had been so arid and so dry, were boiling, seething cauldrons of muddy waters; great seams were washed into the steep banks above us on one side and below us on the other. The rain came down in torrents, forming streams of rocks and earth and yellow water. A patter on the top of our coach brought forth from a fellow passenger from the icy north that "it must be hailing." Someone who knew better told us the hail consisted of rocks carried down the mountain side by the heavy downpour. Everyone in our Pullman grew conversational. Many faces wore anxious looks, thinly concealed by pale and sickly smiles and jests. Hanging on the side of the mountain practically by our "eyebrows" for miles, was perfectly all right on the narrow road-bed as long as it was dry, but when rocks were coming down on top

of the coach, almost deafening us, and wash-outs in the road-bed were leaving gaps, which the rails were spanning, it was not quite so all right.

Finally, we reached a place where there were several tracks and some "sidings"—a restful feeling to see a little level ground after miles of perpendicular walls and steep precipices in such a deluge.

Ours was the fifth train stalled at this point, as it had become impassable ahead. Then came the glad tidings that a trainload of men had been sent out to repair the damage. After a delay of five hours, how we crept over the temporary repairs and, figuratively speaking, held our breath while we did! Oh, the swirling, angry, resistless torrent below us—how tiny and puny man and his greatest forces appear by comparison with those of old Mother Nature when she deigns ever so small a glimpse of her might!

On the other side were three hundred men who had worked five solid hours to make it possible for us to pass over a place probably not over thirty or forty feet wide!

From whence sprang human egotism? The *less* we know, the more we think we know. The *more* we know, the wider grows our mental horizon. The more it widens the more we can see how little the best of our knowledge really is, until at last, the wisest among us discovers that he practically knows nothing whatever.

I imagine that the Infinite God has nothing to fear from the mental encroachments made by man, however

long, speeding Time ahead of him may be, or however much he may profit by the progress made by the best of his predecessors.

Here I was in Sunny California, in a torrential rain. I ran for the shelter of the crowded waiting room. Wallace was no where to be seen, but Dorothy found me and we were soon on the way to their home.

Down the stairs came the French juvenile governess with a blond haired boy of four, so much like Wallace at that age, it was the turning back of Time!

"I love you, Bertha," he said solemnly. This touched me, while it rather took my breath away. Wallace, poor boy, had expected to meet me at Barstow and motor in. He had planned this little surprise and expected to be present to enjoy my astonishment, knowing my wonted dignity. There being some confusion about his getting away from "location" at Barstow, spoiled all his plans and the boy's disappointment was very keen; but I was glad that my coming meant so much to him.

It was about two weeks before he could really get home. For that entire time, it rained continuously night and day, so that for two weeks I had not been outside the door, much less off the place.

When Wallace came, he asked me if I did not feel the "thrill" of California—the "bigness" of everything.

"—!—?—!"

I was there in time for the family Christmas tree, or rather three trees, for Wallace was just as fond of a Christmas tree, as in his own childhood days.

There was a Christmas dinner with guests. But as they were all strangers to me, I can only remember Wanda Hawley and husband, because she was so wonderful to me throughout my stay. They were frequent callers, for Wanda is a fine musician and her husband played pool and golf and went hunting with Wallace, of which sports, with polo, Wallace was very fond.

Another guest was Adela Rodgers (Mrs. St. John) who was very clever, having a daily article in the Hearst paper there, the Los Angeles Examiner, a warm friend of Dorothy's and a remarkably bright young woman.

During the day, packages arrived,—Christmas gifts done up in fancy boxes, tissue paper, Santa Claus stickers, holly and ribbons,—just the same as any where else in the country. Friends dropped in in the evening and chatted, sang and played, and told about their presents,—told who were ill and who were spending the holidays in the country, very much as they would in Ocean Grove, New Jersey, or Evanston, Illinois. Most of them had been to the church of his or her respective faith in the morning. They talked children and knitting and golf and moving pictures, and altogether it struck me as almost dull.

Wallace loved cars, as you all know. He struggled so earnestly and so patiently to be granted a racing driver's license. It came.

Wallace was so pleased and so happy that he wore the pin night as well as day, for it was the dearest wish of his heart to enter the auto races at Indianapolis the following summer.

But in this Wallace was doomed to bitter disappointment, as the firm held his life too valuable for any such risk, and would not permit it.

One enormous man, six feet six inches tall, and weighing all of three hundred pounds, was a frequent caller, who impressed one as a wholesome, clean living man. He and Billy were great chums.

He has since proved himself a true blue friend, for it was he who offered his blood in an endeavor to save Wallace's life, for which I shall be eternally grateful to him. They call him affectionately, "Buddy Post," and as I never heard him called anything else, I too needs must write him down as "Buddy Post," adding from my innermost heart—God bless you, "Buddy Post."

Again I met the well groomed gentleman with the furtive look. Some one whispered to me his misfortune. After this I could see the indescribable evidence of a condition not wholly normal. If questioned as to things specific, I could never have answered, for they are evanescent, intangible, potent. Poor young man, may he retreat before he reaches the brink.

The "hopeless case" came one night, and for his father's sake, Wallace aided him. He borrowed thirty or forty dollars and one of Wallace's fine pistols. As he departed, he said he meant to commit suicide. The threat was not new so it was not startling. He departed with the money and the gun. He spent the money and pawned the gun.

He presumably over-indulged in his particular brand of dissipation and called up the house at the

very considerate time of 2:30 A. M. and rang for one half hour. I could not sleep for the ringing. I slipped down to the telephone and removed the receiver from the hook without inquiring who the presumptuous one could be. I never saw the man in person but he was pointed out to me in one of the moving pictures. Poor gaunt shadow of a human being,—a tragedy in the making.

The two above mentioned, were the only abnormal people who ever came there to my knowledge, during my three months' stay.

Many, many apparently perfectly healthy sane and otherwise normal persons, came and went.

Every night Wallace stopped in my room for a chat and to kiss me good night, no matter what the hour, and how glad and grateful I am that he never failed to come.

Of evenings, from a dozen to thirty or more people would "run in" to see the pictures. There was a quart bottle of liquor on a table with glasses, ice water and cigarettes,—also a ten pound box of candy. People were invited to "help themselves." It was a very rare occasion when a fresh bottle was brought. It seems to me that a quart bottle distributed among so many people, could not possibly intoxicate any of them.

One evening a man came there under the influence of liquor, whose domestic troubles were presumably the cause. He was listened to with patience, and gently conducted to his car, it having been suggested

that he go home and to bed, and to come some other evening,—and he docilely did as he was told.

Wallace was working very hard the entire time I was there. In the three months, "Across the Continent," "Nice People" and "The Dictator" were made, and I remember that once, just one-half day elapsed between the time Wallace's work in one picture was finished and the work in the following one begun.

Wallace gave orders for the "boys" to drive for me, whenever I wished, so with three of them on the place, I had some wonderful motor trips through the different canyons, over fine wide boulevards, out to Santa Monica and other Pacific coast resorts. Wanda Hawley took her husband's mother, a friend of her own, and myself to see the old Mission at Santa Barbara and several other long trips.

Mr. Hawley's mother, a resident of Albany was called East. Wanda came to say that she would be glad to take me any where I would like to go; but I had just received a telegram calling me home,—that my mother was very ill.

With friends, I motored to San Diego. We went over to the Coronado Hotel and motored into Old Mexico, Tia Juana, to the races.

I met a class mate and formed many charming acquaintances and friendships, among those not connected with the industry, and some who were.

One of the latter I had known as a little girl of ten when she had played a wistful lonely waif and I had directed rehearsals. I wrote her and she had not forgotten me. She wrote me the dearest letter inviting

me to spend the afternoon with her to "talk over old times." She was just as sweet and unspoiled as when a little girl. She was none other than the present, permanent and incomparable little darling of the whole world,—just as my boy was, before he went away—Mary Pickford!

One night at Wallace's, her picture, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was run, and Wallace could not enthuse over her art or her charm enough, alternately exclaiming "great"!! and "God love her!!" My heart echoed in the words of,—I think it was Sammy Weller—"them's my sentiments,"—"God love her."

California had grown fair and life seemed rosy and the sun bright and warm. My boy was so successful, so joyous, ruddy, so well and strong. Strong? I will leave you to judge. One night "Buddy Post" was there and unawares, he picked Wallace up and carried him the length of the room. Wallace began to imitate a crying child who needed to be soothed. "Buddy Post" put him down at the end of the long room. Wallace instantly picked up "Buddy Post", his six feet six inches and his three hundred pounds, and carried him back to the starting point. Then, surprise of surprises, Dorothy took Wallace on her back, (back to back), balanced herself and carried him thus, the same distance. She is little, but—oh my!

One day we were informed that a Dr. Starr was to become a house guest for ten days or two weeks, sleeping with, and to be every moment with my big, powerful, stalwart boy, with his ruddy out-of-door complexion and his carefree boyish spirit.

It seemed such an unnecessary indignity, to me. There was so much mystery about it all.

Wallace was advised to be disagreeable to the man. I took the liberty of advising him to treat him as a gentleman, and as a house guest should be treated so long as he so conducted himself. If not, he should be escorted from the premises.

Wallace comes from old Virginia stock, that holds a guest sacred while under the protection of the host's roof-tree, and anything but courtesy would be an unpardonable breach of hospitality.

Dr. Starr proved worthy the highest respect, and when they parted, it was with mutual regret.

When Dr. Starr reported to the firm, who had selected him for his unimpeachable integrity, he gave my son a perfectly clean "bill-of-health" entirely exonerating him from the aspersions, coming from some mysterious source.

During his stay, Wallace was to appear at a benefit for a crippled children's Hospital, and Wallace coached Billy before they started. Wallace was to put a twenty dollar gold piece in Billy's pocket, then when they went upon the stage and Wallace had addressed the audience, he was to turn to Billy saying, "old man, what are you going to do for them?" and Billy was to start the contribution by handing up the twenty dollar gold piece.

When Wallace came home and made himself comfortable for the evening, he very much disliked to go out again,—and did not—except for such a reason as the above.

There was a stranger whom I had not seen before, but he happened to have known them all for some time. He remained to dinner and went over in the car. It seemed, some committee had failed to notify this theatre and no arrangements had been made until after Wallace had come, found this situation, and had left, much annoyed and disgusted.

The man who had been to dinner, frightened Mrs. Reid, with the usual admonition not to betray her informant, how terribly Wallace had driven home, at the risk of Billy's and everybody else's life.

I would have respected the man's courage and veracity, if he had spoken in the husband's presence. The fact that he had just "broken bread" at Wallace's table and did not wish to be quoted, awakened my contempt for the man, and earned my complete disbelief in his word.

I asked Dr. Starr how the drive had been. He replied that Wallace drove fast,—which was his custom,—that he drove carelessly was *not true;* that he was annoyed, yes, and justly so. I told him what the stranger had said. Dr. Starr in turn was annoyed, and as Wallace at that minute came into the room, Dr. Starr at once told him of the incident in my presence, which I ratified,—whereupon Wallace told the fellow he could no longer consider him a friend, so he could not welcome him as a guest.

This incident I tell here, for the same reason that I told it to Dr. Starr, to show just how far from the truth a gossiping, conscienceless man or woman can go, how a perfectly innocent action can be distorted

into most any shape by persons maliciously inclined, because the trend of the mind is malicious.

Exaggeration can describe a tame house cat into a Tiger, an angle worm into a Boa-constrictor. When a man stands high in public esteem and his fate rests on the gossamer of popularity, it behooves him to be more than careful of the kind of persons he permits within the sacred precincts of his home.

A man can barricade his house from the enemy without, but woe betide the self deluded, over confidingly foolish man, who too trustingly permits the enemy to gain a foothold within his doors, by fawning, sycophantish cunning and hypocracy,—under the cloak of affection or friendship.

A man or woman cannot possibly be safe from the enemy within the castle of his home, for there he sees not the necessity for vigilance,—so it is all too easy to strike him down at once, or destroy him by degrees.

Slander is a many headed monster, which too many are only too pleased to entertain, unconscious of the danger.

Wallace was too trusting. He was so open minded and free from tricks and intrigue himself, that he did not recognize it when he brushed against it, even within the all too hospitable walls of his home.

Let him who runs, read riddles as he may, but Wallace stood "at ease" in his own home, so that he did not know, even when he stumbled over it in his own hallway.

Poor boy it is beautiful to have faith, but it is rash, when it embraces every body!! Let a man do

his own thinking if he reasonably expects a modicum of safety in this world, so set with pitfalls and snares.

Wallace was too prone to shirk thinking when it came to the things of every day. Perhaps the day-by-day things may be drab, but beneath the drab are often hidden, the cleverest snares!

CHAPTER XV.

BILLY AND BETTY.

As I have so often said, Wallace adored children. Billy was his idol.

Returning from New York, after the taking of the Peter Ibbetson picture, instead of shipping it through, he took the greatest pleasure in *carrying* out there, a "great big" boat, to be run with electric batteries, for Billy's "s-'prise",— which had cost him forty-eight dollars, for a four-year-old to run on the swimming pool back of the house!

Billy had a fleet of smaller boats, but I think the grown up child had really more pleasure in anticipation of the time he and Billy would have together, launching it.

I carried out there, in my trunk, among the Christmas gifts for Billy, a little submarine which, when wound up, would dive and finally come to the surface again. It had only cost me four dollars and a half,— and to the day I started East, Billy wound it up every night of his life and watched it submerge and rise, in the bath-tub, when getting ready for his bath. The big boat lay out in the rain and sun, and I never did see him play with it.

Wallace loved to go up to the nursery and hear Billy's prayers. The more children that nursery con-

tained, the better pleased he would have been. He would have loved their childish prattle and scampering footsteps through the house.

As a boy, he often spoke of the big old "homestead" for the large family of children he meant to have. From childhood up, he would often say to me, "Mamma, why wasn't I born twins, so's I could have a little brother to play with?"

The childhood of an "only child" is lonely, however many playmates they may have. He felt that loneliness and he felt that Billy must feel it too.

Billy was now five years old and "all boy." Wallace especially wanted a daughter, so that when Dorothy found little Betty and brought her home, Wallace received her with open arms and heart and fell desperately in love with her forthwith. Could it be wondered, as pretty as a picture, the dainty coloring of flower petals, soft and trusting little arms about his neck and a warm little heart that was his at sight.

Oh, the power of a baby's fingers on the parental face and throat, the soft cheek and the loving kisses free from self, how beguiling, how enthralling. These tender confiding caresses forge bonds of steel to lead any man upward toward the pure light of noble living, toward the heaven whence these frail and potent little ones have so recently descended to earth for the salvation of man.

Betty's influence was tremendous and Wallace was impelled to root out all things tending to harm the butterfly down, the fairy plumage that clothes uncon-

scious innocence with such appealing loveliness and resistless power!

Her new found "Daddy" began to make some resolutions. The odor of a cocktail, however faint, was not nice, blown on the little human flower.

In my three month's stay, I never saw Wallace under the influence of liquor; but what he did drink, was seriously affecting his stomach, and what wonder with the synthetic liquors of the present era.

King Billy was at first rebellious and objected to this usurper of his throne. But his "Daddy" and Mother assured him that no one could dethrone him, that he was only to make room on the seat beside him and that now he had a dear little sister to play with and protect.

Then the frowns vanished, smiles broke through the clouds. Billy and Betty were joyous, parents looked on smiling their happiness over their new found treasure and all was serene and the road ahead looked broad and smooth, bordered on either side with peace, prosperity and happy security.

Rumors there were, but Hollywood is composed of rumors from within and is a shining target for rumors from without, even to the farther most end of the earth,—but ninety per cent of these rumors are as pure fiction as the stories wrought into their pictures. However, there is the ten per cent of truth, like a smoldering fire brand, which sends out the ninety per cent of this smoke of fiction, which the breath of many headed Slander, fans into a mighty conflagration, carrying down structures which it had taken life times

of toil, sacrifice and ambition to build, leaving dead ashes where had been the shining light of well earned Fame, in whose joy-giving light, millions had been bathed and made happy.

Fame builds, but Slander is ever in the shadow, awaiting with eternal vigilance, an opportunity to apply her fire brand.

Billy and Betty now romped ahead, drawing after them with flower bedecked and jingling laughter-bells, on reins of steel wrought of Love, their parents, Wallace and Dorothy,—in sweet and willing bondage.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHALLENGE TO MORTAL COMBAT—THE TITANIC STRUGGLE.

Simply as an hypothesis, granting the possibility of ten per cent truth founded upon the articles of every description broad-casted over the land, from which emanated the ninety per cent of all pervading intangible "smoke",—

Before proceeding further, I think a few words of explanation of the three thousand miles between myself and my son at such a time, are due me.

Wallace's Aunt Nell and myself moved into town December first. Just before I closed my country house, I saw a small item in one of the papers saying my son's eyes had been injured by the Klieg lights, that there was danger of permanent blindness, that the shock had shaken his nerves and that he was at home ill, attended by trained nurses. This frightened me terribly, as I had not been notified that anything was wrong.

I wired immediately, "in mercy" to tell me the exact truth. The reply came,—

"Condition much improved—no cause for worry. Starting today for ten day motor trip. Ignore all rumors. Love from all"—(signed) Wallace and Dorothy.

"Ignore all rumors",—this reassured me, for who should know the truth better than they?

From the day I left his home until he could no longer write or send me word, Wallace's constant urge was for me to return to his home to live permanently. Anent the cordial relationship existing between them all and me. Just after my return came a letter from Dorothy's mother, from which I quote,—

"I was so very glad to hear from you, the house is not the same without you."—"Wallace told me he *missed you very much,* he has told a lot of people so."

I had a letter from Wallace on May 15, saying,—"hope this summer will see you settle, sell and finish there,—and any way, here's where you should be."

Here in the East, were my mother, eighty-four and my two sisters. I was torn between them. I determined to so arrange my affairs that I could go to Wallace the first of February, and be with my family here in the summer time.

On August 15, I had a letter from Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Davenport, who wrote for herself and them, as they were both so occupied. "Our children well and happy. Wally has the desire to invest his money now, and it all came through you dear,—how can Wallace have such a wonderful mother and not follow in her footsteps. I do miss you and I'm praying you will come back to us soon."

Newspaper articles, followed by more telegrams from me, and replies.

Mrs. Davenport wrote me October 26.

"I was so upset at your telegram. I was so afraid the false reports would reach you. He has been quite sick but not in any danger, although we feared he would lose his sight. He will be better than he has been in three years."

Then again she wrote October 31.

"Wally grows stronger every day and goes back to work in two weeks. The reports were all wrong. We did not realize that you would get them. He will look better than he has in three years. The reports were just killing him,—but its all over, thank God. Now we can rejoice. He will write when he is able. His eyes are not right yet, but they will be in time. They are going out at least twice a week to nice places together. I'm very happy that things look so bright."

Another dated November 13. "The children (Wallace and Dorothy) are in Oakland for a day or two en route. Wally is gaining fast.—P. S. Nothing to worry about *now*."

December 10.—"Poor Wally had a relapse and he can't go to work for two or three weeks yet, but we hope all will be well in a few days. I'll keep you posted. He is not in danger. He was better today. As soon as the dysentery stops he will begin to gain. His face is like a *kid's now*. He looks twenty-two. He gains quickly, so don't worry. The worst is past. You will be proud of your son soon. I shall miss you Xmas, for I learned to love you, you were so just and sweet and wise."

Below, I give an exact copy of a letter I wrote Wallace just before the New Year, which speaks for

itself, as to how little I knew of Wallace's true condition, and I believe, that to the very last, those at his bedside, doctors, nurses and family expected nothing but his ultimate recovery.

As for myself, nothing could have been farther from my thoughts, than his—going away from us—with his youth and fundimentally powerful constitution and every possible care and skill.

(COPY)

916 West End Avenue.
New York City, December 29, 1922.

Boy Darling!

You cannot imagine how glad I am that you are better, and I pray God with my whole heart that you will regain in full, your former magnificent health. Remember dear heart, that it is God who gives us the fine, the worth-while and truly good things in life, and the most priceless of these is good health. When you get it back in full you will know better how to treasure and guard it, in the future. There is but one who has the legitimate right to take toll of your health, and that is old Father Time. All others are marauders, fiendish robbers, so my darling poor sick child, please beware of all such, no matter in what guise they come.

You will never know the suffering and grief it has caused me, to learn that you were so ill, and I so far away and powerless to come to you. But thank God

you are getting along so fine! Now my sweetheart, please believe in Almighty God, a just and loving Father. Just remember my dear, that if you punish Billy,—it is not for the pleasure of inflicting pain; but because you *love* him that you are sufficiently interested to want to see him as near perfect as is humanly possible. You see other people's children doing wrong,—you do *not* punish them, you forget that they did wrong,—for want of a parent's love for them. The parent's love and guidance of a child is just the one drop of parental love, a replica of the infinite ocean of love of the Infinite Father.

Hunt up an old hymn and pause to absorb its meaning. I always felt that there was something about it that placed, or led the adult human child into a better understanding of himself and of the Infinite Parent, to whom he is ultimately indebted for his being.

The Past is gone; let it go, and be not discouraged. Be of good cheer! With that fine brain of yours, which you have kept too long "marking time," do a little leisurely introspecting, and then begin *observing* the things that go on *immediately about you,* and above all, *weigh* the *people* who come and go in your home, your social relations and your business. Weigh *clearly, justly,* and do not fear to face facts as they *are,* and not as it is pleasant to *imagine* they are. Clear out the leeches, for they are many. Don't put crutches under lazy and ambitionless people who have no claims upon you. Many, men in particular, came to your home with plausible "tales of woe," playing upon your sympathies and bleeding your purse to the point almost

of exhaustion, who are amply able to stand upon their own feet and earn their own way if they no longer had the easier way of drawing upon your resources. Some speak of them as false friends; that is altogether too mild a term. They are leeches who are also *enemies, envious* because you *can* pander to their worthlessness and idleness. *"Clean house"* of such.

I spoke of some of the events I saw there, and as an outsider and stranger among them, silently observing —I could have helped a little if you had just given me the opportunity I so often asked. I wanted so much the opportunity to have an old-fashioned talk with you, that we both liked so much in the olden days, for we both met, open to conviction and willing that each other's views should be submitted to the crucible of unbiased logic. Then we could always reach some useful conclusions, and it *does aid* one so much to think *clearly,* and to "stop, look and listen" at the danger points along life's winding and devious way.

I do wish you could come here to a change of environment. See a few real plays, go to the Metropolitan, for grand opera is very enriching to the soul and feeding to the better intellect—and just take a vacation from the old surroundings, associates, habits of thought, etc. It would be of untold benefit to you. When you are able, have Dorothy "bundle you up" and bring you.

What I have said to you is with a wealth of love in my heart for you. You have never taken time to really get acquainted with your mother. I really be-

lieve, if you did, it would do you a world of good, and find the prescription pleasant, too.

Just because—it is nearly New Year when wise people "take stock" of themselves.

Lots and lots of love and earnest prayers. They *count,* even if you are not sure they do. *Get well, dear!* Love to all.

Lovingly,
Mother Bertha.

December 31.

"Wally is now out of danger,"—explanations about articles.

Mrs. Davenport wrote me, which I received January 15.

"Wally is improving every day and he hopes to be back at work in six weeks. I wish you and the family would write letters he can read. He is shown nothing."

January 18, the following telegram about six or seven o'clock in the evening:

"The boy simply slept away. Died at one o'clock today. Our hearts are together.

"Dorothy."

Not until all was over, did I learn the real truth about his condition insofar as any one human could know.

He fought bravely back and forth like the brave hero that he was. He suffered, suffered, suffered excruciating agonies of insomnia and pain, but he never for one moment, considered surrender—to his his everlasting glory be it said!

He died fighting—what more could a brave soldier do?

One bitter regret will go down into the grave with me—that I could not be at his bedside to hold his hand, to be of some little service to comfort him, for had I not cared for him and tried to guide his first faltering footsteps before he could stand alone—to go out from me to brave the world?

Had I not brought him here, and was it not my right to be beside him when he—went out—to brave Eternity?—when he went away—for the last time!!

CHAPTER XVII.

A HERO, VICTORIOUS, ENTERS THE LAND OF GLORY.

When he went away—for the LAST TIME!!—echoes and re-ëchoes in my empty heart, while the storm of unshed tears beats against its darkened windows, deluging it in sorrow—deep and hope-crushing sorrow!! Like lightning flashes, warm and kindly human sympathy penetrates this hidden storm of grief and hopelessness, shines in for a brief moment with beneficence and is gone—and all is blackest darkness again. The poor storm-tossed mother heart feels shattered beyond repair, the wounded spirit within lies crushed and bleeding—Hope-abandoned.

Echoing and re-ëchoing through its empty chambers, the dirge—three thousand terrible miles away—his nearest of this earth—his mother! could not be with her own, her only one, to send him out upon the Unknown Voyage, with loving, brave smiles—with courage-giving handclasps, with love-laden wordless prayers and blessings—as his spirit takes its first step beyond this new strange mile-stone on Eternity's broad Highway—three thousand miles between! Oh, the Requiem!

Oh, the long, dark way! through the impenetrable darkness!—"Oh Lead Kindly Light."

Turn to thy God, thou torn and broken spirit—hide thou in the shelter of His Bosom—and be healed!

* * * * *

Light of Heaven shines through the Darkness of Despair and melts from my spirit's vision, the scales of self-clinging.

He faced Himself and They held a mighty conference. They looked into the Awesome countenance of Truth. Unterrified, They left the flower-strewn pathway of youth, prosperity, adulation, greater honors ahead. They tore off the rosy-hued glasses of Easy Indulgence and looked with clear vision ahead up the rugged narrow road full of many obstacles to be overcome, pitfalls to be avoided. They had set themselves a mighty task, but with full knowledge of every danger ahead and every battle to be fought of soul-destroying Temptation, cunningly concealed beneath innumerable, enticing and beauty-bedecked disguises armed with a thousand plausible excuses clothed in "sound" Logic.

They were told of countless Pitfalls where they would be least expected, in which dwelled hideous dragons, so clever, They would think them beautiful and alluring until the powerful, Too Late, seized them from behind and bound them fast, when the hideousness of the Wooer suddenly would be revealed. There were wily, poison-laden reptiles and myriad other snares to entangle the unwary.

With full knowledge, They chose the Rugged Road. Abreast, dauntless of courage, and determined of spirit, They started the steep climb, my brave-souled Wallace and his other self, his Conscience. So long

as They remained true to each other and continued abreast, there would be nothing upon the dangerous road that could harm them, for They would be unconquerable generals in command of all before them, so long as They were in command of THEMSELVES.

They knew that there was one particularly dangerous place, near the journey's end, where the road divided into two, and there sat a stern judge, whose power it was to determine which road they must take, *or else turn back!*

They also knew that just before arriving at this division of the Road, that there was a by-path, leading back to the Primrose Path, the Easy Way. This, They could take, if They so chose.

There was no appeal from this stern judge's decision, for while They labored up the Rugged Road, the stern judge looked deep into the Book of the Past; then he perused the bulletins as issued by the Future—as to their best field of endeavor if one path were assigned—or where their talents were to be used if perchance it should be the other. There is no appeal, for as strange as it may seem They, these two, always have the controlling vote for the selection of this judge, as is written in the Book of the Past.

The Road to the left was level and led to Every Day Life under much improved spiritual housing and probably material gains. The other Road led down into the Valley of the Shadow. At the end was a great black arch above which was inscribed "Mystic Portal," and it was hung with black curtains, impenetrable, immovable—except as the Travellers shall reach it,

when at a signal, skeleton hands draw aside the sombre curtains to admit the new inhabitant. They also knew that when those sombre curtains closed behind them, They never more could come back to earth to dwell. At the Portal, They must leave the Garment of Flesh, for in this new country Flesh is too burdensome, too confining a shell—to which They had so tenaceously clung. When They had "shed" this shell, They were surprised that the people of earth so ardently clung to it.

Another strange thing had happened. Wallace and his companion, Conscience, on this fateful journey, had become ONE.

Arrayed in shining garments, myriads of shining ones bade him welcome with joyous acclaim, and such music as he had never conceived, in volume, quality and wondrous harmony!!

He knew he had played many mimic heroes on earth—then this mimic hero grew ill. When this mimic hero had dissolved into the real hero in shining garments and an ovation such as he had never known on earth—

He did not understand.

"I am only a make-believe hero, I deserve no such honors as these, for they are real and belong only to a real hero worthy of this high honor."

"All others were 'make-believe,' but your Last Role was that of a True Hero. Not one who led conquering hosts, but one who, without the thrill of flaring trumpets and beating drums with others to die in your stead, you raised arms against that most unconquer-

able human foe—SELF-INDULGENCE and laid your own life down for this conquest."

All were eager to do him homage. "All Hail—Well done, thou good and faithful!!!"

My boy was crowned with the laurel wreath of Victory, Self Victory, the bravest and most welcome of all in the beautiful Land of Glory!!

* * * * *

Kneeling, reverently, tenderly, his mother lays this little chaplet of love's flowers on the dear Memory of her boy Wallace, and, dear Public who loved him, in the very center—if you look—you will find her Heart.

BERTHA WESTBROOK REID.

A FEW EXCERPTS FROM THE HOST OF LETTERS OF SYMPATHY FROM HIS MYRIAD ADMIRERS:

Cleveland, Ohio. "I would be willing to pay any price for a picture of dear Wallace Reid. He was my only idol. No one can take his place in the movie world."—(young girl).

Cleveland, Ohio. "He is placed in my memory book as one of the heroes of our century, died as nobly as 'our boys' did in France—the sympathy of a girl who so admired the clean, strong manhood and fatherhood of your 'Wally'! "—(young girl).

Portland, Maine. "I am one of the many thousands who mourn with you in the loss of your beloved son, Wallace. Now that his sad end has come, I have no desire to attend a movie, for none can take his place in my admiration. I had prayed each night for his recovery and I am now praying for his happiness with God."—(young girl).

New York City. "In your great sorrow, our hearts go out to you, as indeed, the whole world. It seems a sacrifice was required, and as Fate has fixed it, you are called upon to give it through your son. If you are an instrument in His hands for the betterment of the world, then surely you are honored before all women. Take comfort from the fact all seems genuine sympathy, love and admiration for the boy's supreme effort; but from my experience, I realize it is hard to kiss the rod that chastens!"—(a middle-aged man).

New Orleans. "As a mother, sympathy impels me to send the enclosed editorial. In our household, your son was a favorite first, last and always and with us there is a genuine sorrow at his going away."—(a mother).

Ravenna, Ohio. "What could be greater than the joy of a mother who has raised such a loved one as our friend Wally was, and to know that the world grieves as the soul of a mother would grieve, if such were possible. Tonight I am alone in the house with a dull newspaper print of Wally's picture on my desk. That clean smile of his has asked me, 'Are you doing right—are you all your mother would have you?'—and has caused cold tears to flow freely. Not because my favorite actor has gone for his reward, but because of the curse of humanity that was its cause. The crime of poison booze, drugs and all the horrible things which make the mind tremble with fear for the generations to come. I am only twenty-two years old, but that smile of Wally's has given me an aspect on life very much different than heretofore. I've seen some of the pitfalls and deep in my heart I know my mother worries for my guidance. But Wally has been my example. He was a character of which a mother would be proud and I am sure he is at the throne of Christ when he says that my inner self should do best. He conquered. I can. Wisdom is knowing wrong. Skill is knowing how to overcome it. And Virtue is overcoming it. Wally is good, and may we meet where crime is unknown and the fiends of temptation are bared. God's blessing from a Wally supporter and one who hopes to meet him later because of a clean life, as the result of a smile."—(a young boy).

New York City. "I have long held Mr. Reid as my screen idol. I feel his death as if he were a member of my family. I am sure Mr. Reid will be rewarded in heaven for the enjoyment and happiness he has given countless thousands. I am only a fifteen-year-old school boy, but if there is anything that I can do to be of service to you, I shall be more than happy to do it. You have great reason to be proud of a son who has made the great fight, which few have the courage to make."—(a boy of fifteen).

New York City. "That dear child has placed before the world a shining example of courage and determination, which few can boast of in this life. Wallace has gone into the Light and I am hoping that his bright spirit is rejoicing in its freedom."—(elderly lady).

New York City. "I have read in a local newspaper that you are properly grieved over the publicity given by the newspapers to the unfortunate cause of your son's death. As one of the 'public' who greatly admired his work and the genial personality back of it, even though I am a complete stranger to you, allow me to extend to you my sincere sympathy. And to also assure you that this same 'public' of which I am one, is paying little or no attention to such cheap journalism—but that rather, is there genuine sorrow at his going and entire sympathy for him in what must have been a heroic fight. The pleasure which he gave to thousands after the day's work, in the moving picture theatres, is what he is being remembered for by the really appreciative 'public.' My only regret is that you cannot hear personally the conversations about him in the elevated, the subways and in neighborhood shops. Even our local theatre in announcing his last picture, "Thirty Days," advertised him as the 'best beloved, lamented star.' In closing, I beg your pardon for intruding at such a time, but it seemed a small way in which I could partly repay the pleasure Wallace Reid gave to me personally, in his work."—(a lady).

Pennsylvania. "Millions of people throughout the world are mourning. The passing of the ever-loved 'Wallie' will not soon be forgotten by those who loved him for his clean acting and noble character. He gave the best that was in him to us, and now the smiling countenance shall no more be welcomed on the silver sheet by his vast following. His death has caused a pall of gloom over the whole world. The people who loved him in life are saying a silent prayer for him now."—(a lady).

Los Angeles. "Bertha, my dear friend, I wish I could put my arms around you and hold you close, and let my tears mingle with yours. We are both mothers, and we have known each other since childhood. The language of love and sympathy is not always spoken in words. I was in great anguish for you until I read the brave, beautiful statement you gave to the press. In that I recognized with rejoicing that your soul had found its clue, its light to follow. With your fine mind to sustain you, life cannot be desolate hereafter. You will go forward encouraged, because God has given you such unusual triumphs, such keen joys. You have been constantly in our thoughts these two weeks past; and there is a silent handclasp from each of my family in this letter. God bless you and keep you."—(a class-mate).

New York City. "I do not believe it was for nothing that he came into the world so wonderful a TYPE, and one who could so perfectly portray the ideals of the crusaders of old. People should know always how he looked, and what his life stood for. And I have a conviction unshakable, that his spirit will be at work, MORE EFFECTUALLY for what has happened than it could had he been left here. He is ON LOCATION working on a much bigger picture!!"—(a lady).

Brooklyn. "Please accept the writer's deep and understanding sympathy, and endeavor to be comforted in the knowledge that in less than half the span of normal life, your son endeared himself to all the people, from the humblest to the most exalted, and that he still lives and will continue to live in the hearts and memories of all."—(a man of mature years).

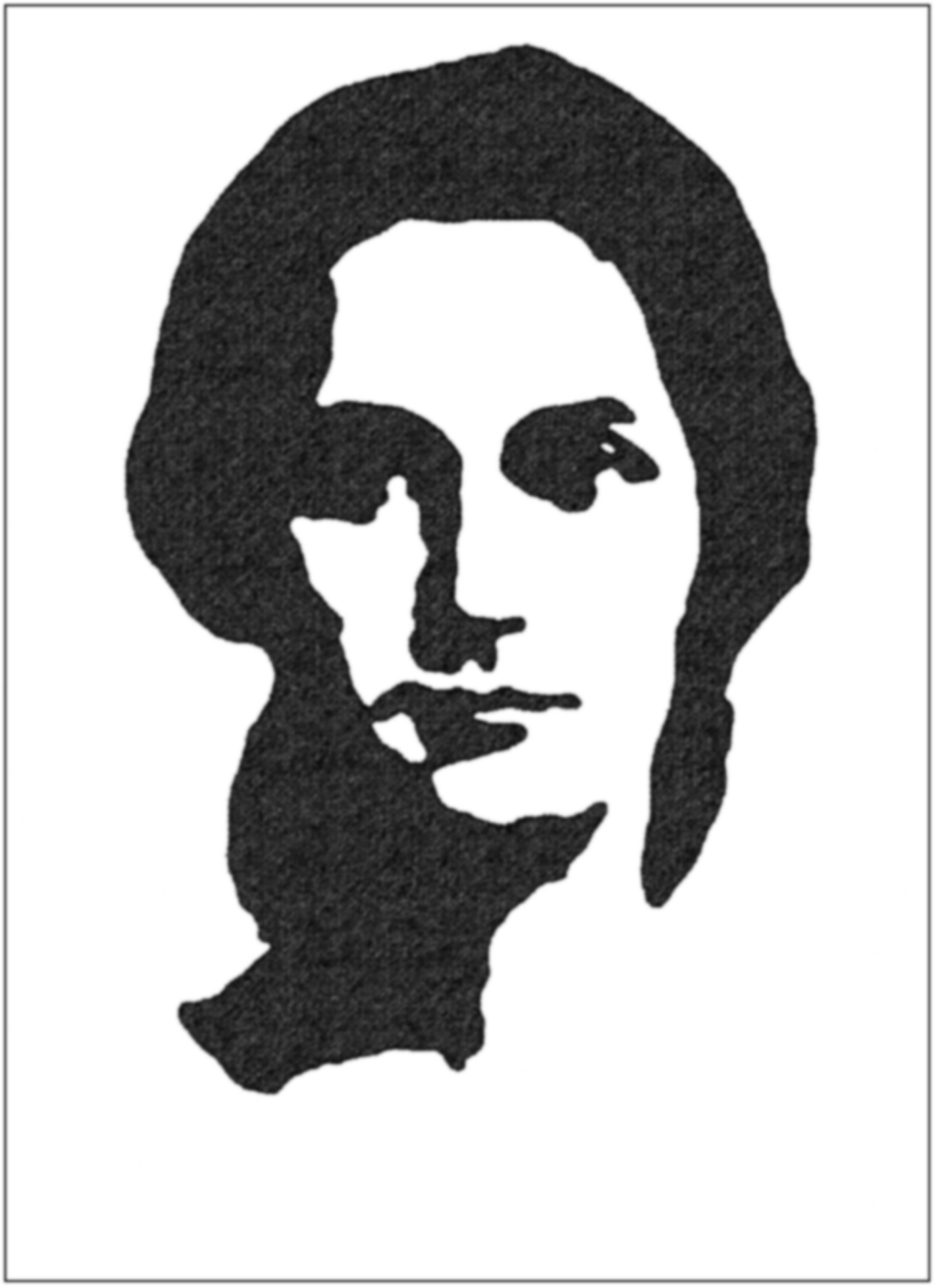
New Jersey. "I was very sorry to hear of the death of 'Our Wallace.' He will be missed."—(a little cripple).

San Francisco, Cal. "The mother of a grown son said to me, 'I never miss a Wally Reid picture. I love to see him. He always makes me happier.' Gifted with a won-

derful personality, he is everybody's friend. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' I think your son made the supreme sacrifice for the sake of his fellow-men, a martyr to principle. He gave the world all the joy and friendship and courage and faith in his power for many years, and then he gave the greatest gift of all—himself—in a fiercely fought and gloriously won battle. Not only in America, but in other countries they loved him, too, and always will, and mourn with us all here now. Naive, playful, the soul of a boy in the body of a giant. Irresponsible, carefree, gentle-hearted, forgiving. With malice toward none, and limitless charity for all—Wallace Reid. The world is a fairer, lovelier place for us all to live in and the path to the Garden of God, plainer and the distance to everlasting joy and peace many weary miles less because God lent us your gifted, gladsome, loving lad for a little while. He is not dead, he is just away with a cheery smile and a wave of the hand. He has wandered on to a far-away land and left us wondering how fair it must be since he lingers there."—(a mother).

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN
A FRONTIER PORTRAIT

DIGITALLY RESTORED VERSION FROM
AN ORIGINAL 1952 EDITION



Stylized silhouette of Nancy Hanks Lincoln
Silhouette designed in 2024 by Gary Brin from an idealized
1963 original painting by Lloyd Ostendorf

Original painting courtesy of Lincoln Boyhood National Memorial
Stylized silhouette copy courtesy of Standish Press

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Enhanced cropped photo of a 1963 idealized painting of
Nancy Hanks Lincoln by Lloyd Ostendorf

Original painting courtesy of Lincoln Boyhood National Memorial
Digitally restored copy courtesy of Standish Press

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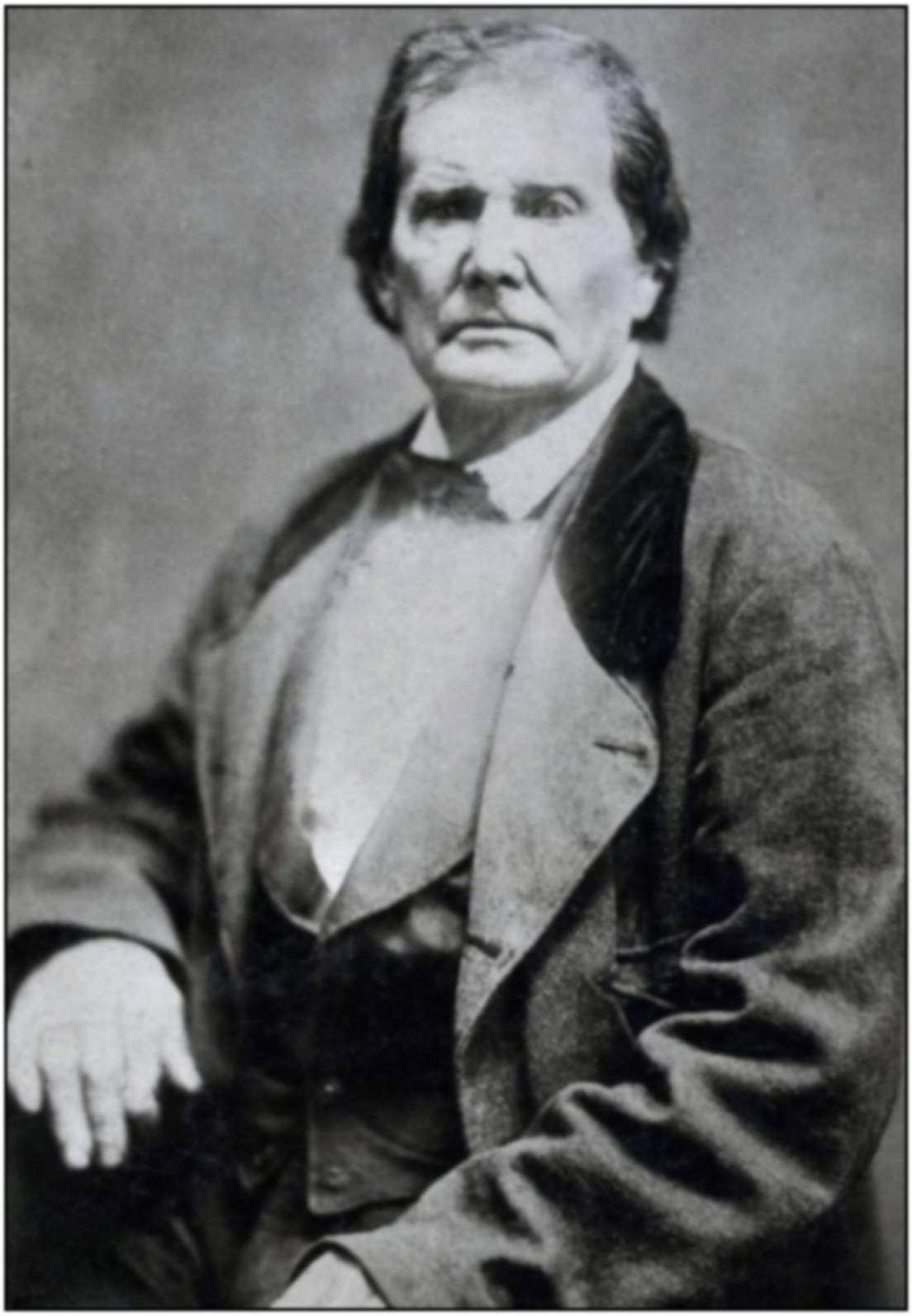

Undated cropped photograph of Thomas Lincoln

Original cropped photograph courtesy of the Library of Congress
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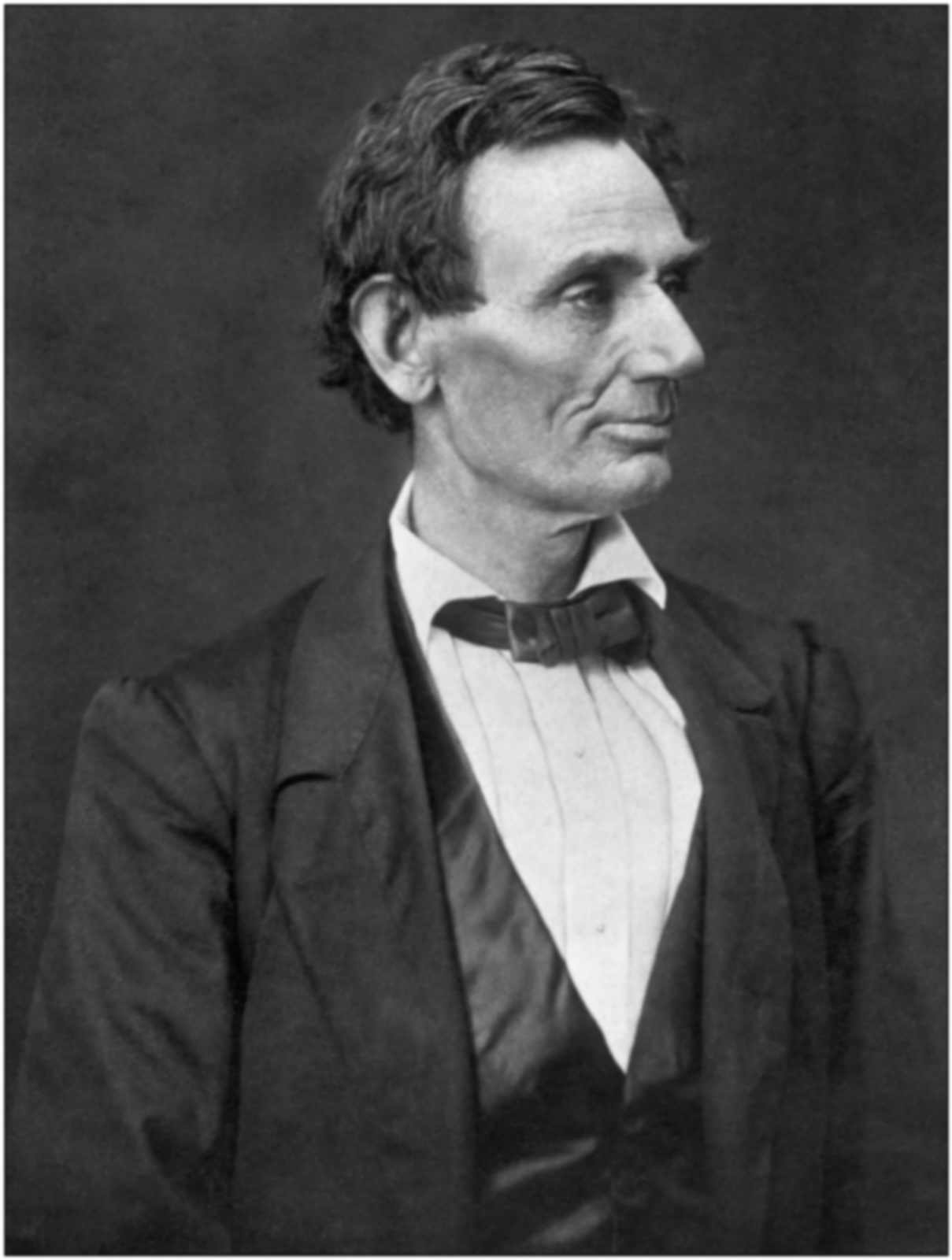

1860 photograph by Alexander Hesler of Abraham Lincoln

Original cropped photograph courtesy of the Library of Congress
Digitally restored copy courtesy of Standish Press

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1864 cropped photograph of Abraham Lincoln and his son Tad Lincoln by noted photographer Mathew Brady

Original cropped photograph courtesy of the Library of Congress
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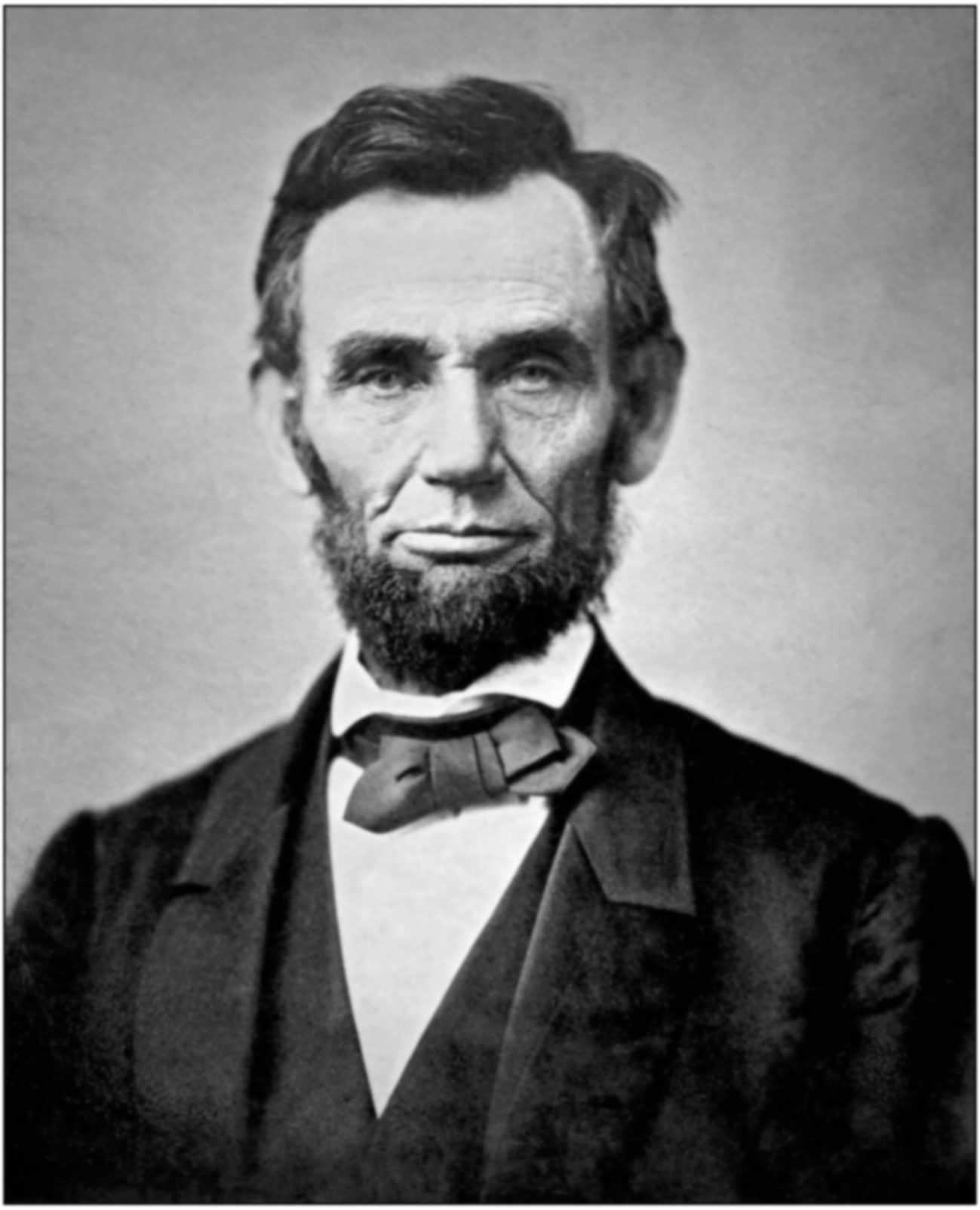

1863 photograph by Alexander Gardner of Abraham Lincoln

Original cropped photograph courtesy of the Library of Congress
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Enhanced 1883 photograph of the great grandchildren of Nancy Hanks Lincoln and grandchildren of Abraham Lincoln

Mary (Mamie) Lincoln with Abraham (Jack) Lincoln and Jessie Lincoln

Original photographic image courtesy of the Library of Congress
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Present-day cropped photograph of the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln at the Lincoln Boyhood National Memorial

Original photo courtesy of Lincoln Boyhood National Memorial
Digitally restored copy courtesy of Standish Press

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NANCY HANKS LINCOLN

MAP BY LORAINE WATERS

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN

A FRONTIER PORTRAIT

by Harold E. Briggs, Ph.D.
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY, SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY
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Designed by Sidney Solomon

In Memory
of
Sarah Yeager Bennett
Who knew the ways of a later frontier

"In life and death her brief story was that of the American pioneer woman."

Dictionary of American Biography, Volume XI, page 243,
(Edited by Dumas Malone, New York, 1933)

Preface

Who was Nancy Hanks Lincoln? What kind of woman was she? There is in existence, so far as is known, no picture of her, nor any complete description. Any literary portrait of her must therefore be developed slowly, and with great patience. One cannot paint it with swift phrases. Rather, it is as if we wove first one thread and then another, many of them sombre, few of any apparent importance or value, until gradually the story of a frontier girl called Nancy Hanks begins to take shape.

The background before which the figure of this girl stands is of great importance in interpreting that story. She was a product of three frontiers: Virginia, Kentucky, and Indiana. Much that will be noted in Nancy Lincoln is already familiar to us in another figure—that of her famous son, Abraham Lincoln.

The incidents recorded on the following pages are not imaginary, but are in existence in history and literature. The purpose of this volume is to bring together the widely scattered materials dealing with the subject, and, as far as possible, to separate tradition from fact. If an element of the legendary still seems to linger, it is not because the authors have not made every possible effort to present a true and accurate picture of the life of this pioneer woman as she moved westward with the ever shifting frontier of settlement, but because so important a person long ago became a vital part of the great Lincoln story: half-myth, half-fact.

Harold E. Briggs
Ernestine Bennett Briggs

Carbondale, Illinois
September 12, 1952

Bibliographical Note

There is, undoubtedly, no American about whom more has been written than Abraham Lincoln. In much of this material, his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, is at least briefly mentioned. There has also been a growing body of materials dealing with the various frontiers on which Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln were born and lived.

The authors have read widely in all types of source materials. They have traveled in the Lincoln country in Kentucky and Indiana, and availed themselves of various court records to which their attention had been directed by the early research of Miss Ida Tarbell, and the later efforts of Dr. Louis A. Warren and the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company. To the latter two—through the files of *Lincoln Lore*—a debt of gratitude is expressly owed, especially for material relating to the Lincolns and Hankses before they came to Kentucky.

This has been a work of many years. Innumerable books and articles have been read; documents studied; the accuracy of statements thoughtfully gauged; and it is hoped the authors have accomplished a purpose first attempted a decade ago: to present as real (and truthful) a picture as possible of the mother of one of the greatest Presidents of the United States of America. Photography was unknown while she lived; apparently no wandering artist or silhouette cutter ever left a record of this frontier girl; and by the time—through her son's fame—she became important, many years had elasped.

It has not been an easy task. Through the years legend has obscured fact; paragraph after paragraph has been re-

written because of a new statement, or a more recently discovered record. Acknowledgement is here made to all the writers who have written in the field of the frontier and that of Lincolniana.

I

The Wilderness Trail

It was the year 1782. Half of Virginia seemed to be pouring west along the Wilderness Trail. All through the eighties they were to come—the men on foot with their guns ready for use, driving their stock before them, leading pack horses which carried the little wealth they could bring from their eastern homes. There were women, some walking, others riding, many with children in their laps, and often with other children swung in baskets on horses. The Wilderness Road was well named, for this was still virgin territory, where wagons could not penetrate. At night, when camp was made, the women drew within the welcome light of the fire, for Indians might very well be within a stone's throw, and it was possible that before dawn there might be heard the war cry of the red men. But still the pioneers came, for they had heard tales of a land of great fertility, a land where corn would grow easily, and where great estates could be carved from miles of rich soil. It was not hunting, nor the wild life of the migrant, that called most of these pioneers, but the fertile acres of Kentucky.

There were many reasons why Virginians and Carolinians looked westward in those days, and took the trails into the wilderness. During and after the American Revolution, Tories were sometimes mistreated, and in many cases their homes and lands were taken from them, and they were driven from the communities in which they had lived. For many of these, their only refuge was the frontier. The Revolutionary soldiers of Virginia were unpaid, and the state used its western lands to settle its debts. Also, the rate of taxation in Virginia was high, and

the average man found it difficult to pay his taxes and still have enough to live on. There were men like Daniel Boone, who was very poor, and hoped to acquire a fortune in the west. The decreasing fertility of Virginia's soil was an added factor. Which of these reasons, or what combination, brought the Lincolns and the Hankses, who came in that emigration of the eighties, across the mountains into Kentucky, is not known. Perhaps they were only following a pattern set by several generations: following the frontier as it pushed ever westward.

This Wilderness Road they traveled had once been a succession of irregular woodland paths trodden down and worn bare by buffalo, and by Indian hunters and Indian war parties. For Kentucky was a hunting ground for the red men from the south, and especially for those from across the Ohio. White men had wandered into it from the east, and had brought back tales of its beauty and promises of wealth, so that by 1770 the settlers of Virginia and North Carolina knew vaguely of this great territory beyond the mountains. The most romantic spot along the Wilderness Trail was Cumberland Gap. Located where the states of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee meet, it was the scene of innumerable conflicts between Indians and white men, and was the point where settlers poured into the new west. It had been discovered in 1674 by an illiterate frontiersman, Gabriel Arthur, contrary to the old couplet:

> The first white man in Cumberland Gap
> Was Doctor Walker, an English chap.

Walker rediscovered and named this gap in 1750. Through Cumberland Gap ran the Great Warrior Path, along which

the Shawnees and Iroquois traveled on their way to attack the southern tribes. One may stand today, said Frederick Jackson Turner, at Cumberland Gap and watch—in retrospect—all of American civilization pass in single file—the buffalo, going down to the salt springs, "the Indian, the fur-trader . . . (the) hunter, . . . the pioneer farmer."

Arthur, Walker, Christopher Gist, and nameless hunters and traders who traveled the Wilderness Trail and penetrated into the area which became Kentucky, aroused an increasing interest in this new west. At the time of the Revolution—at the time, back in Virginia, a child named Thomas Lincoln, born in 1776, was growing to boyhood—no Indian tribe occupied Kentucky. It was, indeed, a sort of no-man's land. Teeming with game, it attracted hunters, but the powerful Iroquois prevented any tribe settling here. Already, in the conflict between the red men, it had won the name of a "dark and bloody ground."

It was, in the end, Daniel Boone who became most closely associated with it. He had learned about it from John Finley, a trapper and adventurer, with whom he had become acquainted when he had gone from North Carolina to participate in Braddock's fatal march across the Pennsylvania mountains to Fort Duquesne. As early as 1767, Boone, remembering those glowing tales of a hunter's paradise, had attempted to reach Kentucky, but had failed because he had started too late, and winter had come early, with deep snows.

Then Finley had turned up in the settlement in the valley of the Yadkin where the Boones were living, and in May, 1769, Daniel Boone, Finley, and four other men started west, passing through Cumberland Gap into Kentucky. Boone spent two years there, exploring and hunt-

ing, having many of those experiences now associated with his name, and becoming so enamored of the country that he made up his mind to return with his family to live there. This plan was not realized for some time, but he continued to make trips into Kentucky, becoming more enthusiastic over the possibilities of the territory each time, and communicating that enthusiasm to other prospective settlers, among them, no doubt, the Lincolns, who were his friends.

In the year 1775 a group of men, led by Richard Henderson, organized the Transylvania Company, whose purpose was to found a western colony. In March of that year, defying the Proclamation of 1763, and also the prohibitions of the colonial governments against unauthorized western settlements, this company concluded an illegal transaction with the Cherokee Indians, whereby the red men ceded to it some twenty million acres of land lying between the Cumberland and Kentucky Rivers, and including a great deal of what are now Kentucky and central Tennessee. Daniel Boone was asked to take a party of men and cut a road to Kentucky, by which the company might enter into possession of its western kingdom.The part of the famous trail which he helped blaze was known as Boone's Trace.

The story of the marking of the Wilderness Road is in itself a tale of adventure. Parts of it had been cleared long before by buffalo and Indian, but other stretches, for miles, had to be cut, and the red men proved most unfriendly. Boone took thirty men for the project, beginning his trace at the Indian treaty ground at Fort Watagua, in what is now eastern Tennessee, going by way of Cumberland Gap and through the rugged mountains and rolling canelands of Kentucky to the mouth of Otter Creek. On the Kentucky

River a site was chosen for a fortified town, and named Boonesborough. Later the road forked at Hazel Patch in Laurel County, one branch leading to Crab Orchard and Danville, and then to the Falls of the Ohio where Louisville developed.

Almost immediately a stream of pioneers in search of western land began pouring over this trail. It was fed by the Great Valley Road which other settlers followed down the Shenandoah and Holston Valleys to Cumberland Gap. Hundreds of pioneers on their way to Kentucky were scalped by Indians, and the Wilderness Road was indeed a dangerous one. For two decades it was little more than a foot path or a pack horse trail, but in 1792 it was widened, by the effort of Kentucky's first governor, Isaac Shelby, to accommodate wagons. In spite of legislation, however, it remained primarily a pack road until Kentucky was well established in the union. Yet each year thousands of settlers entered the state by the Wilderness Trail, and many head of stock were driven east to Virginia and Carolina over this famous road.

2

Abraham Lincoln Pioneer

One of the immigrants who traveled the Wilderness Trail in 1782 was Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of President Lincoln. He had first visited Kentucky when he was thirty-six years old, at which time he was already a prominent man in the Shenandoah Valley. At twenty-six he had been a captain in the Virginia Militia. During the American Revolution he had served as judge advocate in the military courts of Augusta and Rockingham Counties. Abraham was one of five brothers, sons of a prosperous farmer in the Shenandoah Valley named John Lincoln. Only one of these remained in Virginia, the other four migrating west, one to Tennessee, one to Ohio, and the other two—Thomas and Abraham—to Kentucky.

Abraham Lincoln traced his ancestry back to one Samuel Lincoln, who had come from western England to Hingham, Massachusetts, about 1637. This surname was often mispronounced and misspelled, and is found in colonial records as Linken, Linkern, Linkon, Linkhorn, Lingcum, etc., but such spellings are invariably the work of clerks or other official copyists. The eldest son of Lincoln, the pioneer, asserted under oath that his father spelled his name correctly. In fact, down through a period when there were many illiterate men in America, no Lincoln misspelled his name.

Samuel Lincoln's wife was Mary Lyford. Their fourth son, Mordecai, born in 1657, married Sarah Jones, and it is said that the name, Abraham, that of her father, was then introduced into the Lincoln family, where it became a favorite one. The Pilgrims, when they came to America, often called their settlements after their old homes in Eng-

land, but almost invariably their children born in the New World were given Biblical names. Each generation of Lincolns had its Abraham, its Mordecai, its Isaac, Jacob, Hannah, Mary.

The oldest son of Mordecai and Sarah Lincoln was also named Mordecai. His first wife was Hanah Saltar, and their eldest son was named John. By this time the Lincolns had reached Berks County in Pennsylvania in their westward migration, and there were many settlers by the name of Boone in this area. There were at least five marriages between the Boones and the Lincolns in Pennsylvania. It was at this particular point in their family history that the long friendship between the Boones and the Lincolns began. When this Mordecai Lincoln made his will in 1735, a Boone was named as a trustee to assist his second wife, Mary Robeson Lincoln, in settling the estate, and Squire Boone, the father of Daniel, was one of the appraisers when Mordecai died in 1736. The tradition which came down to President Lincoln—that the Lincolns had once been Quakers, but later "fell away" from that faith—no doubt had its roots in this sojourn in Pennsylvania. The Lincolns probably married into Quaker families.

John Lincoln, who was born in 1716, married Rebecca (Flowers) Morris. Their oldest son, Abraham, the grandfather of the President, was born in Pennsylvania in 1744. They had, in all, nine children, born between 1744 and 1767, and John Lincoln lived to be an old man, for the date of his death is recorded as 1788. Because he left Pennsylvania for Virginia, he was sometimes referred to as "Virginia John." The many descendants of Samuel Lincoln, who had left a large family, included some prominent citizens. Several saw service in the War of the Revolution; others held

important public offices; two were governors of states (one of Maine, one of Massachusetts).

It is probable that Abraham Lincoln made the move to Kentucky under the influence of Daniel Boone. The decision to migrate west was evidently made sometime during the winter of 1779-1780; for on September 6, 1779, he had bought some land to increase his Shenandoah Valley farm on Linville Creek, but on February 18, 1780, he sold his estate for "5000 pounds current money of Virginia." Three weeks later, he bought his first land warrant in Kentucky - 400 acres, for which he paid 160 pounds. On May 29 he entered a survey on Long Run at Hughes Station. He had probably helped build Hughes Station, which was erected by Morgan Hughes in 1780, and stood on Long Run in Jefferson County. It was a weak fort, poorly built, consisting of eight cabins and four block-houses at the corners. The Lincolns settled on the land on Long Run, probably living in one of the cabins in Hughes Station. It was a period when Kentucky settlers found the Indians so troublesome that most emigrants lived in, or close to, forts. In 1784, when John Filson published his *Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke,* there were some 30,000 settlers in the territory, yet there were only 18 houses outside the 52 stations.

Back in Virginia, Abraham Lincoln had married. The date of this marriage is given as June 1770, and while the name of the bride is not recorded, it is assumed to have been Bersheba (Herring?), as this is the name of the wife who signed the deed when he sold his Virginia farm in 1780, and also that of the widow whom he left in Kentucky when he died in 1786. There is a tradition, however, that this was his second wife, and that his first wife's name was Mary (Shepley?). There were five children: Mordecai, Josiah,

Thomas, Mary, and Nancy, (sometimes given as Nancy Ann, or Ann). In 1782, when the Lincolns started west, Thomas, later the father of President Lincoln, and whose birth date is given as 1776, was still a young child.

The Lincolns joined other emigrants on the Wilderness Road, keeping a sharp outlook for Indians, for, while papers had been signed giving the western lands to white men, the savages did not always seem to understand what this meant, or, perhaps, they understood too well. Abraham must have been acutely aware of the possible dangers, since it is said he had made an earlier trip to Kentucky, and that on his return to Virginia, had been captured by Indians near Danville, made to run the gauntlet, and then released. But the Lincolns reached their destination safely. Abraham had taken with him enough money to enter a considerable tract of land, one which would have made his family wealthy if he had lived long enough to insure its retention. On September 26, 1782, he acquired another land warrant, calling for more than 2000 acres of land, at a price of 3630 pounds. Apparently he made plans to have this grant surveyed, but it was in litigation at the time of his death, and his eldest son, Mordecai, was unable to secure a title to it.

Kentucky had become the country of romance and fable for many Virginians. In 1780—1782 many families had come west. Early in 1780 some three hundred "large family boats had arrived at the Falls of the Ohio, where Captain Bullitt had surveyed the land seven years before, and in May the legislature of Virginia passed a law for the incorporation of Louisville, which then contained some 600 inhabitants. Abraham Lincoln settled not far from Louisville. Enough settlers had arrived in this area to give some semblance of a social order.

This was frontier country, still, and was to remain so for

a long time, in spite of the large numbers of pioneers pouring in. Most of these were lured west by the promise of land—ever enticing to the Anglo-Saxon. These Virginians were land lovers. There was also the usual froth of idlers and shiftless wanderers and adventurers. Society was the same here as on other frontiers. Human life was almost worthless, for it was of little value in that hard struggle for existence. While life was held in comparative disregard, there was great emphasis on property, and theft was visited not only with punishment, but with severe social proscription. Homicide was punished less severely and less quickly than was horse stealing.

These early Kentuckians were a simple-living and a conscientious people. They meted out a primitive discipline. Sometimes they used the "Law of Moses," or forty lashes, and to petty criminals they applied the "United States flag," or thirteen stripes. Perhaps to them sloth was the worst crime—at least it was the greatest weakness of which a man could be accused. A "Lazy Lawrence" was welcome nowhere. Another fatal weakness was cowardice. Weapons, precious because of their scarcity, were kept for really serious warfare, such as that with Indians or animals, and, when honor must be defended, fists, teeth, and gouging thumbs were used, often with fatal effects.

It was in this frontier society that Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, both brought west as small children over the Wilderness Trail, grew to maturity. Historians have sometimes termed them illiterate, unambitious, poor, but they were only the products of their era, and no less literate, no less ambitious, no less wealthy, than thousands of their contemporaries. It was not a lavish time, nor were libraries or schools, or any of the other cultural evidences

of civilization, to be found in many places in that great wilderness known as Kentucky. They were children of the frontier, and their children were also to be products of a later frontier, for, while America's advancing line of settlement ran ever swiftly westward, it took more than one generation—or five, or ten—to make a nation. The children of Abraham and Bersheba Lincoln might have become influential and wealthy—they had as good lineage and better than many who did—but the force of circumstance decreed otherwise.

If there were not luxury and wealth, there were characteristics in this pioneer society which were to make America great and strong. It took endurance and strength and faith to measure up to the demands of the frontier. It made men like Thomas Lincoln and women like Nancy Hanks and, in time, a man like Abraham Lincoln, in whom the blood of generations of pioneers flowed.

On this Kentucky frontier, there was little outlawry in the early years. One of the most remarkable things about these emigrants from Virginia was their regard for law and their almost infallible instinct for the preservation of their Anglo-Saxon inheritance of legal organization. In all the circumstances of their daily existence, during this period, they may be said to have approached barbarism, yet they were advanced politically. They were children of a race trained for generations in government, and, wherever they went, they formed the town, the county, and the court. The red men, invisible but nevertheless always threatening, always surrounding their feeble settlements, were no detriment to the organization of this new territory according to the ways in which these settlers had been trained in older communities, and, before that, far beyond the ocean.

It is these old court records that are proof of the few facts about the life of Nancy Hanks and of Thomas Lincoln.

Settlers found life here simpler than it had become in the Shenandoah Valley. They dressed in the plainest fashion, in the skins of wild beasts killed by themselves, or in linen stuffs woven by the women. Iron, except in firearms and knives, was almost unknown. For food they depended on game, fish, and roughly ground corn-meal. Money was neither given nor asked, generally, in deals—exchanges were often made by barter, and many children grew up without seeing money. Discomfort was an inmate of most homes. Log cabins were seldom warm or comfortable. For their mode of life many settlers paid heavily, for they suffered from malaria and rheumatic fever, and few lived to a painless or vigorous old age.

Many settlers had driven cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses over the Wilderness Trail. No frontier family except the poorest was without at least a cow, which was regarded as a necessity. It gave dairy products, always a welcome variant of the monotonous diet, but also it served as a far better danger alarm for Indian raids than even the family dog. It was soon noticed that most of the raids occurred about milking time, and the stampede of cattle was a more certain warning than the barking of a dog.

In every cabin the spinning wheel and a pair of wool cards were symbols of domestic thrift. The women spun, wove, and knitted the buffalo and sheep's wool, brittle nettles, and flax into coarse jeans, linsey-woolsey, and linens, and then made these into family clothing. In the winter the favorite cloths were woolens, in the summer, flaxens. When feminine settlers were not busy at this task, they had plenty of others. They made soap, candles, sugar, and beeswax.

Sugar was made from maple syrup. Sorghum was the principal means of sweetening food, and to the frontiersman it was known as "long sweetening."

The men had many duties, also. Besides hunting and clearing land and planting crops, they butchered, dressed, and cured the meat, made salt, gunpowder, and shot, and molded bullets. Few emigrants brought furniture over the Wilderness Road, because it could not be transported on horse-back.For a long while, it was impossible to import any from the east, except for the few pieces which found their way into Kentucky on "family boats." Almost every article that went into a frontier home was made by its inhabitants. As a rule, the head of the household made these in the winter, when he could not spend all of his time outdoors. There were plenty of native woods—cherry, maple, and walnut—suitable for furniture. The results were often crude, for there were few lathes or other tools, and much of the furniture and other necessities was made with an axe or a hunting knife.

Recreation and relaxation were not common. These people were inclined to be religious, but there were few sermons, and these could be enjoyed only at long intervals, and after making extended journeys. Few books came over the Wilderness Trail, and there was little opportunity for exchange of opinions. But settlers came and endured and prospered, and in time life became easier. This would have been true, no doubt, for the Lincolns, had not tragedy intervened. The life of the pioneer, Abraham Lincoln, came to a disastrous close. He had settled in Jefferson County and cleared a small farm in the forest. One morning in the year 1786, he took his three sons, Mordecai, Josiah, and Thomas, to the edge of the clearing, and they began the

day's work. Suddenly a shot rang out, and Abraham fell dead. The oldest son, Mordecai, ran to the house, Josiah went to the station for help, and Thomas, then ten, was left with the corpse of his father. Mordecai, from the cabin saw an Indian about to capture his young brother, and seizing a rifle, shot the red man, and then fired on others who were now showing themselves. Assistance arrived from the fort, and the Indians fled. The experience made an impression on Mordecai that he never forgot, and it was said that thereafter he killed every Indian who approached him, without stopping to ascertain whether or not he was friendly.

Abraham was dead, the Virginia relatives were many hundreds of miles away, and Bersheba was a widow with five children. She was not the only woman in Kentucky who had been widowed by the Indians. One of the most vivid pictures of the personal dangers existing in Kentucky at that time has been drawn by Captain Nathaniel Hart, who went in January, 1783, with his mother to Logan's Station to prove his father's will. There were twenty armed men in the party. At the court at Logan's Station twenty-three widows came to obtain letters of administration on the estates of their husbands, all of whom had been killed during the past year. There were many other women in the territory who had been widowed in the same manner, but whose husbands had not left estates requiring administration.

According to the English law of inheritance still followed in this country, Mordecai, as the eldest son, was the heir to his father's estate. An inventory of this estate, found near the end of the nineteenth century at Bardstown, Kentucky, shows that, for a pioneer settler, Abraham had a large amount of stock, farming implements, and tools. His home

was also better furnished than that of the average settler. Bersheba took her family and moved to a more thickly settled neighborhood in Washington County, and there her children grew up, all of them respected citizens. To one of them, Thomas, was to come fame through an illustrious son, another Abraham.

3

Who Was Nancy Hanks?

Among those pioneers going into Kentucky at about the same time as the Lincolns was the Hanks family, from which Nancy Hanks, the mother of President Lincoln, was presumably descended. The Hanks were also from England: in colonial records the name is spelled in various ways, as Hawks or Hankes. Between 1780 and 1790, when Nancy Hanks was born, (the year 1784 being generally accepted), there were at least six Hanks colonies in the territory then known as Virginia. In 1750 a Joseph and an Abraham Hanks lived on adjacent farms in Amelia County. Some of these Amelia County Hankses migrated to Bedford County by 1780. In an area of Bedford County which later became Campbell County lived a family of Hankses which may have been direct ancestors of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Near by lived families named Mitchell, Shipley, and Berry—all names of families with whom Nancy Hanks was intimately associated in Kentucky.

The claim has been made that this future mother of a president was born in a log cabin near what is now Mikes Run, Mineral County, West Virginia. In 1929 a commission designated the site of her birthplace here, and six years later it was marked with a monument. It has also been claimed that she was born near Keyser, West Virginia, and a tablet commemorating that event was dedicated on May 6, 1933. In 1932 the statement was made that Nancy Hanks was born at a place now called Bare Bones on the Namozine Road between Jenning's Ordinary and Fergusonville, a site named for Barebone Creek, a secondary branch of the Nottoway River. The birthplace site has also been said to be near Leesburg in Louden County, Virginia, where,

in the early years of the eighteenth century, a Hanks family and a Shipley family were members of the same church. Nancy Hanks' actual birthplace, as well as other important facts concerning her life—including her birthday—has never been, and may never be, determined.

It seems almost incredible that so few accurate accounts —records or other documentary proof—can be found concerning the mother of one of the most famous presidents of the United States. There are at present two schools of thought concerning her ancestry, both of which admit that too little support can be brought to their contentions by existing documents. The best explanation of how such a state of affairs can have developed is the status commonly assigned women on the American frontier. A woman was seldom regarded as the equal of a man, although she may have excelled him in actual achievement, and although without her presence the frontier would have been longer in coming to an end. When one traces the lineage of a family, it is the maternal ancestry which most often shows gaps or uncertainties. Who was Bersheba Lincoln? Who was she when Abraham came wooing her? Was she his first wife, or had he, as did so many pioneers, buried one wife, and did he take her as a mother for children already in his home? No one knows, and perhaps no one will ever know. It was not often that a woman's name needed to go down in writing. In settled communities, family tradition, or that of the neighborhood, often carried certain important facts from one generation to another; but when settlers moved to the frontier, ancestry became secondary. It must be remembered that, like the Lincolns, these Hanks families were migrants. They had come to Virginia from Maryland or Pennsylvania. From Virginia they had moved west.

On the frontier, strangers did not care to know who one's grandfather or grandmother had been, and did not bother those they met with a recital of their own family history. Life was in the present, not in the past, and even more did it seem to lie in the future, in the days when the land would be cleared and the red men quiet, when tall corn would lift its tassels to the Kentucky sky.

Nancy Hanks was a child of the frontier. That is all of which anyone can be really certain. She was a child of Virginia, for all who have written of her agree she was born before the Hankses started west over the Wilderness Trail. Upon one other fact her historians have, in general, agreed —her mother was named Lucy. But was this Lucy maiden or widow—a Hanks by birth, or one by marriage?

Caroline Hanks Hitchcock asserted that Nancy was one of the daughters—the youngest child—of Joseph Hanks, rather than his granddaughter, as historians in general believe her to be. Joseph Hanks was the head of the Hanks family which came to Kentucky at about the same time as the Lincolns, and he did have a daughter named Nancy. One of the confusing angles to the whole problem of Nancy Hanks Lincoln's true identity is the prevalence of the name "Nancy"—a favorite in the family. There was a Nancy Lincoln—Thomas's sister—and at least two Nancy Hanks, and cousins with other surnames who were also called Nancy. Mrs. Hitchcock states that Nancy Hanks Lincoln was born February 5, 1784, the daughter of Joseph Hanks, and was named for her mother.

The Nancy Hanks whom she believed to have been Abraham Lincoln's mother was in reality his great-aunt, and an aunt of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. This Nancy Hanks

was the sister of Nancy's father, according to the best evidence which has been found. Dennis Hanks, according to his own testimony, was the illegitimate child of the Nancy Hanks whom Mrs. Hitchcock asserted to be the mother of President Lincoln. Her statements were based on the will of Joseph Hanks, which she found at Bardstown, Kentucky, and in which he named his daughter, Nancy, as well as his other children. She mentions Dennis as the son of Charles Friend and Nancy Sparrow, and states that he was "often mentioned as one of the Hanks family." There appears to be ample evidence that Dennis was the son of Charles Friend and Nancy Hanks, Joseph's daughter, who later married Levi Hall. Dennis was reared by Elizabeth Hanks, who married Thomas Sparrow. Lucy Hanks, the mother of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, later married Henry Sparrow, the brother of Thomas.

According to the best authority available for many years, Nancy Hanks was the natural child of Lucy Hanks, who was yet unmarried when she brought her young daughter over the Wilderness Trail into Kentucky. This tradition traces back to a conversation in the year 1850 between President Lincoln and William H. Herndon. The two men, according to Herndon, were driving in Lincoln's one-horse buggy to the court in Menard County, Illinois, to try a suit which was likely to touch upon the subject of hereditary traits. During the ride Lincoln spoke of his mother, and enumerated the qualities which he thought he had inherited from her. He said that she was the daughter of Lucy Hanks and "a well-bred but obscure Virginia farmer or planter." The description could have applied very well to the son of Joseph Hanks whom many believe was the

husband of Lucy and the father of Nancy. Abraham Lincoln knew little about his ancestors, and had little success in tracing his family tree during his lifetime.

If it were possible to prove who Lucy Hanks really was, there would be no confusion regarding the correct status of Nancy, her daughter. Was Lucy the daughter or daughter-in-law of Joseph Hanks? The theory of Nancy's birth which made her a "base-born child" would have Lucy a daughter, yet there seems conclusive evidence that she was not, but was, instead, a daughter-in-law, and already a widow when the Hankses came west to Kentucky. It is also supposed that Lucy and her little daughter did not come with the Hankses, but with other relatives.

Much of the confusion regarding Nancy's origin appears to be due to certain statements made by Dennis Hanks, who was a cousin of Nancy's. The value of his statements can, however, be judged by certain known facts. He was but nine years older than her son, Abraham, and when Herndon questioned him about her, Nancy had been dead for almost forty years. Dennis saw Nancy Hanks both in Kentucky and in Indiana, but after her marriage in the former state, he lived eight miles away. In Indiana, he arrived a few months before she died, but lived with his foster parents, Thomas and Elizabeth Sparrow. His remarks are contradictory, and it is doubtful if he really knew much about her. He termed Lucy a sister of his mother's—of, that is, Nancy Hanks', daughter of the pioneer, Joseph Hanks. Dennis made no attempt to hide the fact that he was the illegitimate child of Nancy, but he denied vigorously that his cousin Nancy Hanks Lincoln was also illegitimate, although his statements led to this conclusion.

Herndon also based his assertions regarding Nancy's illegitimacy upon information derived from John Hanks, a cousin of Dennis's (and of Nancy's) and the son of William Hanks, who was another of Joseph's children. John's testimony seems even more invalid than that of Dennis. He was only four years old when she married, and lived twenty miles away. The year of her marriage, his parents moved thirty-five miles from Elizabethtown; and it is very doubtful if he ever saw her. Information offered by either John or Dennis seems particularly worthless when it is known they both insisted Nancy was not a Hanks at all, but a Sparrow. But this could not be, since it is generally accepted that Lucy gave birth to Nancy in 1784, but did not marry Henry Sparrow until April, 1791.

Dennis was apparently confused in his own mind. The question of Nancy's birth was no doubt raised too late for him to produce any real evidence. He could not explain why Nancy was known as a Hanks when she was, he believed, a Sparrow. He said Lucy was a sister of the other three Hanks girls, yet the will of Joseph Hanks makes no mention of her, although he names each of his children. The true explanation seems to be that Lucy was a sister-in-law, but that she was close to her relatives by marriage, and was held in deep affection by them. If Lucy was a daughter, there seems only one explanation for the omission of her name from Joseph's will. That is that she had so deeply displeased her father as to have been completely left out of his will. But there is no tradition to this effect, and he makes no statements which might lead to such a conclusion.

Lucy was not a model of perfection, whether or not she gave illegitimate birth to Nancy. This is a matter of record,

for before her marriage to Henry Sparrow, she was the object of public rebuke. A Mercer County grand jury brought an indictment against her for fornication, but she was never brought to trial, probably because her marriage to Henry removed the cause of the complaint. It may have been that she was living with him as his common law wife, which was not an unusual occurence in the wilderness. She made him a good wife, however, raising a family of nine children, two of whom became ministers. After her marriage, there were no more complaints against her character.

The tradition has long existed and has been generally accepted that Nancy was cared for in early childhood by her grandmother, and that, after Lucy's marriage to Henry Sparrow, she went to live with an aunt and uncle, Elizabeth and Thomas Sparrow. But Thomas Sparrow and Elizabeth Hanks were not married until October 17, 1796, five years after Henry and Lucy were married. Nancy was then twelve—if the year given as that of her birth is accepted—and so could not have gone to live with these relatives at a very early age. Evidence has been presented in recent years showing that Nancy Hanks was reared in the home of Richard and Rachel Berry, an uncle and aunt, Rachel being a sister of Lucy Hanks, both of whom were Shipleys. This fact lends credence to the theory that Lucy was a widow, and was legally married when Nancy was born. Lucy Shipley is believed to have been the widow of James Hanks, another son of the pioneer, Joseph Hanks.

In a magazine article some years ago the story of Nancy Hanks was told with a good deal of romantic imagination. It began with the light-hearted Lucy, sixteen when the Revolutionary War came to an end, and young French, English, and American soldiers, who, with the help of the

feminine sex, inaugurated a post-war era of relaxation. It showed Joseph Hanks, supposedly the father of Lucy, "a small farmer, a land-owner, a member of the Established Church," and, through marriage, related to the neighboring great house of Lee, worried, despondent, disapproving, because of the temptations which faced his children in this lax environment. The Hankses leave Tidewater Virginia, move westward, where life is simpler and less frivolous. On a quiet hillside in West Virginia, Joseph settles with his family, and thinks them safe, but his pretty, spirited Lucy finds a lover, and little Nancy is born. And Joseph, heavy-hearted, mortgages his farm and turns west again, hoping that on some farther frontier he can find the haven of security he wants for his children. Over the Alleghenies, along the Wilderness Road, into the hills of Kentucky, he leads his large family. Even here, life is not tranquil, for one daughter, Nancy, bears Dennis, also an illegitimate child, and Lucy, the irrepressible, is called to appear before the court on a charge no woman could answer lightly. But Nancy marries, and so does Lucy, and the charge is dropped, and, as the years pass, forgotten, and Joseph can relax his vigilance.

If the picture were wholly true, it would not be particularly surprising, for the frontier called for quick blood. It countenanced much that would now be termed, at the least, indiscreet. War did, no doubt, as it does today, bring irregularities in its train. Young men and women who traveled the wilderness trails were not always decorous, restrained, model ladies and gentlemen. Love came early on the frontier, and marriage often before a girl had left childhood wholly behind. Illegitimate children were not welcomed, but neither were they punished, and their parents

with them, as severely as they would have been in a more settled environment. The Hankses were not "white trash," to permit consistent moral lapses, but if one or two did occur, in that particular time, and in the frontier neighborhoods in which they lived, these would have been less severely criticized than in a different age and setting. Dennis was no doubt an illegitimate child, but he never seemed to feel any injustice in the circumstances of his birth. He accepted the fact and forgot, or never fully realized, its implications. Nancy, he asserted stoutly, was "deep in the stalk of the Hankses," but a true-born child, although he was never able satisfactorily to explain this statement.

The other theory regarding Nancy Hanks' birth makes her the daughter of Lucy Shipley Hanks, a young widow, the daughter-in-law of Joseph Hanks. Nancy is presumably the daughter of James Hanks. There is a tradition that Joseph Hanks had a son James, who died before the Hanks family moved to Kentucky, and that his widow came on later with her own people. Lucy was said to be a daughter of Robert Shipley. The Hankses and Shipleys were closely associated over a period of years both in Maryland and in Virginia. They can be traced from one community to another, and finally Bedford County, Virginia, became the center of these families. There has been a tradition in existence for a long while—many decades—that Nancy Hanks was born in James Hanks' cabin on Little Falling River. Tradition also says that Joseph Hanks of Kentucky had, in 1793, five living sons: Thomas, Joshua, William, Charles, and Joseph, Jr. William, who married that year, named his first son, born the following year, James and named his next three sons for living brothers. It seems credible that he may have named the first son for a dead brother. Also

Nancy Hanks, the wife of Thomas Lincoln, may herself have been named for an aunt, Nancy Hanks, the youngest sister of her supposed father, James Hanks. This Nancy married Levi Hall, and named one of her sons James. The family history of Thomas, Joshua, and Charles Hanks is unknown. As yet, there is no documentary proof that one James Hanks was the father of Nancy Hanks Lincoln; but neither is there any record in existence which would make her illegitimate.

There are said to have been six girls in Robert Shipley's family of children, but only five of them have been accounted for. These are Rachel, who married Richard Berry; Ann, who married David McCord; Naomi, who married Robert Mitchell; Margaret, who married Robert Sloan; and Lucy, who married James Hanks, and later, Henry Sparrow. Statements have been made by a number of descendants of these sisters which verify the supposition that Lucy Shipley was the mother of Nancy Hanks, a legitimate child.

As a small child, Nancy is said by some to have lived in the Catawba River country in North Carolina, coming with her mother and other relatives to Kentucky about 1786. In the spring of 1790 Lucy made preparations for her marriage to Henry Sparrow. It was necessary for her to make some affirmation as to her age and her willingness for the marriage license to be issued. No Hanks name appears on her papers, nor on those, later, of her daughter, Nancy. If she had been a Hanks by birth, with Hanks men living not far away, certainly one of them would have been required to sign the papers. But instead the signatures of Richard Berry and a brother, John Berry, appear, which makes it seem likely that Lucy was a Shipley by birth, the sister of Rachel Shipley Berry.

When Joseph Hanks made his will, in which he allegedly named all of his children, but in which Lucy is not named, she had been married to Henry Sparrow for eight months. Before Joseph died, she and Henry had had two children. If there had been hard feeling, such as might conceivably exist between stern father and erring daughter, it should have, to a considerable degree, at least, have disappeared in that length of time, with Lucy a conventional matron, with husband and children. Yet the most thorough reading of Joseph Hanks' will give no inkling that he ever had a daughter named Lucy, and it seems unlikely that he would have felt any necessity for providing for a daughter-in-law, who had remarried so long before, and was being adequately cared for. His own family was too large for him to be able to bequeath much outside its limits. He left to each child some especially named item—to each son, a horse; to each daughter, a heifer yearling. It is not the will of an unrelenting father, but of one trying to be exactly fair.

4

A Western Journey

Richard Berry had come to Kentucky as early as 1780. He had entered a six hundred acre farm on Beech Fork on his prospecting trip to this western country, but whether or not he brought his wife, Rachel Shipley Berry, and his children to Kentucky at this time is not known. It is probable that he had not: it was customary for these western settlers to make the first trip without their families. When, or with whom, Nancy Hanks migrated to Kentucky is not known. The Joseph Hanks family was in this area in February, 1787, when Joseph bought land on Rolling Fork. The first positive evidence of the presence of Nancy Hanks in Kentucky is, unfortunately, the indictment of the Mercer County grand jury against her mother, Lucy, in November, 1789.

Beech Fork, a tributary of Salt River, makes a gigantic horseshoe as it wanders through the central part of Washington County, Kentucky. In doing so, it sets aside a part of the country known as Beechland. Into this territory came Bersheba Lincoln, in the late fall of 1786, with her young children, after Abraham had been massacred on his wilderness farm near Louisville. And here also lived Richard and Rachel Berry. When Lucy Hanks remarried, it is said that she sent little Nancy to live with her Uncle Richard and Aunt Rachel Berry, in Beechland, about a mile from the Lincoln home. The tradition has long existed that Nancy and Thomas Lincoln first met when the young frontiersman went to learn the carpenter's trade from a certain Joseph Hanks, an uncle of Nancy's. There is no evidence to support this tradition. After the death of his father, Joseph Hanks, Jr., had returned to Virginia;

how long he stayed there is not known. It was not until 1805 that he was listed in the Hardin County tax books, and he then owned land in Breckinridge County, and was supposed to be living there. He is not known to have lived in Elizabethtown, where he is said to have taught Thomas his trade, until after his marriage in 1810, and Thomas and Nancy had then been married for four years. It is probable that Thomas and Nancy lived as children in the same neighborhood, and grew up together.

Richard and Rachel Berry had several children. Richard, Jr., and John were married before Nancy came into the home to live, but Francis and Edward were still living there. There were two Negro slaves in the Berry home, Nan, and her daughter, Hannah, and it is unlikely that Nancy was expected to do much hard work. She was no doubt treated much as a daughter of the house would have been.

The most adventurous period in Kentucky's history lasted well into Nancy's womanhood. One of the most thrilling experiences in her life must have been her childhood journey over the Wilderness Trail, and she was old enough to have remembered it. She had been born and had lived for a few years in the Virginia, and possibly the Carolina, backwoods, and had come west over the Trail when it was only a pack road. She probably traveled like other small children, in a large basket securely fastened to her mother's saddle. When she grew too weary of riding, she would be allowed to walk. No doubt she wore a linsey-woolsey frock, and probably new moccasins made for the rougher country into which she was going. The preparations for the journey would have been extensive, and colorful enough to have made an impression on even a very young child.

There was always a long period of talking and planning before these western emigrations began. Farms had to be sold, possessions too large or heavy to carry disposed of, provisions and clothing necessary for the trip bought or made, maps studied, and pioneers who had made the journey consulted. One Abraham Hanks had traveled the Wilderness Road with Daniel Boone, and he may have given the little colony—a family almost always moved as part of a unit—needful information. The knowledge that Indians were a real menace lay like a weight of lead in the minds of the elders, but such talk was taboo. But they counted their rifles carefully, for the strength of an expedition was reckoned, not in men, but in weapons. A man without his gun was not of any great use in an attack.

Nancy must have watched the loading of the pack horses, which carried bags of meal, packages of seed for planting in that fabulously rich Kentucky soil, simple farm tools, household utensils, blankets woven on looms by the women in the party, or perhaps heirlooms made by their mothers or grandmothers, maybe a feather bed or two. On the frontier, relatives usually settled in little colonies, and when a group moved on west, some of them stayed behind and watched with grave eyes the departure of their kinsfolk. In every heart was the knowledge that this might be the last goodbye, for even if the emigrants reached Kentucky safely, the new home was far away. Probably only the children were cheerful as the expedition formed at last for the journey.

From her place in the basket tied to her mother's saddle, Nancy could have seen the men taking their places—those acting as scouts far ahead or behind, accepting their positions with knowledge of the responsibility these carried.

The men and boys marched at the head and end of the train, carrying their rifles in their hands, with powder-horn and bullet-pouch within easy reach, and with tomahawk and hunting knife stuck in their belts. The pack horses, heavily laden, moved slowly. If there were wagons, these would be sold long before the destination of these pioneers was reached, for they could not travel the Wilderness Road. The new home would be reached on foot, or on horseback, and of the possessions with which a group started, only the most essential would be retained until the end of the journey.

Beyond the first low hill, they passed out of sight of their old homes, and thoughts were focused on the long and dangerous journey. The Wilderness Road began at the Block House in Virginia, five miles northeast of the South Fork of the Holston River at the mouth of Reedy Creek, and almost a mile north of the North Carolina line. It stood at the entrance to the wilderness, and was the last station on the road to Kentucky in the Holston settlement. Here the roads from Virginia and Pennsylvania and Carolina came together, and west of it there was only one road —the trail to Kentucky. Leaving the Block House the road ran over mountians to Cumberland Gap, climbed this gap, and found another one in Pine Mountain, and threaded its way for a hundred miles through the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains in eastern Kentucky, coming out at Crab Orchard.

Nancy, although only a child, must have remembered the excitement when the party came to Cumberland Gap, and the lowered voices and muffling of the pack horses' bells when they left this entrance into the mountains. For they had now entered upon the really dangerous part of

the journey. From here on, they must move quietly, maintain the strictest guard, do without camp fires, and in every way try to keep the Indians from knowing their exact location. Nancy was cautioned not to shout or cry out, nor to laugh loudly. The journey became increasingly tiring, for the children were more and more closely confined to their baskets, and had less opportunity to run about and play, or to sit by the campfire at night, listening to the tales or ballads which had enlivened the earlier stages of the migration.

For almost the whole length, the Wilderness Road followed the streams. It crossed rivers of considerable size. Riding in her basket, Nancy could look down into the swirling cold water as her mother's horse found his way across the river. Sometimes a pack slipped and some article of clothing, some food, a package of seed, or a household utensil, was lost in the water. Travel was hard, but the pioneers had expected it to be so, and Nancy probably heard little complaint.

Before they reached Crab Orchard, Nancy would have heard talk of other emigrants who expected to join the party for the remainder of the journey. It is possible some had already been encountered at the Block House, and an advertisement may have been inserted in a Virginia paper for fellow travelers, setting a time and place of meeting. Often emigrants waited at Crab Orchard for travelers going west, so that there would be more rifles in case of an Indian attack.

There would have been no lack of provisions. Nancy must have eaten journey-cake, baked on hot stones, bacon, and wild turkeys killed on the way. There was always game. Bear tracks were frequently seen in the mud. At

night the scream of the wildcat or the howl of the wolf broke the silence, and the men listened to be sure these were not Indian signals. As the trail ran farther west, deeper into the wilderness, the scenery took on a wilder beauty. The little party was shut in by the mountains, whose sides were covered with timber, with grapevines, wild crabapple trees, pink laurel, and showers of rhododendron. Sometimes they could hear the sound of a waterfall in the distance.

So far as is known, this group of pioneers reached Kentucky safely. Here, unless the men had made an earlier prospecting trip, they stopped at a stockade until claims could be located and cabins built, and even after they had decided where to settle, their cabins may have been within a stockade. The gate of the station to which they first came would have ben opened cautiously, and the emigrants, men, women, children, and animals, would have entered at a run, in order that any Indian lingering near might not have an opportunity to attack while the gate was open. This was bolted with great wooden bars. However small Nancy was when she came to Kentucky, she must have remembered many things about this western trip.

Kentucky was known all through the east as a land not only of promise, but of great beauty. None could equal the Kentuckians in boasting. One of these said there was no place on the "universal arth like Ol' Kaintuck; she whips all *out west* in prettiness; you might boil down creation and not get such another state out of it." It lay in the great hardwood forest region between the Alleghenies and the western prairies. Before white settlement, which ruthlessly destroyed forests everywhere, almost all of this territory which became Kentucky had woodlands unsurpassed

anywhere in eastern North America. There were giant trees whose trunks measured six, eight, sometimes ten feet in diameter, yellow poplar, or the tulip tree, sycamores, oaks, chestnuts, walnuts. Perhaps Nancy saw, or heard tales of, hollow sycamores so large that whole families camped in them until they could build cabins. From early summer until the late frosts, she could find strawberries growing wild, and in the autumn she could eat her fill of the wild grape, persimmon, papaw. When her chores were done, she could hunt for chestnuts, beechnuts, hazelnuts, walnuts, hickorynuts. It was a child's paradise, as well as one for hunters.

After Nancy went to live in the Berry home, she had the companionship of another girl, a cousin, Sarah Mitchell, who was an orphan. Sarah's mother, Naomi Shipley Mitchell, was a sister of Lucy Hanks'. In 1790 the Mitchells started west to Kentucky. Twenty-five miles beyond Crab Orchard, at a place called Defeated, the Mitchell party was attacked by Indians. Mrs. Mitchell was fatally wounded, and Sarah was captured and carried away north. Robert Mitchell started in pursuit of his daughter, but was drowned in the Ohio River. Sarah was returned to her relatives after the victorious campaign of Anthony Wayne in the west, and sometime in 1795 came to live with the Berrys.

In addition to the original six hundred acres on which Richard Berry settled, he had obtained a second land warrant, with which he had entered two hundred acres on Doctor's Fork, in Lincoln County, later Mercer County, not far from his home. Richard Berry probably died in 1798, since his will, made the preceding summer, was entered for probate in December, 1798. One of the appraisers of the estate was Mordecai Lincoln, Thomas Lincoln's

brother. Something of the home in which Nancy Hanks had been living may be learned from this will. There were the two Negro slaves, feather beds, a table, chairs, a cupboard, two spinning wheels, kitchen ware, and the usual articles one would find in a comfortable frontier home. Each horse was mentioned by name—Blueskin, Lofty, Cherriot, a sorrel filly called Rosy. More than a dozen head of cattle were listed, a large herd for that time.

Two years later Francis Berry married and went to live on a tract of land cut off from the home place, but Edward remained at home. In 1800 Sarah Mitchell married John Thompson, and in 1804 Aunt Rachel Berry died. Where Nancy lived for the next two years is problematical, but it is supposed that she divided her time among the Berry boys, or lived in the home of one of them. One descendant of the Berry family claims that she lived with Richard Berry, Jr., whose wife was Polly Ewing Berry. In their home Nancy is said to have made herself generally useful, caring for the children, and helping with the household chores. It was this Richard Berry who signed the marriage bond when Nancy became engaged to marry Thomas Lincoln. There is also a possibility that she went to live in the Francis Berry home after the death of Rachel Berry. Francis and his wife, Elizabeth Brazelton Berry, and their three children lived in a comfortable two-story house with a kitchen annex. The Berrys were prosperous people; they seem to have looked with more favor upon slavery than did the Lincolns or Hankses. Two years before his marriage (in 1806) Edward Berry, the youngest son, listed five slaves for taxation; when Richard Berry, Jr., died sometime before the late summer of 1829, his appraisers listed nine slaves belonging to his estate. The Berrys also appear to

have been people of some culture, and with considerable ability. They did not have the trouble with land titles which plagued Thomas Lincoln. The pioneer Richard Berry was probably a man in his late sixties at the time of his death: he lived long enough to give his children a substantial start in life.

5

In Ol' Kaintuck

The life that Nancy Hanks led as a child in Kentucky, even in the relative luxury of a Berry home, would have been a simple, half-primitive existence. The demands of the average pioneer were few—shelter, clothing, food, some association, if possible, with others. The first requirement of these emigrant families was shelter. Sometimes this was obtained in a stockade—at first it was generally found there—or in a cabin of some former settler.

It is true that the first home was sometimes a temporary shack of thatched branches, or a "half-faced camp," such as tradition has always credited Thomas and Nancy Lincoln with living in during their first year in Indiana. For this rude shelter trees were chosen which formed natural corner posts. A cabin was then built with only three sides, and with the fourth—which faced south—open. The sides and roof were covered with poles, branches, dried grass, mud, brush, anything that would shut out the wind and rain and form a protection from the "varmints" in the woods; the chinks were stuffed with dried grass or mud. A log fire was kept burning on the open side, for warmth and cooking by day, to frighten away the wild beasts and make the camp a little more comfortable by night. Sometimes a skin was flung over this opening. Beds of dry leaves, covered with blankets and bearskins, were made on the floor. These structures were only temporary shelters—if a man had any ambition at all—thrown up until log cabins could be erected. It is doubtful if the Lincolns—or the Hankses or Berrys—ever lived in such a camp, on any frontier, but sometimes pioneers had to make use of them.

Settlers were coming to Kentucky in large numbers by the time Nancy Hanks arrived. There were enough of them to help each other, in true pioneer fashion, put up houses, clear land, and do all the other necessary things. They were beginning to work together on community projects, as the old county records show—in maintaining roads, erecting churches, and even schools, appraising and settling estates.

Land had to be bought if it were to belong permanently to an individual, and many settlers merely squatted, because there was no land office in the west until 1800, and even after that a purchaser was dependent on the accident of the auction of the particular plot he wanted at the time he wanted it. But the Hankses and the Lincolns had bought their land. They were people of some means.

When land had been secured, the home was built. A space had to be cleared where the house was to be located, and trees cut for logs. Then all the neighbors came to the clearing, rolled the logs to the site of the cabin, notched them at the ends, and lifted them into place. Nails were a luxury, and were seldom used. The logs were placed alternately on each side, with the notched ends fitted together. The rafters were held in place by wooden pins, and the roof was made of bark or rude shingles held in place by saplings. When the frame was completed an opening was cut for a door, and a heavy wooden door with leather hinges was hung in this. Another opening was cut for the fireplace, usually made of sandstone, or of logs covered with clay, and the chimney was built of logs. At first there were no windows, but by 1800 small holes were cut to admit light and air, although these were usually barred to keep out wild animals and Indians. The pioneer was afraid of fresh air; night air was thought absolutely deadly. Win-

dows were useful mostly for giving light. Enough fresh air crept in through cracks and chinks. Window glass was a luxury, and often the windows were covered with oiled paper. Paper, too, was rare in isolated cabins, and sometimes a marriage paper, or other valuable document carried west by a family, was used to cover a window.

Nancy and Thomas Lincoln lived in cabins like these, and their children were born in log houses. These were not the abodes of poor whites alone, but the usual homes of the western settlers and their children, for more than one generation.

The floor of a log cabin was often of earth, although sometimes a flooring was made of puncheons—logs which had been split through the middle and laid with the more or less flat surfaces on top. These early homes were generally situated close to a spring or clear brook, where drinking water could be found.

A frontier cabin was not a thing of beauty, but it had the artistic virtue of suiting its environment. It was seldom large, because the method of construction prohibited size, and it generally measured between fifteen and eighteen feet in length, and twelve and fourteen feet in width. Sometimes it was divided into two rooms by a partition, but usually it remained a single cabin, in which the family ate, slept, dressed and undressed, entertained guests, and worked. There could be little privacy. Often a loft was constructed, where the children slept, going up and down on a rude ladder made of boards fastened to the side of the room.

Cabin furniture was crude and usually homemade. When Thomas Lincoln grew to manhood and became a cabinetmaker, he found a steady demand for his work. Many

articles he fashioned are still treasured. Most cabins had a rough table, some three-legged stools, a few crude shelves, and beds which were mere bunk-like arrangements built against the walls. If there were mattresses, these were filled with straw. Covers consisted of homemade blankets, or of bear or buffalo robes.

Since cooking was done at the fireplace, most food was boiled or fried. For frying, a three-legged pan was used which was either held over the coals or placed on them. For boiling, a pot held by a crane or hook, and swung over the flames, was used. There was seldom an oven, and a skillet with a tight cover, or a Dutch oven, was used for baking. The fireplace furnished heat and light the year round, for tallow candles were less economical than firelight. Generally a family traveling west brought with it a few household items, such as skillets, pots and pans, pewter dishes, plates, and spoons. But growing families needed more things than they could carry, and at night, by the firelight, men and boys carved industriously at wooden bowls, trenchers and noggins, and hollowed gourds to be used as containers.

A frontier family was dependent for food largely on what it could kill or raise. In these early days there was plenty of wild game, and deer meat or wild ducks or turkeys were particularly welcome additions to the menu. There were always bears—the bear figures prominently in frontier folklore, for there were so many in this Kentucky wilderness—but its meat was coarse and greasy. These southern immigrants depended largely on corn as a staple food. It was used in many ways: "johnny cake," "pone," mush and hominy were some of the commonest forms. Pigs ran wild in the woods, found their own food, and were shot like wild

animals. A favorite frontier dish was "hog and hominy." Honey and molasses were used for sweetening, for there was still very little sugar. Milk was not as common as it might have been, if cattle had been cared for better, and gravy or bear's oil often took the place of milk on mush. Vegetables were common—corn, beans, melons, pumpkins, peas, and squash, and very early there was also an abundance of such fruits as peaches, apples, plums, and wild grapes. Through the summer and autumn months the settlers ate well, but in the winter they were largely dependent on such staples as flour and salt pork, for they knew little of preserving foods, and the only way in which they could keep fruits or vegetables was by drying them.

Almost any account of the life of Thomas Lincoln contains statements accusing him of being a whiskey dealer or distiller, and of drinking. This might have been said of almost every respectable and ambitious pioneer of his time, but the true significance of such a state of affairs can be understood only when it is remembered that it was a long way to any market from the average Kentucky clearing, and the settlers learned very early that the best way of realizing any financial returns from their corn crops was by converting these into liquor. This could be transported more easily than the corn itself. Corn whiskey was one of the commonest articles of western diet. A truly hospitable cabin had a jug of whiskey and a gourd hanging near the door where the weary traveler might refresh himself. Tobacco was raised very early, and chewing became almost as common as eating.

Nancy Hanks must have worn dresses of linsey-woolsey, a combination of linen and wool. They were no fashion models, for this was a coarse cloth, and made heavy gar-

ments. Clothes on the frontier were more a matter of necessity than of vanity. She may have worn shoes made of leather tanned by one of her male relatives, or moccasins. The probability is that most of the time she went barefoot, like other frontier women, to save shoe leather. If she found a ribbon or a treasured shawl, or some other bit of finery stowed away among her mother's, or an aunt's, possessions, and wanted to see how it became her, she could go down to the spring and look at herself in the clear water, like other frontier lasses. Mirrors were almost unknown. None were listed among the items comprising Richard Berry, Sr.'s, estate, but there were some "ten (sic) plates," which might have been bright enough to reflect her face.

There is no evidence that Nancy ever learned how to write, in spite of the tradition that she taught her husband to do so. The only time she had occasion to sign a public paper, she made her mark. Neither is this proof she could not write, as settlers who could sign their names, often simply made their marks. Abraham, her son, in after years, said she was a "ready" reader—presumably a good reader, and read the Bible to him. It is perfectly possible that she could read and could not write. If she had not known how to do either, she would have still been as well educated as the majority of young settlers. "Reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic" was the usual curriculum, where there was any at all, but that was in few places on the frontier. Education was given only to young children, and to these only at times when they could be spared from the work of making a home in the wilderness, which was generally for a few months in the winter, and, for the youngest ones, a short time in the summer. Even by 1800, when Nancy would probably have thought her school days over, if they ever

existed, since she was then a young woman in her teens, the frontier of Kentucky had only one-room log schoolhouses, without grades, and where children used any book they could get hold of as a text—"blab" schools, where they studied out loud. This was still true in young Abraham's day; his mother lived a generation earlier.

Nancy was to die a young woman, largely because of the exigencies of pioneer life. There were many reasons why early settlers seldom lived to a ripe old age. The frontier was neither a healthful nor a safe place. Men were killed by accidents incidental to claiming the wilderness. Hunting, felling trees, killing Indians, killing game for the table, encounters with such animals as bears or "painters" all took their toll. There were many vicious animals on this frontier. Wildcats, or catamounts, were extremely annoying. These were bold creatures, which would enter a hog pen or even a cabin, and, if hungry, would attack a grown man. Sometimes they stole children from cabins or clearings. Bears were both plentiful and dangerous, and the frontiersman who took a shot at one had better be sure he aimed well, for an angry bear was a formidable enemy. The panther, or "painter," was as treacherous an animal as could be found on the frontier. Then there were 'coon and 'possums—not mean, and a very valuable source of food. Nancy must often have looked from the edge of the clearing into the thick woods and listened for the sounds of those animals her uncles killed, and told such tall tales about. She was, no doubt, warned not to go to play where a "varmint" could molest her.

Children who survived the danger of death at the hands of vicious animals, or unfriendly Indians, or of capture by the latter, were exposed to the diseases which were com-

mon on the frontier. Medical practices were crude and simple. Every family had its own supply of "simples"—herbs and drugs such as calomel, jalap, and cinchona bark, which contained quinine. The early doctors, where such were available, knew little more than a frontier mother, for usually they had learned their trade—it could scarcely be called a profession—from predecessors and through experience, and had little, or no, formal training. Pioneers learned to rely largely on their own knowledge. There is only one instance in the entire life of Nancy Hanks Lincoln when there is any evidence that she called upon a doctor to care for herself or a member of the family. This is a bill tendered for services, probably in connection with the illness of her third child, Thomas, who died as an infant.

Frontier doctors carried their supplies in their saddle bags and traveled on horseback. Usually these supplies consisted of a few simple drugs, roots, herbs, calomel, a lancet, cupping glasses, and a supply of leeches. Blood letting was common, and was done either by cupping or by the use of leeches. It was done in reckless fashion, and was thought especially good for fevers. Calomel was taken in large quantities, and many a frontier woman lost her teeth as a result of the enormous amount of calomel in her system. There were all sorts of superstitions on the frontier regarding health. There were others regarding beauty. Nancy may have often, as she grew into young womanhood, have followed the belief that the early morning dew was good for the complexion, and have slipped outside the door before sun-up to wash her face in it.

6

Sunday Comes Over the Mountain

As Nancy grew older, she must have become interested in the social activities of the frontier, and in its religion. She would have taken an early part in all available forms of recreation, for children accompanied their elders everywhere, and entered into as many phases of frontier life as their ages allowed. They grew up early. Very young girls learned the figures of the dances, for they, as well as aged grandmothers, were in demand in a society where women were always too few in number. It is probable that the dances which Nancy attended were what are known as play-parties; and that the dancers moved to the rhythm of their own singing, rather than to music. She had also to learn the pattern of life in a pioneer household, and to begin very early to do her share of its strenuous and never ceasing work.

At first religion had little opportunity to manifest itself actively on the western frontier, for the pioneers were too busy establishing homes to bother much with a wrathful God. To most frontiersmen Sunday was only the seventh day. In the early years at Louisville a Virginian was scolded for not keeping his store open on Sunday, and asked why it was closed. He answered that it was the Sabbath. But Sunday hadn't come over the mountains yet, he was told. "I brought it with me," was the quiet answer.

By 1800 the spirit of the Lord was making itself manifest on the frontier in a manner that was peculiarly attractive to these southern emigrants. A wave of religious revivals began in Kentucky and poured over the west with an increasing fury. Faced with the unknown wilderness and its discomforts and dangers, the pioneer found it nec-

essary to maintain a strong belief in the importance of the individual. Religion was a vital force in buttressing this faith. Also, while frontier families necessarily lived in isolation, they did not always do so from choice. They were anxious for contact with other families, for an opportunity to exchange news, to make and strengthen friendships, to gossip, to see the new babies which appeared annually in frontier cabins, and to discuss politics and crops. The religious gatherings, particularly the camp-meetings, gave them this opportunity. Furthermore, the frontier badly needed an outlet for its pent-up emotional strains. The religion of the camp-meeting was highly emotional, and must have stirred even very young children, if not to a love of the deity, at least to a fear and an awe.

Nancy must have seen and waited on the circuit riders who came through Kentucky. The circuit rider was a familiar and welcome figure. As a rule he was picturesque, in his straight-breasted waistcoat, high collar, plain necktie, and long hair. Barbers were scarce on the frontier, and long hair was common, for a man could cut it himself, if he had no wife to do it for him. In his saddle bags the rider carried the Bible, a hymn book, and often a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress,* for John Bunyan spoke the colorful language the frontier understood. Sometimes there were other books which the minister loaned to scattered families where there was some individual who could read them aloud.

These circuit riders were "unlarned men," as a rule, and the west preferred them so. It wanted no "Prispatarians" with their restrained sermons. In the cabin homes the circuit riders were doubly welcome. Their arrival meant a neighborhood gathering, to listen to the preaching, and to

get the news. For the preacher brought more than the word of God. He knew the fashions, how to please the women, and the latest inventions, and what was being done by the government, and had little anecdotes to tell of people they knew or knew of. He took the place of the modern newspaper.

No doubt Nancy and Thomas attended many camp meetings. A contemporary of theirs professed to remember having seen them together at one meeting not long before their wedding, and said the Hanks women were great hands at revivals. The meetings were lengthy affairs, lasting from Friday until Tuesday, a long weekend. Nancy may very likely have gone to the famous meeting at Cane Ridge, Kentucky, in August, 1801, which marked the height of the Great Revival, for it is said that between 20,000 and 30,000 settlers did attend this gathering. There was never one so large again, but they continued to be very popular. Nancy was then in early adolescence, and probably was stirred like other girls on the Kentucky frontier by the emotional frenzy which had the whole area in the throes of a religious revival. No doubt she traveled many miles to more than one meeting. Whole families came to these, twenty, thirty, sometimes a hundred miles through the wilderness. They brought tents, food, clothing, cooking utensils, and even furniture, and put up their tents or constructed rude cabins. A large space was cleared, the big meeting tent erected in the middle, smaller ones outside this, and living quarters at the edge of the clearing. Often stores were hastily put up, also, to provide necessary articles. Cooking was done over large fires.

Meetings were held morning, afternoon, and evening. A

space between the platform where the ministers took turns describing the horrors of hell was strewn with loose straw, and here the repentant sinners knelt. The seats were halves of split logs arranged in parallel rows. Pine torches furnished illumination. It was always the dangers of torment these preachers spoke of, never the beauties of heaven, and the crowd of emotionally starved pioneers, seated in the flickering light of the pine torches, with the limitless wilderness crowding in on every side, listened as if hypnotized. Frontier ministers who were successful were good psychologists. They knew how to gain and hold the attention of their audiences. They attacked every pleasure these frontiersmen had—"cyards," horse racing, fighting, drinking, fiddlin', dancing—all of them, and the pioneers sang and shouted, repented and fell to the ground in the "jerks," or had trances or visions, or gave barks like dogs, or emitted the "holy laugh," and made amends for their sins. Then, when the preachers passed on, they took advantage of their scanty opportunities for recreation, and awaited the next camp meeting to repent again. For these were, after all, southern emigrants, and had the love of cards and fighting and drinking and horse racing in their blood. They left a daily consciousness of sin to the Yankees, whom they never understood, and never quite trusted.

Sometimes the whiskey sold on the outskirts of the grounds made trouble. Hangers-on, who did not come for religious reasons, provoked some of those who did into a free-for-all fight. Other undesirable results were obtained from the over-emotionalism of the meeting. Sex was not always sublimated, and sometimes young people confused human and divine love. Not all the experiences an individ-

ual had at a camp meeting were certain to be spiritual, and guards had to be posted to keep young people from wandering from the grounds into the surrounding woods.

Nancy must have heard talk of the Shaker community at Shakertown, settled a year before her marriage, in 1805. The Shakers, or Shaking Quakers, had founded an almost ideal settlement on the frontier. They developed a well-to-do colony during the years she and Thomas were living in their cabin homes in Kentucky. They did not believe in marriage, but aside from this eccentricity, the frontier admired them. They had the virtues it emphasized. They held religion as their chief interest, and it was the period when Kentucky was most deeply interested in religion; next to that, they emphasized work. They believed in the "gift of many tongues," and the frontier always had many elements of the Shaker religion in its own—a certain mysticism, visions and prophecies, communion with the spirit of the departed, power over physical disease, a confession of sin. The sedate singing, dancing, and hand clapping of the Shaker meeting were far more restrained than the emotional reactions of the frontier revival, but they bore a kinship.

Nancy and Tom could have been no strangers to Catholicism. Three years after the birth of young Abraham, a log structure was erected only a few miles from the Lincoln home, near Bardstown, Kentucky, which became the mother house of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. This became a flourishing order. The Lincolns lived for seven years in the community where the Catholic Church first established itself in the middle west. When young Abraham was two, a Trappist Monastery, known as Gethsemane Abbey, was established near the Knob Creek farm. His first

school teacher was a Catholic, and is said to be buried at Gethsemane. Also, Mordecai, the brother of Thomas Lincoln, married into a prominent Catholic family. His son Abraham, eleven years older than the future president, was brought up in that faith.

While Thomas and Nancy were married by a Methodist minister, they were Baptists. The Lincolns had become united with that church in Virginia, where the Linville Creek Baptist Church was built near, if not on, their land. One acre in a corner of the tract of land settled by the pioneer, Abraham Lincoln, in Kentucky, was known as God's acre, and on this was built the Long Run Church. When Thomas and Nancy lived in Elizabethtown, they were near the Severn's Valley Baptist Church, the oldest Baptist organization west of the Alleghenies. On their first farm, they were about a mile from the South Fork Baptist Church—a Separate Baptist Church—where the first baptisms in Kentucky were said to have taken place. They affiliated, however, with another Separate Baptist Church—the Little Mount—nearer their home, which was an anti-slavery church. When the Lincolns moved to Indiana, there was no church in their community, and it was not until after Nancy's death that the Pigeon Church, of which Thomas became an active member, was built. When Nancy Hanks Lincoln died, her name was still on the register of the Little Mount Church in Kentucky.

The religious experiences of the Thomas Lincolns were similar to those of their contemporaries. While there is no evidence that any of the families with which either was associated moved to Kentucky as part of a church migration—as many did—yet religion was a vital factor in their lives.

7

Young Tom Lincoln

The little ten-year-old boy who had seen his father killed by an Indian bullet grew up on the Kentucky frontier. In the years before he reached his majority, he was restless. He had a right to restlessness—it was his heritage, and almost his only one. Tom Lincoln had in him generations of the blood of pioneers. When he finally made his momentous move to Indiana in 1816 it was to be the fifth migration of the direct line of the Lincoln family in America, dating back to June, 1637, when the first Lincoln arrived in the colonies. The migration westward of the Lincolns was paralleled by that of hundreds of other families, for it was typically American, repeated over and over in the building of this country.

The first Lincolns who had come to America had settled at Hingham, Massachusetts. As early as 1638 four "Thomases" had been living there, as well as a Steven and a Samuel. The Thomases had been identified by their occupations—there was a Thomas, the miller; a Thomas, the weaver; Thomas, the cooper; and Thomas, the husbandman. It was Samuel who had become the direct ancestor of young Thomas Lincoln in Kentucky. By the time Abraham Lincoln, his father, had come west to his last frontier, it becomes more difficult to ascertain certain facts about the Lincolns. As has been said, it is not definitely known whether he had one or two wives, and what the last name of Bersheba Lincoln was. The influence of the frontier was already at work in family genealogy. While the Lincolns had lived on successive frontiers, the farther west they traveled, the less important writing down family history became. They were making history those years, although

they could have had no idea of the importance of that history, and of the painful and often fruitless research they were making necessary for historians.

Women were not considered of great importance on the American frontier, and their activities, and, often, their very presences, were not chronicled. Too, as families moved west sometimes the art of writing, or, at least, the habit of writing seemed to disappear for a generation or longer, during which time havoc was played with family trees.

The Lincolns had not been a settled folk. If they had been, they would probably have never come to America. They had come first to Massachusetts, from where Mordecai, born there in 1686, had done a little wandering, for he was married in New Jersey, and died in Pennsylvania. His son John, born in New Jersey in 1716, had married in Pennsylvania, and died in Virginia. Abraham, his eldest son, Thomas's father, born in Pennsylvania, had married in Virginia, and died in Kentucky, massacred by red men. And Thomas himself, born in Virginia, was married in Kentucky, and fated to die in Illinois, on a new frontier. Thomas was no "white trash"; if he was not of true aristocracy, he had in him better blood than many on the Kentucky frontier.

He had been born in the year 1776. When he was only nineteen, he was mustered in as a member of a guard for the Fourth Regiment of Militia. He was living in Washington County in Kentucky at this time, but the next year he went to Hardin County and found employment with Samuel Haycraft, working on a mill-site for three shillings a day. Thomas had only the opportunities of the average frontier boy for an education, which were practically none. His father had not been poor, but his early death and the Eng-

lish order of inheritance had deprived young Tom of any chance at schools or formal education along any line, if such had been available on the frontier. For seven years he worked as a laborer, before he turned to carpentry, and, finally, to farming.

He was not lazy—he did the hardest kind of manual labor, and did it consistently enough to accumulate considerable sums of money, working at low frontier wages. When he worked for Haycraft on the mill race, he did not draw his pay in the form of whiskey or other merchandise between pay-days, as some of the other workers did, but took it in cash. Perhaps he was paid in the type of currency found long after his death in the old Haycraft-Berry account book, bearing this inscription: "This Bill entitles the bearer to receive eight Spanish milled dollars or the value thereof in gold or silver according to a resolution passed by Congress at Philadelphia Sept. 26th., 1778."

He began carpentry work while he was engaged by Samuel Haycraft. He was doing rough carpentry by the time he reached his majority. He had done some roaming those early years—spending a year with his uncle Isaac in Tennessee, and some time with his mother in Washington County, Kentucky. It is possible he had also gone to Missouri to visit relatives. By 1803 he had acquired a piece of property near Elizabethtown, a 240 acre tract of land, where he lived with his mother, and where he began those odd jobs of cabinet-making, and also raised stock. He probably rented this land. At any rate, he managed it, as he is known to have sold produce from it. It is of interest to note that at the time he acquired his first farm he was not married, and, so far as is known, had no plans for marriage.

Thomas Lincoln found it possible to make money in

other ways. In the spring of 1805 he entered into a contract with Denton Geoghegan to get some logs for a mill for the latter. It was an important contract, and Lincoln apparently executed it well, but Geoghegan would not pay him, and he had to go to court to get the money. This was after his marriage to Nancy Hanks, and though the magistrate ordered Geoghegan to pay the amount due and the costs, his employer fought Lincoln for a long while over the matter, trying to get damages against him. It was not until a month after young Abe's birth in 1809 that the suit was finally officially dismissed from the courts. In every hearing Lincoln won the verdict.

In 1806 some merchants named Bleakly and Montgomery, in Elizabethtown, hired Thomas Lincoln to go to New Orleans as a hand on a flatboat. He probably also helped build the boat, for such was customary in this kind of contract. He was paid sixteen pounds for making the trip, and, from some source, at the same time received another thirteen pounds in gold. It may have been in payment for helping build the boat; it is also possible that he took produce of his own to the New Orleans market. At any rate, the trip netted him twenty-nine pounds. This was just before his marriage, and Thomas spent most of the money making preparations for the event.

Lincoln probably constructed the cabin in Elizabethtown to which he brought his bride. It is unlikely that there were any cabins for rent in the village of Elizabethtown at that time. Tradition says that he helped build other cabins in the town, engaging in both the construction and the finishing.

Thomas Lincoln owned land and raised stock, as has been said, on the first piece of property of any size he

bought, the farm near Elizabethtown, but he did not become a farmer until he purchased the South Fork farm in December, 1808. There is no proof for the accusation that he was a poor farmer, or too much of a wanderer, too shiftless, or too careless, to succeed at farming. He was a pioneer, living in a pioneer environment, with the hardships, not only of a farmer's life, but also of a frontiersman's life. He was the product of his particular period in history, and, if he had personal faults, these only accentuated his almost inevitable failure. Day laborer, carpenter, farmer—he turned his hand to whatever work he could find to earn a living, and did this from childhood on. But it was never easy. A shiftless man, an ease-loving man, would have settled in some squatter's cabin, living off the wild animals, eating berries and nuts and wild fruits, accepting whatever kindnesses nature felt inclined to show him. But Thomas Lincoln was no squatter, at any time, and raised stock, and planted corn, paid his debts and built cabins, fought the injustices of old land grants, and sat in church with his brows furrowed over endless disputes about slavery, as did his neighbors, with whom he had common problems and common ambitions.

8

A Frontier Wedding

On June 12, 1806, at Beechland, Washington County, Kentucky, in the community where both had grown up, Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were married. Thomas was twenty-eight at the time; Nancy has been variously described as twenty-one, twenty-two, and twenty-three.

Thomas must have been regarded as somewhat of a "catch" on the frontier. He came of good stock; he had been a soldier and had fought against the Indians; he was a cabinet maker by trade, was the owner of a farm and a home in Elizabethtown. He was no yokel, but had seen something of the world. Besides the trip to New Orleans—and possibly others which have gone unrecorded—he had wandered over Kentucky and into Tennessee, and possibly into Missouri, where Daniel Boone had made his home. These facts indicate that he was a man of integrity and some ambition, and would have been considered eligible as a husband by girls far better off in a financial way than was Nancy Hanks. He must have been somewhat of a dandy, too. He carried considerable credits to his account with the Elizabethtown merchants in the years just before his marriage. In 1805 he bought a hat from an Elizabethtown merchant for which he paid $8.75, a pair of suspenders for $2.19, and other items in keeping with these purchases. From existing records which he signed it is evident he could at least write his name. An old county record in regard to a land sale which he and Nancy both signed arouses a suspicion that he was more literate than is generally supposed. While Nancy merely made her mark, Thomas signed his name, and the writing in the rec-

ord and the "Thomas Lincoln" in it, are identical with the signature.

Young Lincoln is said to have been tall, around five feet, nine inches, weighing some 185 pounds. He had a round face, from which dark hazel eyes looked out from under coarse black hair. He was a slowly moving, quiet individual, who liked time to sit and think, and was, like most frontiersmen, a little independent and resentful of interference. He was not pugnacious, but was known as a good man not to rouse. He could fight if he thought it necessary, and did not shirk his own defense. He was a man a girl could depend on not to show the white feather.

No picture of any sort exists of Nancy Hanks. In later years, mental portraits of her were drawn by various individuals. It is possible these were influenced by vague memories of what she was actually like, or by descriptions they had heard. Tradition tells us, at any rate, that she was dark, with brown hair, gray eyes, strongly marked features, an accented chin and cheekbones. She is said to have been slender, of medium height, quiet, and a little melancholy.

On Monday, June 10, 1806, Thomas Lincoln went with Richard Berry, Jr., Nancy's cousin, to the court house in Springfield, Washington County, Kentucky, to sign the marriage bond, for it was necessary for a young man to go to the clerk of the county where his prospective bride lived and give a bond affirming that there was no legal cause to obstruct the contemplated wedding. Richard signed the bond as "garden" or guardian. The Reverend Jesse Head, a minister of the Methodist faith who had come to Kentucky from Maryland as early as 1797, who lived in the Beechland neighborhood, and must have known both Thomas and Nancy for many years, was in the court house that

day on some business. Tom saw him and made arrangements for the wedding, which occurred two days later—on June 12, 1806. The court adjourned for the wedding day, for many who wished to attend the marriage, and were either relatives or close friends, were listed to serve on juries, or had other court business. Jesse Head, who was a magistrate as well as a minister, had business in the court himself that day. It took a holiday, however, meeting the day before and the day after Nancy's wedding.

On the frontier a wedding was a great event, one of the few which brought an entire neighborhood together. There must have been a large crowd—Hankses and Sparrows and Berrys and Mitchells enough to make a gay assembly. Tom's mother, Bersheba Lincoln, and his brothers, Mordecai and Josiah, with their wives, were probably there, also. No doubt one of the brothers acted as best man; if not, one of the Berrys could have officiated in this capacity. Sarah Mitchell is said to have been the bridesmaid—Sarah Mitchell Thompson, as she had been for six years. Tom's sisters, Mary and (Nancy) Ann were also present, with their husbands. The Lincoln children had married well—a Mudd and a Barlow, a Crume and a Brumfield—and that made many "in-laws" eligible for invitations to the wedding.

The Berry cabin where Nancy and Thomas are supposed to have been married was moved in 1911 from its original location in Beechland in Washington County to a site adjacent to the Pioneer Cemetery at Harrodsburg, Kentucky. On June 12, 1931, a century and a quarter after this famous wedding, the cabin was enshrined in a brick church designed like the old Lulbegrud Church erected in Kentucky in 1799.

The Lincoln wedding must have been much like other

frontier weddings, which were picturesque affairs. On the morning of the wedding day, it was customary for the groom and his attendants to assemble at the home of the groom's father, from where they proceeded to the bride's home. Although Thomas at this time lived in Elizabethtown, and his mother and two married sisters were living in Hardin County, his brothers had established homes in Washington County, and it may have been from one of these that the procession started for Nancy's home in her cousin Richard's cabin.

The bride's house had to be reached by noon, the usual time for the ceremony, which was supposed to take place before dinner. The narrow trails had to be traveled in single, or at the most, double file, and were often obstructed by grape vines tied across the path, or by trees felled, such pranks having been activated by a spirit of high hilarity in the guests. If there were any non-invited neighbors, this may have been done through malice by these. One other ceremony was instigated at a very early period. This was known as a race for the bottle. When the wedding party arrived within a mile or so of the bride's house, two young men were chosen to run for the bottle. The worse the path, the more obstacles to overcome, the greater was the opportunity to show one's horsemanship and courage. The start was announced by an Indian yell, and away over logs, underbrush, hills, and valleys raced the rivals. The bottle of whiskey was always well filled for the occasion, and the first of the two young men to reach the bride's door was presented with it as a prize. He then returned in triumph to the company and distributed its contents.

The vows were said: Jesse Head, as the old record reads, "joined together in the Holy Estate of Matrimony agree-

able to the rules of the M.E.C." Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. Then dinner was served. This was a substantial backwoods feast of beef, pork, fowl, and perhaps venison and bear meat roasted or boiled, with potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables. One of the guests at Nancy's wedding stated that the menu consisted of "bear-meat; venison, wild turkey and ducks; eggs, wild and tame, maple sugar, swung on a string, to bite off for coffee or whiskey; syrup in big gourds, peach and honey; a sheep that the two families barbecued whole over coals of wood burned in a pit; and covered with green boughs to keep the juices in . . "

After dinner dancing began and lasted till the following morning. The figures of the dances were the same everywhere—the three—and—four—handed—reels, or square sets, and jigs. If there was a fiddler, there were always tireless dancers to keep him busy; if these guests danced to music, there were probably fiddlers to "spell" each other. At times the women rested, or the men took time out for drinks, but there was no lull in the fun-making. A great deal of whiskey was consumed at these frontier frolics, all with the best possible of intentions. It helped make one forget the dark woods that stretched on every side, made the blood run a little faster, drove away the fatigue of months of endless toil, gave an added impetus to the spirit of gaiety. Everyone drank, and when historians accuse Tom of doing so, this fact must be remembered. He drank far less than many of his contemporaries; he was no drunkard, but a frontiersman, living according to the code of the society in which he found himself. There were toasts to the newly wedded couple—a very proper one was "Health to the groom, not forgetting myself; and here's to the bride, thumping luck and big children."

Nancy may have blushed herself at this one: if she did not, she no doubt blushed at others which were as crude. But these guests meant no disrespect—children, many of them, and strong ones, were the best luck anyone could wish a frontier couple. It took many hands to turn the wilderness into farms, and these hands were likely to be available only where there were large families. There were few slaves and paid labor was almost unobtainable. A man wanted to work for himself, to take advantage of the great expanse of free land to make a personal fortune, not to work for wages for some other individual.

At nine or ten in the evening a deputation of young women stole away the bride and put her to bed, usually in an upstairs loft reached by a ladder. This done, a group of young men did the same for the groom, depositing him by the side of his bride. The dance went on below, but in the midst of the hilarity the newly married couple was not forgotten. From time to time food and drink—"black betty," the bottle—were taken up the ladder and the bride and groom were made to eat. Bread and beef, pork and cabbage, found their way to the bridal chamber and were consumed.

Since Tom and Nancy did not settle near the Berrys nor his relatives, but went to Elizabethtown to live, their wedding guests had no opportunity to help them build a home, as they would have done had the young couple stayed in the neighborhood where they were married. When the wedding was over, the Lincolns followed the road through the timber to their first home.

9

Life in Elizabethtown

Apparently Thomas Lincoln took his bride to his cabin in Elizabethtown, since two days later—on June 14—he made some purchases in a store there. Elizabethtown lay on the southern slope of Muldrow's Hill and Severn's Valley Creek, a branch of Nolin, which empties into Green River. It had been first settled in the fall and winter of 1780 when Captain Thomas Helm, Colonel Hynes, and Samuel Haycraft had come there and built three forts with block-houses about a mile from each other. At that time these were the only settlements between the Falls of the Ohio and the Green River. These crude forts were later known as stations. They were made in a very simple way. The settlers dug a trench with spades or hoes or some such implements, in which they set split timbers reaching ten or twelve feet above the level, enclosing a space sufficiently large to accomodate five, six, or more buildings, and a block-house with port-holes. One never knew when it might become necessary for the settlers to leave their cabins and band together in some kind of little frontier citadel for protection against Indians, and the block-house served this purpose.

One of the earliest settlers to come to Elizabethtown was Christopher Bush, of Dutch descent (not German, as is generally stated.) Bush reared a large family, one daughter of which—Sarah—was to become Thomas Lincoln's second wife. He was entering land in Kentucky as early as 1781, and over the years received warrants for a considerable acreage. In 1793 Colonel Hynes laid out thirty acres of land as a place to erect public buildings, and called the settlement Elizabethtown for his wife; and the following year

Christopher Bush bought three lots in the town. Thomas Lincoln was thrown often in contact with Bush and his family, and it was with one son, Isaac, that he made the trip to New Orleans in 1806. Tradition says that Thomas and Sarah Bush were sweethearts, and that she refused at this time to marry him, choosing instead one Daniel Johnston. If this is fact, and not merely tradition, she chose most unwisely. There is no evidence they were more than acquaintances, or, at the most, friends. Sarah (or Sally) Bush did marry Daniel Johnston on March 11, 1806, and until his death in the summer of 1816, found herself in most unhappy circumstances. Johnston, according to the public records, was usually without money, and even in debt. When he had the chance to become the jailer in Elizabethtown in 1814, and had to secure bondsmen, the Bush family had so little regard for him that not one came forward to sign the papers. At his death, his widow refused to take upon herself the burden of administering his estate, which no doubt consisted mostly of debts. In the spring of 1818 she bought a piece of land with a cabin on it on the outskirts of Elizabethtown for $25, and settled here with her three children. After the death of Nancy Hanks, Thomas, waiting an interval of a year and two months, and needing a mother for his two children, returned from Indiana to marry her, but first he had to pay some debts, and make arrangements for the wedding. Old Christopher Bush, who had known him for many years, and apparently approved the marriage, signed the bond.

Thomas had become identified with Elizabethtown very early. In 1797 he had worked for Samuel Haycraft on the mill race just outside the limits of the town. He lived in Elizabethtown from 1803 to 1808, and was a respected

and useful citizen. In January, 1803, he was one of a number of guards chosen for a prisoner in the county jail in the town, serving for six days. In October of that year he saw his first jury service. Only free-holders could serve on juries, and Thomas had qualified by buying the Mill Creek farm, his first land, only one month earlier. In the spring of 1804 he was again doing jury service, and also petitioning for the opening of what is now a section of the Dixie Highway. For three months in the spring of 1805 he was a patroller in the northern part of the county. In 1807 he acquired a lot in Elizabethtown, and probably built a cabin on it, but whether he and Nancy lived in this particular house is unknown. The supposition that such a cabin existed is bolstered by the fact that in 1808 Thomas was listed for the taxation of two lots in Elizabethtown, paying taxes on an assessed valuation of $40, indicating that there must have been a structure on one of them.

At that time hewed log cabins were replacing round log ones, and had certain luxurious touches, such as shingled roofs fastened with poplar pegs, plank floors, and windows with glass, or at least with greased paper. If it was in such a home that the Lincolns lived in Elizabethtown, it was undoubtedly the most comfortable one they were to possess, for their other cabins were located on isolated farms, and were typical pioneer dwellings. The house in which tradition says Nancy and Thomas lived was within the town limits, since it was subject to taxation; and, as a carpenter, Thomas had probably constructed the best home he could afford. Where it was located, and even the site of his lots, is still to be determined.

At the time of his marriage, Elizabethtown was the county seat of Hardin County, and was already able to

supply not only necessities, but even items which could be considered luxuries. Bleakley and Montgomery ran a store which was well stocked, and two days after his wedding, Thomas had one-half set of knives and forks for five shillings and three skeins of silk for three pence charged to his credit. There were other stores in Elizabethtown, also, but the day book of Bleakly and Montgomery for 1806 probably lists all of the things available at any of these. Already readymade articles could be purchased; subscriptions for newspapers could be placed; a wide variety of household articles, cloth, medicines, and groceries could be bought. It is not likely that Thomas and Nancy were able to afford more than necessities, but it is obvious that during their stay in Elizabethtown they were farther from the frontier than at any other period in their marriage.

On February 10, 1807 the first child of the Lincolns—a girl named Sarah, who has been mistakenly called Nancy—was born. It has been said that she was named Nancy by her parents, and later called Sarah after her father had married for the second time, after Sarah Bush Johnston. But she was named Sarah by her father and mother, and always bore this name. During the months preceding little Sarah's birth Nancy was no doubt worried by the lawsuit Tom was waging with Geoghegan, trying to collect the money due him for hewing logs for a mill. While the suit dragged on, he was doing his duty as a citizen—serving on juries, and also trying to earn a living as a carpenter. This was not easy in an area only slightly removed from the frontier period, where money was always scarce, and where men hired as little work done as possible.

In 1808 Thomas bought the second lot he owned in Elizabethtown, and also three hundred acres of land on the

South Fork of Nolin Creek, where he first attempted to earn a living as a farmer. He and Nancy moved to the farm, but he continued to be associated with Elizabethtown, doing certain services for the court, and going to the county seat on business.

Tom had to find time from farming to serve as road surveyor for the county. Certain men were appointed to help him keep the road in repair, but the real responsibility was his, and there was a penalty for failure to keep a road open. Every able-bodied pioneer had to help work the roads, unless he could obtain a court order releasing him from such a duty. The road to which Tom was assigned was a part of the Old Cumberland Road leading to the Cumberland River country, between what was known as the "Bigg" Hill and the Rolling Fork River. Tom believed in good roads, and probably undertook his responsibility gladly, since he was always a petitioner when there was any paper circulated in his community for a new road.

10

The Birth Of Abraham Lincoln

On December 12, 1808, Thomas Lincoln had bought three hundred acres of land on the South Fork of Nolin Creek from Isaac Bush, and had moved there with Nancy and little Sarah. This farm was in that part of Hardin County, Kentucky, which later became La Rue County. It was three miles south of Hodgen's Mill, around which the town of Hodgenville was later to develop. It is probable that there was already a cabin on the land, standing near a spring called Sinking Spring, facing west on the Old Cumberland Road, which ran between Louisville and Nashville. This cabin was the usual size of a log house in those days, some eighteen by sixteen feet.

Hodgen's Mill had been erected by Robert Hodgen in 1789 and lay a half mile below the confluence of the three branches of Nolin River. Besides operating the mill and farming, Hodgen conducted an ordinary or tavern, where many famous people passing through that western country were entertained. There were a number of mills in the neighborhood of the three Lincoln farm homes in Kentucky. Probably Thomas and Nancy never lived more than three miles from a mill while they were in this state. Mills were important, and many early settlements grew up around them, while pioneers fortunate enough to have mill sites on their land jealously guarded their rights to these. Hodgen's Mill, lying three miles from the South Fork farm, and eight from the later home on Knob Creek, was not the closest one to either of the Lincoln cabins, but Tom probably went there often with his corn.

When Nancy knew they were to live on Nolin Creek, and asked about the name, Tom may have told her the

old story he had heard when first he came to Hardin County to live. About a mile above Hodgen's Mill, it seemed, on the south side of the creek, there was a knoll which was a sort of natural curiosity. It was about thirty feet above the level of the creek and contained some two acres of ground, with an almost level top. In early days Benjamin Lynn and some other pioneers had camped on the knoll. In a hunting excursion, soon after the camp was established, Lynn was lost, and when the rest of the company returned and did not see him, one of them said, "Here is the Nole (knoll) but No Lynn!" After that the creek which ran near the knoll was called Nolin. Nancy had heard many such stories, for all over the country were places which had been named because of some connection with early settlement. It was a pretty enough name—Nolin Creek. She no doubt hoped the farm would be pretty, too, but she was to be disappointed.

The Sinking Spring farm, as it was called, was a discouraging piece of land, with its yellow and red clay, stony soil, thick underbrush, and land known as "barrens." Sometimes it was called the Rock Spring farm because at the foot of one of its sloping hills the rocks curved inward, making a sort of cave or ledge beneath which people could stand, and in the center was a never-ending flow of clear, cool water. It was a fairy-like place, with moss over the rocky sides, and with its greens and grays merging into each other. Nancy, in the brief intervals when she was free from her endless chores, could come with little Sarah and sit in the coolness of its shade, knitting or sewing to keep her hands busy while the child played. The spring was the only attractive thing about the farm.

Nancy may have dreamed of the new baby that was on

its way. The Lincolns had bought this farm in the late winter of 1808, but whether they moved to it at once or not is uncertain. They were there very early in the year 1809, however, and the cabin and barren land were to have their just claim to immortal fame, for they were to become the birthplace of young Abraham Lincoln.

Nancy was probably very happy those months before her son's birth. She must have felt that they were getting along well, for they had a good deal of land and a fine little daughter. Dr. Christopher Columbus Graham, a frontier physician, who had been present at the wedding of the Lincolns, and sometimes visited in their home, found it comfortable, for there were milk and butter to make the food palatable, and a good feather bed on which he slept while the Lincolns "shook down" on the floor, following the laws of true pioneer hospitality. Thomas was a respected citizen of the community, and was shown to be so by the many ways in which he was asked to perform the duties of a citizen. They had money—enough to make substantial payments on land, and even to lend to those who were less fortunate when these were in need.

The birth of little Abraham came on a Sunday—February 12, 1809. It was a Kentucky winter's day, apparently not excessively cold, as on Monday, the next day, the county court in Hardin County met, many travelers were on the road, and there was no postponements of cases because of inclement weather. Who attended Nancy is not known, and she probably had no professional medical help, either that of a doctor or of a "granny woman." Dennis Hanks later claimed that he was the first person outside the immediate family to see the new baby, but his statements

concerning the event were made more than a half century later, and were so confusing as to be unreliable.

One thing that Dennis, who had been only nine at the time, said was most certainly true: Nancy got little "nuss'n" at the time. Babies were more or less routine affairs, and in almost every cabin there was one born each year, or, at the most, every two years. Birth was so common that, although the mortality rate was very high for both mothers and infants, it was not considered particularly dangerous, nor anything to make a fuss over. Granny women took the place of doctors, and, if even these experienced midwives were unavailable, neighbors—or members of the family—did the best they could.

The Lincolns lived a little over two years on this "birthplace farm." It was part of an original land grant of 60,000 acres which had been divided and sub-divided until it had fallen into the hands of Richard Mather. The part of the grant which Mather possessed consisted of an 8000 acre tract. He had sold a 300 acre tract to David Vance, and a document in the Hardin County (Kentucky) Circuit Court records shows how it eventually came into the hands of Thomas Lincoln. From Vance the land had passed to Isaac Bush, and then had been bought by Lincoln. While here Thomas had farmed, hunted, and had done carpentry work for other settlers. He had paid cash for his land, but it was not long before he learned that he had been deceived about the prior claim of the original owner. The obligation was larger than had been represented, and the holder of the title wanted money instead of merchandise, as had been agreed. The property fell into litigation, and Lincoln lost the farm. The court ordered that Thomas should re-

ceive back the $200 he had paid Isaac Bush, but when he left Kentucky he had still not been paid the money, and had also spent a considerable sum in defending the suit. In the meantime he had bought a farm in the rich bottom land along Knob Creek, and to this he took his family in 1811.

In 1837 the court ordered the land surveyed, and the terms in which the survey was made were typical of frontier descriptions. The use of certain trees to indicate boundaries, and the destruction of these trees, was one of the reasons why pioneer settlements had so many disputes concerning land titles. The survey read:

> "Beginning at a large white oak 13 poles above the sinking or rock spring, running thence to a North 9½ degrees West 155 poles to a stake in John Taylor's field, thence South 89½ degrees East 155 poles to a forked black jack, thence South 9½ degrees East 310 poles to a black jack, thence North 89½ degrees West 155 poles to the beginning."

The "large white oak" still stands. As early at 1805 it had been marked as the beginning of the 300 acre tract which David Vance had bought from Richard Mather. It was the beginning corner of four other farm surveys, and bore the initials "D.V." Marking, or initialing, trees was another source of confusion in proving land titles.

II

The Knob Creek Farm

The farm homes of the Lincolns in Kentucky lay in the knob country. South of Elizabethtown the road wound between the knobs, lumpy outcroppings, some of which were denuded of everything except grass, others with small patches of timber near their crowns. In the summer the little clearings made a kind of patchwork on their sides, the light green of the tall cornstalks blending with the darker green of tiny tobacco patches, and the mottled grass and rough fields forming large irregular patches encircling them. The Sinking Spring farm had been very poor soil, but that on the new farm was rich. The knobs rose to the height of small mountains, and sloped steeply to the creekbed, towering over the cornfields and the little cabins. It was a beautiful country.

Knob Creek was a little stream flowing into the Rolling Fork River, and the new cabin was located on the slope of a hill. The farm was composed of three fields. It lay in a valley, and all about it rose high hills, and in these were cut deep gorges. When a heavy rain fell, the water would come rushing down the hills through these gorges, and spread over the little farm. Thomas sometimes got boys in the neighborhood to help plant corn in the largest of the three fields, which contained about seven acres. While they did this, little Abraham came in their wake and dropped pumpkin seed. One summer when the corn and pumpkin seed had all been planted, a big rain fell in the hills. Nancy could see it from the cabin door—a faint silver sheet far away. Not a drop fell in the valley, and she knew how lucky that was, with the seeds just in. Then she saw it coming—that minature river system of many little tribu-

taries, rushing down the gorges, and out over the farm, washing soil, corn and pumpkin seeds before it. All the work gone for nothing, all the seed lost.

That was frontier life, farm life. But there was a strong sense of foreordination in frontier religion. The pioneer deeply believed that what would be would be, and probably Nancy only felt a passing sense of resentment against the forces of nature as she saw the seed washed away. It must all be done again—the planting—and the seed must somehow be found. Life in the cabin was a matter of routine, with daily chores and seasonal occupations, and whether these were done once, or repeated, made little difference in the monotonous round of days.

Abraham Lincoln's earliest recollections were of the Knob Creek farm. Here he lived from two to seven years of age—from May, 1811, to November, 1816. He remembered especially two things about it—a big tree and a stone house. The "great tree somewhere on Nolin River" was probably the same one Dennis Hanks inquired about after Lincoln's death: "Is the old Lunderner poplar a-standing yet?" It stood near an old mill site on one of the branches of the Nolin. The stone house would have attracted any small boy—and even his elders—and would have been remembered by all who saw it in that day of log houses. If Indians should ever decide to take the warpath again, the stone house would make an excellent blockade. The days of Indian raids seemed long past, and yet the frontier was restless until the War of 1812 definitely removed the old menace.

Soon after the Lincolns came to Knob Creek, Nancy bore her third child, a son named Thomas for his father. He was some two or three years younger than Abraham, and lived only long enough to receive a name. He was buried some-

where in the Knob Creek neighborhood, perhaps at the Little Mount Cemetery, for settlers in this area were burying their dead here as early as 1810. Some years ago a stone was unearthed in a private burying ground in the community where Thomas then lived, which bore the inscription, "T.L.", and may have marked the grave of the Lincoln's youngest child, but there is no proof that it did so.

The Lincoln cabin stood on the Louisville and Nashville road—the Old Cumberland Road. Covered wagons went by with settlers moving south and west, or north to Indiana and Ohio, and congressmen and members of the legislature passed, on their way, often, to or from the home of Henry Clay at Ashland. Christopher Columbus Graham, the doctor, who had known Thomas and Nancy now for a long time, came to the Knob Creek house. He was becoming much interested in the plant and animal life of the state, and was writing books about it. He showed them the stones, leaves, snakeskins, he had in his bag, and was carrying back to Louisville where he could study and classify them, and write down all the things he had learned. They talked about John James Audubon, whom the Lincolns had known briefly in Elizabethtown, and who showed great promise in his knowledge of birds, and might some day, they agreed, even write a book about them.

Sometimes a peddler came by, although not as often as they had when Nancy was a young girl, living with the Berrys. After 1790 these had poured down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh in search of backwoods customers. They were mostly Yankees, and were as interesting and fascinating to Kentuckians as rattlesnakes. It was believed that it was practically impossible to get the better of them in a trade, but the Kentuckians, who never shied at a horserace,

or a card game, or any other form of gambling, liked to try it. They thought there was something almost morally wrong about such shrewdness in trade as these Yankees possessed, and hated them more than ever when the War of 1812 drew on, and they found out how the New Englanders really felt about it. But their women folks welcomed the peddlers, who came through the woods afoot, or on horseback, packs on back, with the universal greeting, "Hallo the house!" They were sure of a welcome, and a profit, as well.

Each peddler followed the traditional procedure. He peeled off the coverings protecting his precious goods, undid the straps with maddening care and slowness, and made ready to show his wares. But all the while his tongue was busy, cajoling the blackbrowed settler, spurring on the ready interest of the wife and daughters, telling them all the news he had gathered in many miles of tramping, watching the spark of curiosity come to life and flicker in the eyes of the father. He served as a newspaper, and knew that opposition would not endure long. The moment came when he had opened the last strap, removed the final cover. It was one of the happiest moments in the lives of many pioneer women. If they could not buy, they could always look and dream. There were gaudy cloths, calicoes, linens, silks, pins and needles, spices, hats, clocks, buttons and buckles of brass instead of the usual pewter, pans, shiny jewelry, glistening knives and razors, loudly ticking watches. Even the father lost his surliness and leaned forward to see. On the road every traveler had to answer whether or not he was a peddler. If he carried plunder, he was a traveler; if goods, a peddler.

Now an occasional passing peddler served mostly to take Nancy back to those earlier days, when these men had been

traveling stores, and a great boon to the backwoods settlements. But when villages began to develop and to grow into little towns, their usefulness was largely over. Goods were brought down the Ohio in flatboats, or over the Wilderness Road by packhorse, or, later, in wagons, for real stores, and women could make an occasional trip to such towns as Elizabethtown to buy what few articles could not be made at home. Peddlers did not care to compete with these frontier stores, and went on, to the very limit of settlement.

Nancy had help now in the house. Sarah was old enough to do many things, and as soon as little Abraham could run errands, or hold a pine-knot at night to light his father at a task, he was put to work. He filled the woodbox, cleaned the ashes from the fireplace, hoed weeds from the corn patch, and helped his mother and sister pick grapes or berries. Sometimes he went alone into the woods and came back with walnuts and hazel and hickory nuts. When autumn came, he hulled walnuts and stained his hands so black they stayed that way half the winter.

In 1816 Thomas was made road surveyor, adding new proof to his status as a dependable citizen. The Knob Creek farm was fulfilling all the dreams the Lincolns had ever had about it. It was very fertile, and a hundred years or more later would still be producing bumper crops of corn, clover, and alfalfa. Thomas grew good crops. When he migrated to Indiana, he left behind a considerable amount of corn stored in a neighbor's loft.

He made whiskey and used it in payment of his accounts, as his neighbors did. He had horses on his farm. He had always had a horse or two, and was probably interested in the breeding of good stock, for in 1815, the year before he

left Kentucky, the tax lists showed he had four horses, one of them a stallion.

He spent little time hunting. Already, at that early date, civilization was driving out the wild game. It was safe for Sarah and Abraham to play outside the clearing, as it had not been for their parents when they were children. Thomas had learned, as did every pioneer boy, to set traps for animals bothering his stock, and to shoot straight and true, and no doubt had occasion to kill game, and also to go into the woods in search of it, but there is no evidence to support the traditional claim that he spent days in the wilderness, away from his home, neglecting his farm and his family. Simple as life still was, that period in frontier history had bypassed the Knob Creek area.

The children went to school a little while the Lincolns lived at Knob Creek. The schoolhouse they attended stood at the fork of what were then known as the Cumberland and Pottinger's Creek Roads. Near the site of this schoolhouse stands today a frame building—the Athertonville school—which serves the same Knob Creek community. The records of Hardin County not only locate the old school, but also show that there was a building on this spot as early as 1800. The kind of school which the Lincoln children attended may be best described by another county record—a contract between Edmund C. Tabb and eleven subscribers, drawn up in 1817, shortly after the Lincoln family had left for Indiana. Part of the record reads:

> "I the Said Tabb doth agree to Teach Children Reading Writing and arrithmetic (sic) for the Sum of four dollars for each Subscribed Schollar (sic) for the Space of Six months The Teacher is to Have a Comfortable house answerable for the Business the Teacher is to

have his boarding with the Schollars further I the Said Tabb Reserve Every Satturday (sic) in Each Week for himself the School to commence N.B. (April 15, 1817) and to teach good Rules and Due hours."

Abraham and Sarah's first teachers were two men, Zachariah Riney and Caleb Hazel, one of whom lived on the farm next to the Lincolns, and the other on the Pottinger's Creek Road. Neither were itinerants, as were so many western teachers.

Riney was a Catholic, a mature man of some forty-five years when he taught the Knob Creek school. He lived on a farm which he had bought from Joseph Hanks, Sr., Nancy Lincoln's grandfather, on Rolling Fork near the mouth of Knob Creek and Pottinger's Creek. Riney had come to this community from Washington County, where he had known Thomas Lincoln. He was more than schoolmaster to the Lincolns—he was also an old friend. He had been educated in Maryland, and was said to be a good scribe. It is possible that the Lincoln children were not under his instruction for more than two months, as in later life Abraham Lincoln stated that in all, "his schooling did not amount to one year." He went to five schools in the time in which he lived in Kentucky and Indiana, and two months, in that period, would not have been an unusually short term. There was a court ruling that a child bound out to a guardian should have "one year's schooling in the English language," consequently the Lincoln children received no more nor less than the average frontier child.

Hazel was a typical pioneer. He was living on Knob Creek as early as December, 1789. In 1793 he was indicted for retailing liquor without a license, and in 1797 he was granted a license to keep an ordinary at his home on Knob

Creek. Ordinaries were necessary on the western roads, and for the protection of emigrants, the county fixed the prices of the commodities available in them. A year later Hazel rented his ordinary. Then he bought some land in Green County, lived there for a while, and moved back to the Knob Creek community sometime before 1812. He, like Riney, was a close friend of the Lincolns. Thomas signed his marriage bond when Hazel married his second wife in 1816, shortly before the Lincolns left for Indiana. Hazel, who had been educated in Virginia, was a man of, probably, some fifty-five years when the Lincoln children went to school to him.

Only one thing worried Thomas very much while they lived at the Knob Creek farm. Sometimes he came home from Hodgen's Mill, where he had taken his corn to be ground, or from Elizabethtown, where he had gone to pay his taxes, very quiet. He would be silent a long time, but Nancy knew what troubled him. It was always the same old thing—the thing men talked about wherever they came together—the old fear that gnawed at a body's content with the rich soil and bountiful crops. Land titles—there was no peace nor relief in Kentucky from the nightmare that in some way, if a man managed to pay for and clear his acres, someone else might not turn up with a better claim to them, or so the courts would allow. It hardly seemed worth while to work so hard, with such insecurity. And while Nancy comforted and reassured him, she knew how right he was. A life of drudgery, such as the frontier demanded, such as they and their neighbors led, was a good life only if it meant plenty at the end—a farm of one's own, a home wherein safety and security might dwell, a heritage for one's children, but to work for what might be only a dream

was another thing. Many Kentuckians had done so. Daniel Boone himself had lost his land and left the state, and others had been forced from their "improvements" — the cabins they had built in the wilderness. Virginia had been too busy with the Revolution when Kentucky was being settled to take thought of adequate land laws. How could a man ever be sure he had the right kind of papers?

This bothered Nancy and Thomas more than the increasing number of Negroes coming into Hardin County. They could get along with slaves and slave-owners if they had to, but nothing could save them if their papers for the land they had bought were wrong. Every time Thomas talked with other settlers who were afraid, he thought again of Indiana, across the Ohio River, which was fast approaching the time when it would be admitted into the union as a free state. That meant there would be no slavery. But, even more important, they said there was rich black land in that state, with more bushels of corn to the acre than even "ol' Kaintuck" could raise, government land with clear titles, and always the right kind of papers!

12

Black Land and Black Men

Before Kentucky was to come of age, it would know many troubles. In the early days there had been incessant Indian raids, and it had gained the name of "the dark and bloody ground." But its broad acres were too promising to be lost through fear of death or capture at the hands of red men. Moses Austin, coming west in 1796, described the settlers along the Wilderness Trail:

> "Ask these Pilgrims what they expect when they git to Kentuckey the Answer is Land. have you any. No, but I expect I can git it. have you any thing to pay for land, No. did you Ever see the Country. No but Every Body says its good land. can any thing be more Absurd than the Conduct of man, here is hundreds Travelling hundreds of Miles, they Know not for what Nor Whither, except its to Kentuckey, passing land almost as good and easy obtained, the Proprietors of which would gladly give on any terms, but it will not do its not Kentuckey its not the Promis.d land its not the goodly inheratence the Land of Milk and Honey . . "

When the Indians were vanquished or exiled, and capture and death had become only tales to be told around the fireside in the evening, other troubles came to the Kentucky frontier. The most serious of these were faulty land titles and slavery. Families were to lose their economic independence, to become straws on the wind, harried here and there by the ever-present land troubles of succeeding frontiers. Others who managed to keep their land were split into warring camps within individual households because of differing views concerning the holding of men in bondage.

The three Kentucky homes of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln were located within a radius of fifteen miles, and there was probably no other community in the nation where, for the first four decades of the life of this new country, such bitter controversy was waged over the question of slavery. The church was torn by the dispute, and since the Lincolns were church-goers, they no doubt often longed for a more peaceful life in a neighborhood where there was more homogeneity. They had no slaves themselves, although Nancy had lived in a slave-owning home—that of Richard Berry, Sr.—and her cousins, the younger Berrys, held slaves. Neither Thomas nor Nancy had faced the evils of the problem of slavery. They were probably decidedly anti-slavery in sentiment, since they joined an anti-slavery church, and were of the non-slave-holding class of Kentuckians.

The Lincolns had been married by a Methodist minister, but they were Baptists. This was the most active religious body on the Kentucky frontier in the early years. Thomas's father had died in 1786, and at that time there were already twenty-five Baptist preachers in the frontier field. There were also clergymen of other faiths here and there. The Lincolns must, for example, have known the famous Peter Cartwright, since he preached for a while in Washington County in 1805. He, like Jesse Head, was a Methodist.

It was with the very active Baptist church, however, that the Lincolns identified themselves. Five out of the six first Baptist preachers who came to Kentucky located in Hardin County in the same communities where the Thomas Lincolns established their various cabin homes. Two of these, Barrett and Taylor, organized the church

at Elizabethtown, where Thomas and Nancy came immediately after their marriage. Joseph Hanks, the grandfather of Nancy, had bought his Kentucky land from one of these men—Joseph Barrett.

In June, 1787, Joshua Carman came to preach at the Elizabethtown church, and the slavery controversy was begun, for he was ardently anti-slavery. The next year he organized the Rolling Fork Church, not many miles from young Abraham's birthplace. Both slaves and their masters attended these frontier churches, and since slaves were not extended full privileges, Carman was probably led into an even deeper antipathy toward human bondage. He became a fanatic on the subject of slavery, and finally induced the Rolling Fork Church to withdraw from the association and to break all relationships with slave holders. In 1789 he persuaded the church to put this question to the association: "Is it lawful in the sight of God for a member of a Christian church to keep his fellow creatures in perpetual slavery?" But he was premature, and warily the answer was returned that "the association judges it improper to enter into so important a question at this time." But it had admitted that slavery had become not only an important problem, but to be treated with caution; and Carman must have felt that he had scored heavily.

Carman and the man who followed him in the pulpit at Elizabethtown—Josiah Dodge—were said to be the first preachers to separate from the Baptists on account of slavery. This community in which Nancy and Thomas lived was the stamping ground of the first Emancipation preachers in the west, and in it the question of wrong or right regarding slavery was first put to wilderness congregations. Here was organized the first Emancipation

church, and here the church for the first time announced that it held no fellowship with slave holders. These ministers who opposed slavery called themselves "Friends of Humanity," while they were known in the records of the times as Emancipators.

In 1792 Dodge was preaching to four congregations—those of the Rolling Fork, North Fork or Nolin, Lick Creek, and Elizabethtown churches. Feeling had progressed beyond rebuke or caution, and when, in 1796, the question, "Is slavery oppression or not?" was put to the Elizabethtown church, the answer "was in the affirmative. It was oppression." The next month the question of fellowship with slave holders was answered to the satisfaction of Dodge—such could not exist.

The long period of unrest which characterized those early years when many non-slaveholding families were pouring into Kentucky over the Wilderness Trail came to a climax about the time that young Abraham Lincoln was born. In June, 1806, when Thomas and Nancy Lincoln first came into the community to live, a slave named Davis was excluded from the church for running away from his master. But two months later the anti-slavery members of the congregation scored when they summoned certain men to answer to the charge that they had tied up a man (presumably a slave) and whipped him. These acknowledged the report to be true, and two years later the dissension had become so vehement that fifteen members left the church because of slavery. Apparently the congregation was broken up over the question, since the records show no further meetings for two more years. The members who left the church in 1808 joined other anti-slavery advocates, and formed the Little Mount Church

some three miles from the Sinking Spring farm where Abraham Lincoln was born. Nancy and Thomas affiliated with this group, although they had gone to live at some distance.

Although there were no Negroes in her home, Nancy Lincoln must often have come in contact with slaves. After she and Thomas left Elizabethtown and lived on farms, both of their cabins were on the Old Cumberland Road leading from Louisville to Nashville, Tennessee. She could sit outside the door and watch slaves raised in Kentucky being driven to the cotton markets. Often she must have likened them to cattle being herded along, for she saw these, too, pass on the highway, and there seemed little difference. There were more than a thousand slaves listed in Hardin County for taxation in 1811, an average of at least two slaves for each family. Many families, like the Lincolns, had none, but some had many. For instance, one slave holder listed fifty-eight for taxation in 1813. Some were treated kindly, as old Nan and her daughter no doubt were in the Berry home, and their services were recognized as almost invaluable, for it took many hands to maintain any standards on the frontier, and the domestic slavery of northern Kentucky was considered by many to be justified. But there were homes where slavery hung like a cloud over the family, where whippings and severe punishments and sale for profit caused preachers like the eloquent William Downs of the Little Mount Church to harangue for hours against such an institution.

A land where there was no such problem would be a sweet land. Nancy and Thomas must often have talked of such a place. There must have been one other score against slavery in Nancy's mind. This was the rapid increase in dis-

tinctions between slave holder and non-slaveholder, which was inevitably creating social inequality. Some time later the circuit rider, Peter Cartwright, was to say that one reason he left Kentucky was because his daughters were growing up, and he was thinking of their future. They could not hope to marry into the wealthier slaveholding families, even if that had been desirable. It was better for girls like his to live in a free territory, where there was more social equality. No doubt Nancy thought of little Sarah's future, as mothers always have. She wanted for the child a happy, secure life, happier and more secure, perhaps, than her own had been, for in spite of the kindnesses of relatives, something fostered in Nancy Hanks Lincoln a sadness.

The thing that finally drove the Lincolns from Kentucky was not slavery, however, but land titles. Very early large portions of Kentucky land had been obtained under Virginia land warrants in the names of prominent Americans. Most of these neither settled nor assigned their lands, which were taken up in small tracts by pioneers coming into the country and looking for homes, so that certain areas came to be claimed by several individuals. Sometimes a pioneer would even buy his land more than once in an effort to obtain a clear title, while many, in despair of ever feeling any security, left Kentucky for territories where land had been government surveyed, and was free and clear of dispute. Inadequate land regulations made trouble everywhere on the American frontier, but probably in no other place was it as acute as in early Kentucky.

Between the years 1803 and 1816 Thomas Lincoln owned three farms in Kentucky. He sold the first, lost the second because of a misunderstanding, and was ejected from the third when the heirs of Thomas Middleton claimed the land.

This was the farm on Knob Creek, and nine other neighboring farmers who had bought parts of the Middleton tract lost their property at the same time. They decided to make the Lincoln suit a test case, and failing, in the months that followed, to get a settlement, Nancy and Thomas, with little Abraham and Sarah, left Kentucky for a land free from disputed titles and human bondage—Indiana.

13

The Migration to Indiana

In 1811 and 1812 a succession of earthquakes was experienced in the Mississippi Valley which made western settlers apprehensive. The first one at Louisville occurred in December, 1811. For months many houses in that town had a key suspended over the mantelpiece, with a Bible beneath the key. By the movements of the key, the inhabitants of the house could determine approximately the danger they were in whenever there was a fresh quake. Some pioneers took these earthquakes for what they were—a manifestation of nature; others thought them surely a sign of God's anger, and a call to repentance. With the superstition of the frontier, there were those who thought the quakes had some relation to the general unrest sweeping the country, which later culminated in the War of 1812. Were they signals? Perhaps, for they knew God spoke in many ways.

The Kentuckians were eager for the war. They believed that if Canada could be captured, and the United States would expand northward, the old Indian troubles that had harassed the valley so long would automatically be ended. Kentuckians had a hereditary fear and hatred of the red men, and the "War Hawks" played upon these factors to good advantage. When news came that the war had at last begun, crowds thronged the streets of Kentucky towns; and Senator John Pope of that state, who had opposed and delayed the war bill, was burned in effigy. The war was a life and death struggle in the west. In frontier cabins women were busy with the spinning wheel and the loom, in order to provide the militia with clothing.

When war came, Thomas Lincoln stayed at home. He had

a wife and two children, and land to look after. He and Nancy must often have discussed the fighting going on across the Ohio. Neighbors and friends, and, no doubt, relatives, must have been among those forces which, under Green Clay or Governor Shelby, fought bravely and successfully against the enemy. Life remained peaceful enough in the Lincoln neighborhood. Long after, Abraham, then a very small boy, when asked what he remembered of the war, answered that he could recollect only one incident. He had been fishing, and was walking home carrying a fish he had caught. He met a soldier, and gave the fish to him, "for," said Abraham, "I had been told we must always be kind to the soldiers."

It may well have been during these years, when settlers in the northwest were leaving their homes, and fleeing before the Indians, that the Lincolns gained an added interest in Indiana as a possible home. They must have heard directly from pioneers who had lived there of the rich land, and of clear titles, and the absence of slavery. For while there were Negroes in Indiana, these were either free, or the property of southerners who had taken them there from other states, and were allowed to retain their property unmolested. No man could buy or sell a black soul there, and white settlers who owned no human property felt a new sense of personal integrity.

In the spring of 1814 Nancy had something besides the war and the possibility of losing their land to think about. The "cold plague" was raging with great fatality in many sections of Kentucky. Doctors found it something new, and did not know how to combat it. The plague began with a chilly sensation, and then the patient lost all sense of warmth, and literally appeared to freeze to death. Fortu-

nately, the epidemic ended with none of the Lincolns having had the disease.

It was with relief that the west heard, in 1815, that peace had been concluded, and the war ended. New lands across the Ohio were opened up rapidly, and the conditions of purchase were so easy that any man of ordinary industry and integrity could meet them. The Lincolns made their final decision to move to Indiana.

Nancy could not have been altogether happy about the proposed removal. It was on the women that emigration always bore the heaviest. It was they, on every frontier, who worked beyond their strength providing the necessities of life for the families, who bore children unceasingly without adequate medical advice or aid, who were required to make of their cramped quarters an ordinary for any passing stranger, who suffered greatly from homesickness, not only for friends and relatives, but for the comforts of an older civilization. Nancy had had what today seems a meager enough existence in Kentucky, but that in Indiana, new frontier as it was, was certain to be even more primitive. There were relatives already there, but homes were far apart, and there would be little time or opportunity for visiting. Too, she was leaving behind, in Kentucky soil, the grave of her third child, and it was not likely she would ever return to visit it.

The Lincolns left Kentucky sometime late in 1816, probably between the middle of November and the twentieth of December. Tradition says Thomas sold his farm for whiskey, but the truth is he was ejected from it because of a faulty title, and hence could not have sold it at all. The story told so often of the Lincoln migration north says that he made a preliminary trip to locate land, and on that trip built a raft

and floated his whiskey and carpenter's tools and some household articles across the Ohio. In crossing the river the raft was upset, and everything on it went to the bottom. However, Tom managed to recover his tools and most of the whiskey, and continued his trip. He left his possessions with a settler on the Indiana side, and went inland to locate a piece of land. Returning, he brought his family across the Ohio, borrowed a wagon and horses from the settler with whom he had left his things, took them inland, and then returned his means of transportation to the owner. Then he threw up a half-faced camp, in which the family spent some miserable months, leaving it for a half-finished cabin when the Sparrows arrived. But there is no evidence for the tale. Thomas had four horses, and no doubt was able to transport his family and possessions without any help. Also, he probably only made one trip, when he and Nancy and the children went to Indiana as a group.

The story of Thomas Lincoln moving his worldly goods by flatboat to Indiana, and losing most of these in the waters of the Ohio, may have originated in confusion with an earlier incident. According to Dr. Christopher Columbus Graham, Lincoln, like other frontiersmen, had become enthusiastic about the chance of making a fortune by taking the produce of his farm downriver to New Orleans by flatboat. New Orleans was then the great market of the Mississippi Valley, and to reach it from the farms of early Kentucky was a long and dangerous journey, since first the Ohio, and then the Mississippi, had to be traversed, but if the trip could be made in safety, it did offer the farmer a considerable profit. Also, it gave him a taste of the outside world, and of a far more sophisticated one, which for many pioneers was probably a valid reason for undertaking the journey.

About 1815, close enough to the year in which the Lincolns moved to Indiana to have become identified in tradition, at least, with this migration, Thomas Lincoln built a flatboat, and loaded it with the usual cargo—deer and bear hams, buffalo, which was less plentiful than in earlier years, but could still be killed, wax, wolf and coon and mink and beaver skins, and gentian root—and floated down the Salt River into the Ohio. The neighbors, said Graham, joked Thomas for building his boat so high and narrow, and he lacked ballast for the peculiar shape of his vessel. When he started down Knob Creek it was flush with rains. So was the Ohio. In those days the floods which still ravage the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys were boons to the frontiersmen, for they permitted them to float their rafts down normally small streams.

But Thomas had trouble from the first with whirlpools and snags. He had taken his tool chest along, hoping to make some money out of his carpentry work. But the boat upset in the Ohio, and Thomas was only able to save his precious chest and part of his load because he was so near the Indiana shore. He stored these articles and came home afoot, in debt to the neighbors who had helped him undertake the venture, and his—and their—dream of quick profits gone. People, said Graham, did not make things worse by asking for their money, for in those days they "never pressed a man that lost by Indians or water," their common and vigilant enemies.

Thomas apparently knew his destination before leaving Kentucky. The widow and fatherless children of Hananiah Lincoln, an own cousin of Thomas's father, with whom the younger man had been associated years before (it is reported that he had once accompanied Hananiah to Mis-

souri) had settled in the community in Indiana which became Spencer County, and this fact was probably directly responsible for the location of the Lincoln home on a little stream called Pigeon Creek in that state. Their home was near a famous deer lick, and was one of the last hunting grounds reluctantly surrendered by the Indians. In 1814 a traveler who had gone through this country observed that "the woods were full of deer, antelope, bears, wolves, groundhogs, hares, wildcats, squirrels, snakes, and wild turkeys," as well as many birds. Great flocks of wild or passenger pigeons were common in this region, and no doubt gave Pigeon Creek its name. There was a town some distance north of the new Lincoln home called Huntingburg, because so many people came into that section of the country to hunt the wild pigeons. Pigeon Creek was a little stream that ran into the Ohio.

Thomas no doubt took not only his horses, but also some cattle with him. If an old story of the migration is true, he drove a wagon, and Nancy and the two young children rode in this. The household stores and personal effects taken along consisted of some furniture made by Thomas, clothing which Nancy had woven and made, a featherbed, homemade "kiverlids," kitchen utensils, a loom, a spinning-wheel, and light farming equipment. In all probability, cabinetmaking, wood-working tools were safely stowed away in some corner of the wagon, and food and camping equipment were carried for the journey. The family Bible, without which no pioneer family would have felt its store of possessions complete, had been safely packed, and no doubt young Abraham had seen that his *Aesop's Fables* was not missing; while Thomas would have been especially careful to stow away the bundle of legal papers in which was writ-

ten the story of his long struggle to own a Kentucky farm.

The little caravan, leaving the Knob Creek home, must have gone through Hodgenville, passing the Little Mount Cemetery, and then on to Elizabethtown, its first logical stop. The journey was slow, for the Lincolns had lived in this community for a number of years, and had friends and neighbors whom they must bid farewell.

Elizabethtown was the largest town the children had ever seen, and the only one Thomas and Nancy had lived in. It was still a village, for in 1810 the census gave it only 180 inhabitants, but it was the county seat of Hardin County. Thomas may have thought it necessary to go to the county courthouse to see if there had been any progress in clearing up his muddled land titles. From Elizabethtown the Lincolns turned north over a route once known as Bullitt's Salt Lick Trail. As they followed this road, they passed the first farm Thomas had owned in Kentucky, the one purchased in 1803.

Continuing west and north, they came to the farm where Thomas's mother and his sister, Nancy Lincoln Brumfield, were living. This was about twelve miles from Elizabethtown, and six or seven miles from the farm Thomas had once owned. Nancy Ann Lincoln had married William Brumfield in 1801, and Bersheba, her mother, had gone to live with the daughter after all of the family had married and left her. Nearly all of Lincoln's relatives and many of his friends lived near the Brumfields, in and around Mill Creek. The Lincolns stayed here several days visiting, and then traveled on west, following the old pioneer trail through Viney Grove and crossing Otter Creek. When they came to Big Spring they must have fallen in with emigrants, and have traveled with these for a distance, as this was a stopping place for

parties going north, where camp was made, equipment repaired, and provisions replenished. Big Spring was located where the counties of Hardin, Meade, and Breckinridge meet. The Lincolns probably tarried here for a while, rested, and made ready for the remainder of their journey to the Ohio.

The next important point on the route was Hardinsburg. When the children grew weary, Thomas may have amused them with the story of old William Hardin, for whom the town was named, a famous hunter and Indian fighter, who had founded Hardin's Station back before 1780, and was known to the Indians as "Big Bill." They feared him because of his giant size and courage. One morning, very early, as he stood at his door preparing for a hunt, he fired his gun and began to wipe it. Just then an Indian stepped from behind the chimney and pointed his own gun at the white man. With a taunting, "Hooh, Big Bill!" the Indian aimed, but Hardin had taken advantage of the pause to knock down the other's gun, after which he brained him. In Hardinsburg, the young Lincolns had an adventure of their own. A colored woman named Minerva, the slave of a family called Murray, saw the children waiting patiently in the wagon. She brought them slices of homemade bread covered with butter, and cups of milk. When she asked them where they were going, little Abraham answered, "Indiana."

From Hardinsburg, the Lincolns traveled the Yellow Banks Road to find a place to cross the Ohio. They came to Cloverport, a river town founded in 1808. From here they continued upriver to a point opposite Troy, at the mouth of Anderson Creek, where there was a ferry in operation, and were ferried across. Then they took the road to their new home, a distance of some sixteen miles from the Ohio.

They had probably traveled seventy-five miles in Kentucky from Knob Creek to the river crossing. As early as 1816 the routes were fairly well marked, and they would have had little difficulty in making the journey, or in finding shelter along the way when they needed it. A map published in 1797 shows a trail broken from the mouth of Anderson Creek through the Pigeon Creek neighborhood, where the Lincolns were bound. They settled at a point where Lincoln City was later located, and this was the Thomas Lincoln home for fourteen years.

Thomas took a quarter-section of land in what was then Perry County, entering it in October, 1817, under the old credit system. When the government later passed a law stating that any land then in possession of a settler who had entered it might be given up at the same price for which he had originally purchased it, and the amount he was paid might be credited on any other property for which he was in debt, Lincoln gave up one-half quarter-section, and used the money he received for it to complete payment on the other one, which he retained. It is probable that at the time the Lincolns crossed the Ohio into Indiana, they were as poorly off financially as at any time in their married life. Thomas had lost a great deal of money in his Kentucky land deals, none of which he apparently ever recovered.

14

The Indiana Frontier

It is difficult to estimate the importance of the move of the Lincoln family to Indiana, which, while not made because of slavery, nevertheless placed young Abraham Lincoln in a free state during the years of growth to young manhood. Dates which were of great interest in his early life were also of interest in the history of Indiana. Abraham Lincoln, born in 1809, was born in the same year—and only nine days after—Indiana Territory was separated from Illinois Territory. In 1811, the year the Lincolns moved to the Knob Creek farm, the General Assembly of Indiana Territory petitioned Congress for the privilege of setting up a state government; the following year the territorial capital was moved from Vincennes to Corydon, a town in the area where Thomas Lincoln built his Indiana home. In 1814 the population of Indiana Territory had reached more than 60,000, and again the General Assembly petitioned Congress to become a state, this time with success. In December, 1816, just at the time when the Lincolns were entering the territory across the Ohio, Indiana became the nineteenth state in the union. In 1815, 318 men paid taxes in Perry County, where the Lincolns settled. Almost all of the pioneer homes were within 100 miles of the Ohio, and the area in which Thomas and his family lived was practically a Kentucky colony.

Indiana was still sparsely settled, however, and southern Indiana, where Thomas lived for fourteen years, was, in 1816, still largely wilderness. As a rule, the forests were not too difficult to penetrate, for, while the trees stood thickly, they were ramified in all directions by deer paths, buffalo roads, and Indian trails. Great poplars, beeches, sycamores,

and "sugars" pushed to almost unbelievable heights, searching for air and sun, and wild grape vines locked their branches together, producing a sort of canopy beneath which animals and men moved in a semi-shade. There was little undergrowth. Here and there a storm had cut a clean strip through the heavy woods. In these cleared places bushes had a chance to grow thickly, and to give refuge to wild animals, as a few years earlier they had provided hiding places for Indians.

Life was more primitive here than it had been in the Kentucky communities where the Lincolns had lived. It was more like that which Abraham and Bersheba had known when they came to Kentucky—except for the threat of Indians—for Indiana was frontier as Kentucky had been in those earlier days. The houses were one-room cabins, usually built of round logs with the bark left on, the easiest way to use felled trees. The settlers mostly wore tanned deerhide, a material sturdy but uncomfortable when the wearer was caught in a shower. Shoes were made of this same tanned deerhide, and a wet moccasin was described as "a decent way of going barefoot." The deer was the most valuable animal found in Indiana. Deer were killed by the thousands, and provided meat for the table all through the year, while the hides were used for all articles of clothing. There were plenty of turkeys, quail, squirrels, rabbits, and raccoons and other fur bearing animals. The woods provided sweets in the form of maple sap, and the gathering at the sugar camp was especially important to the young. The sassafras shrub provided a tea, pleasant as a beverage, and important as a spring tonic. There was a wealth of berries of all kinds; the blackberry was used both as a stimulant and a medicine.

Nancy found there was little opportunity here for attend-

ing religious services; in fact, the Pigeon Church was not built until after her death. Once in a while an itinerant minister visited a community and settlers came from miles around to a meeting. If a family had a wagon, they rode in it, but as a rule the men walked and the women and children rode on horseback, the little ones in the arms of their mothers. Usually the father carried his rifle, and, if he saw game along the way, shot it. This was no violation of the Sabbath, but only sensible, for on the frontier one had to rely on the wild things in the woods for food. The meeting would be held in some settler's cabin if the weather were bad, or, if it were pleasant, in the shade of a tree in some cleared space. The worshippers brought food and put this together for a picnic after the sermon was over, or before it began. Usually they ate first, and then the preacher took off his coat and exhorted with an energy unknown in older communities.

It was quiet and rather lonely in the backwoods, even for a busy woman. Nancy must have missed the passing on the Old Cumberland Road, the visitors, the church meetings, and the various social activities that were possible when there were more settlers in an area. Here there were few gatherings in which women could take an active part. Sometimes they came together for "raisings," when a house was built in a day, or for log-rollings, when piles of fine timber were wastefully burned. The great trees, three, four, or five feet in diameter, could not be moved by one man, even with a team of horses, or of oxen. Word was sent to the neighbors for miles around that on a given day there would be a log-rolling, and, when that day arrived, the men came, with teams if they had them, on horseback, or afoot. Sometimes they brought their families, and a community picnic was held.

By using handspikes and chains drawn by both horses and oxen, the great trees were pushed, rolled, and dragged into heaps, and by nightfall the field was cleared and ready for a plough. Such fields were small; they were worked with crude implements, and only around the stumps of the trees. The most picturesque part of the log-rolling came after dark, when the logs were burned. The whole country-side would glow with the light made by a hundred great torches, and the sky would redden. Sometimes a log would topple, sending out a shower of fiery sparks. Winged creatures of the night—bats and owls—would fly above in bewildered fascination, sometimes allowing themselves to be drawn into that blazing furnace. The great fires would burn for days, and smoke would hang over the surrounding countryside, softening the atmosphere, and giving an illusion of Indian summer.

The heavy work called for equally heavy refreshments, and food and drink were provided in ample quantities. A long table would be built out of doors under the trees, and at noon, and often again at evening, the women would serve a good meal. On such occasions, the principal dish was a sort of "pot-pie," made of boiled turkeys, geese, chickens, grouse, veal, or vension, and an abundance of dumplings. There was always a supply of cornbread and milk, and a cask of rum. The men, with the superfluous energy of their generation, engaged in wrestling, the sport which belonged especially to the frontier. When supper was over and the logs blazed high, there was often a "hoe-down," a dance, with a neighborhood fiddler, often with a number serving in relays, playing away until the night was ended, or until everyone was too weary to dance any longer.

Thomas could take part in wolf hunts, when a tall pole was erected in the middle of a clearing, and a large num-

ber of hunters encircled it, sometimes forming a figure miles in diameter, which gradually closed in with shouts and yells, driving all the game in the woods to the pole for wholesale killing. He could attend, which probably pleased him better, horse races, crude affairs compared with those now held in Kentucky, more like the ones he might have seen there in his youth. The preachers did not always agree on condemning horse racing, and some of them felt the best way to win a congregation was to engage in some of the same recreations their parishioners did, and then try to lead them to a more austere religion. Others condemned without reservation most of the favorite social activities of the frontier. What recreations Thomas and Nancy engaged in depended largely upon the attitudes of their various ministers. As a rule the Baptist churches were stern in forbidding earthly pleasures of the sort that appealed to most pioneers. The frontier church kept a stern eye upon members who enjoyed unsanctioned pleasures, and Thomas himself served on committees which called upon such members. With his love for horses, and his Kentucky background, horse racing, however, must have appealed greatly to him.

Women could take no part in wolf hunts or in horse races. They found their greatest enjoyment in occasional weddings, entertainments as rude and boisterous as they had been when Nancy and Thomas were married. These still consisted of the same round of activities—the wedding parade from the groom's home to that of the bride, the race for the whiskey bottle, a midday dinner, an afternoon of rough games and practical jokes, a supper and dance at night, the putting to bed of the bride, then of the groom, and a nightlong stepping to the playing of the fiddler, with a dispersal the next morning. Nancy may have felt too ma-

tronly now to dance. She may have sat along the side of the log wall, watching little Sarah learning the steps. Or women may have been, and probably were, so few in that Pigeon Creek community, that she stepped with the youngest and gayest of the girls. Usually even grandmothers found plenty of partners.

Nancy found here that same peculiar belief in witchcraft which she had known all her life in Kentucky—a belief which had passed away long ago in New England, but lived on in the western settlements, tinged with an African magic. Charms and incantation formed the body of veterinary practice. Luck was a powerful divinity, powerful for blessing or for bane, and to be known by simple signs. A hunter who saw a dog cross his path had as well turn home, for his luck was gone. Of course, he could, in some measure, alleviate ill fortune if he remembered instantly to hook his fingers together and pull until the animal disappeared. All sorts of signs foretold death, signs that seemed natural enough, but which had their own significance. If a dog bayed at certain hours, nothing could prevent a death. If a horse coughed in the direction of a child, one had as well prepare the shroud.

Men worked by the moon or by the sun. Plantings and sowings, the breeding of animals, and all types of farm work were determined by astronomical signs. Trees for fence-rails had to be felled before noon, and in the waxing of the moon, for if there was no moon, they would never hold together. But the moon must be dark when all vegetables which bore their fruit underground were planted, and light when those which bore their products in the air were put into the earth. These settlers had lived for generations close to nature, and they knew her great power for good or evil. They were, in addition, descendants of English and Scotch

and Irish, who, across half a continent and an ocean, and two centuries or more away, had bequeathed to them, on an American frontier, folklore which still had a strong influence on their daily lives. And, in their migration to the free territory of Indiana, many of these settlers had tarried for a time in southern areas where, all unconsciously, they had absorbed much of the superstition of the Negro.

15

A Frontier Family

Thomas was optimistic about his new farm in Indiana. This was rich land, full of game, and with good papers which insured the fact that no one could take it from him, once he had cleared it and made it ready for corn to grow—and paid for it, which he was not to do for some little time. Nancy found two things wrong with it. The children had so far to carry water—the spring was so far away that Sarah came home puffing, while lanky Abraham usually carried the bucket alone. The other was the effect early visible on the health of the children and herself. The years of work in Kentucky, and the death of little Thomas, had robbed Nancy of much of her youthful vigor, and this new frontier would draw upon her last reserves of strength. Like other young women on the frontier, her cheeks must have long ago lost their roses, and her back much of its strength and straightness. The Indiana home lay in a marshy region, and horses and cattle sickened, and men and women came down with fever. When the children looked tired and pale, Nancy gave them Peruvian bark, but often it seemed to do little good.

Nancy was paying the penalty of her southern heritage in Thomas's choice of a farm, and was to pay it in full, as many other women did. Kentuckians—those who had migrated as the Lincolns had, down the Valley of Virginia and over The Wilderness Trail—had a fundamental distrust of the open places, and deliberately sought and built their cabins in the woods and thickets. Here they did the hardest work clearing land and grubbing stumps before they could plant crops and feed their families adequately. They exposed their wives and children to malaria and ague, and

many of them died of the same diseases, but they feared the "barrens"— the open prairies—more than anything the woods could do to them. Later they followed the same practice as they turned north into Illinois and Indiana and Missouri, still seeking the timbered lands. In addition to diseases which weakened them and made them old too early, they enforced hard labor, through necessity, on even very young children. Little Abraham had an ax put into his hands as soon as he could handle one, and learned to help Thomas clear the land for corn. Children had little free time in a home like that of the Lincolns. They sowed and harvested, fed the pigs, milked the cows, fetched water and wood, gathered berries and nuts. When Abraham was not busy helping his father, he could beat the corn into meal with the flat of an ax, a chore Sally found tiring.

There were many possibilities for accidents on a frontier farm. Once Nancy thought she had lost her other son when Abraham was kicked by a horse he was caring for, and was so badly hurt that Thomas thought he had been killed. But a Kentucky-born boy had to learn to care for horses, and Abraham recovered, and did less dreaming as he worked about the farm.

Nancy must have seen much of herself in her son. As he grew older, he resembled the Hanks men, and there is a definite likeness between his portrait as a man and that of certain Hanks relatives. One day when Thomas was gone a flock of wild turkeys approached the cabin, and Abraham seized a rifle standing against the wall and fired through a crack at them. He killed one of the birds, but something made him put the rifle down, and refuse to shoot again. Thomas was disappointed. Apparently Abraham had the making of a fine hunter, and who had ever heard of a fron-

tier lad who could not—and would not—shoot game, the very basis for life in such a community? As he looked at his son, he may have thought of the story of the frontier preacher who set his trap in full view of his crude pulpit. In the middle of his sermon, he saw that he had caught his prey, and without hesitating in his delivery, announced, "Mind the text, brethren, while I go and kill that wolf."

He felt better when Abraham gave a good account of himself in a neighborhood fight. Thomas often sent the boy to the mill with corn to be ground, as other farmers sent their sons. Abraham was like himself—good-natured, never aggressive nor antagonistic. Thomas no doubt often wondered how the boy would act when the time came to defend himself, as it must come, sooner or later, in a pioneer community where men and boys alike found an emotional outlet in rough play, wrestling, and the like, which sometimes degenerated into real fighting. Abraham went to the mill that day with no idea that he was about to be required to prove what manner of man he would become. Other lads were already there, waiting their turn, passing the time in frolicing and fighting. Young Lincoln did not take part, but stood with his back agaisnt the mill wall, watching. Suddenly he was attacked by a larger boy, with others at his heels, and Abe quickly defended himself, threshing the first, the second, the third boy, and then, placing his back against a tree, defied the whole crowd, saying he would take them all on, and taunting them with cowardice when they hesitated. Thomas forgave him the lack of readiness with a rifle when he heard this tale from a neighbor.

When winter came, the Lincolns were shut in their small cabin. This was the time of year to which Nancy's quiet, grave nature must have responded. She must have enjoyed

watching Thomas working at his rifle, or making something for the house—the only time he had now for his carpentry work—with little Sally knitting, the firelight on her dark hair, and Abraham stretched on the puncheon floor scribbling something on the wooden fireshovel or on a broad splinter he had salvaged from the wood stacked outside the door. Once he carved all evening on a knotted beech stick, making a kind of face for the head. Abraham liked canes—he always had one of some kind in his hand when he was playing in the clearing, or going into the woods alone, free for an hour from the constant round of chores. Often he carried a dogwood club. Nancy understood why he liked canes. It was a part of the folklore which had surrounded his childhood, as it had her own. Witches and old women always carried sticks—canes—and these did something to the people who carried them. With a stick in one's hand—a certain kind of stick—one could become a changeling in this Indiana woods, and escape, for a brief period, from the monotonous round of frontier life.

Little Abraham was thirsty for knowledge. He had often angered Thomas, on the Knob Creek farm, by perching beside his father on the fence when travelers went by on the Old Cumberland Road, and asking questions as fast as they could answer. Sometimes Nancy, watching from the cabin, had seen Thomas lift a heavy hand and knock the boy from the fence, not in a brutal manner, but as if wornout with the boy's eternal questions, and also in rebuke, and half-apology, for a child's impertinence. But Abraham never meant to be rude. He wanted to know so much that the little farms could never teach him, and Nancy wanted both him and Sarah to have an opportunity to have that eager curiosity satisfied, to have knowledge that she and Thomas had

never had, or, consciously, perhaps, nedeed. In a community like that along Pigeon Creek, if a man could hunt and farm and talk a fair measure of religion and politics, paid his bills, and was honest and fair, he was successful. As for Sarah, a woman, thought Thomas, needed to know how to spin and knit, how to cook, wash, clean, care for sick folks, carry on a conversation without interrupting men folks, or gossiping too much, eventually how to take care of a cabin and a man and children of her own, and all these things Nancy could teach her.

But Nancy knew there was something else—something that came from the printed pages of books, and out of their words, something that she had known faintly when she read the Bible. Abraham would trace the word "Switzerland" in front of the Bible, and then the date it had been printed—"1799"—and the name of the man who had edited it, who had written a preface and notes for it, a Reverend Mr. Ostervald, and wonder where Switzerland was—if it were as far away as Virginia. Those first years in Indiana there was no school near enough for the children to attend. Abraham remembered the books he had seen once in Kentucky. A wagon had broken down before the Lincoln cabin, and Nancy had gone out to ask the wife and daughters of the man who owned it to come inside and rest until it could be repaired. The woman had brought an armful of story books from the wagon, and had read from them to Sarah and Abraham and her own children. Abraham never forgot those stories—they were the first of their kind he had ever heard. Nancy told him old tales she had learned from her mother and aunts, and sang ballads which had come long ago from England, but Abraham listened enthralled to these stories read from books, and wished he could make out the magic

words himself. Sarah listened, too, and liked them, but she couldn't understand why her brother grew so excited over books. She didn't mind going to school and learned easily enough, but there was a hunger in Abraham for education.

As soon as he could write a little, he put his name on everything that charcoal would mark, and had Thomas angry with him. He liked to write, "Abraham Lincoln," and then stand back and look at it with awe, repeating the name over and over, and shaking his head. "That's me," he would say proudly to Nancy, "but," puzzled, "it don't look like me." People's names, written down, ought somehow to look like their owners. True, Abraham's name was long, and so was he. He scribbled on the puncheon floor, the walls of the cabin, the wooden fire-shovel, unrebuked by Nancy, until Thomas could stand it no longer, and got so angry with the boy that he took to marking trees his father wanted cut, or to writing his name in the sand at the deer lick. When Abraham finally secured a slate made of a piece of shale, and a pencil made of soapstone found in the bed of a stream, he felt rich. At night he lay by the fireplace, tracing a proverb over and over.

The two terms the children had gone to school in Kentucky had been a struggle, for schools were not free, and the Lincolns, like most other people on the frontier, were poor. But teachers did not have to be paid in cash, of which there was always very little, but would gladly accept corn or skins or sugar, just as merchants did.

During these early months in Indiana, the Lincolns no doubt did whatever trading was necessary at the town of Troy, not far from Hugh Thompson's ferry, on which they had crossed the Ohio. Troy was an important shipping point in those days; it is said to have been the most thriv-

ing city south of Louisville on the Indiana side of the river. At this period in the life of Nancy Lincoln, however, it is doubtful if she had much occasion to go to the stores of Troy. She was probably much less able to afford the items a store would carry than when she had gone to live in Elizabethtown, as a bride.

16

The Death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln

The months spent on the Indiana frontier had been hard on all the Lincolns. If, as tradition says, they lived first in a hastily constructed half-faced camp thrown up by Thomas, it could only have been a temporary structure. Within a few days, he could—and surely did—construct a log cabin similar to those they had lived in elsewhere. They may have been given shelter in the homes of relatives already in Indiana, and these may have assisted him in building a house. Abraham and Sarah were old enough to trim the branches from felled trees, cut brush, tend the fires, and, later, help clear the land for planting. Both a home and crops were immediate necessities; the time of year in which the Lincolns came to Indiana would have made the house the first consideration.

Until crops would be planted and harvested, they must live off the small animals and nuts found in the woods in such bounty, and on corn meal they may have brought with them, or which some relative could spare. They all worked hard, from the first daylight until dark, and even by firelight, making necessary articles for the house, repairing tools, preparing skins from which Nancy could make clothing. The summer passed in hard work, with little recreation.

In June, 1816, the old Pigeon Creek Church had been organized, but since this was a Regular Baptist church, or, as it was later called, a United Baptist church, with differing beliefs than the church the Lincolns had belonged to in Kentucky, they did not at once join the group. Nancy died before Thomas became a member. During the first three years of the existence of the church, meetings were held in

the homes of various settlers. As the Lincolns were not members of the Pigeon Church during the early period of its organization, they probably did not even have the pleasure of listening to itinerant preachers.

Once John James Audubon, the Kentucky storekeeper and naturalist, whom they had known for a long while, came by their cabin and stopped overnight. He roamed the whole Ohio River frontier—and other frontier areas as well—looking for new birds. He knew this country well—indeed, in his book he speaks of the creek near which the Lincolns had settled. He liked to come into the neighborhood to watch the enormous flocks of passenger pigeons which had given the creek its name. He could look at the sky and see it darkened by great clouds of winged creatures, and could hear them as they flew overhead. Perhaps he knew it was a sight that naturalists who would come after him would have given much to see, in the days when the passenger pigeon would be only a memory.

He spent days in the woods, scouring fields and river banks, crossing streams, taking with him his dog, his gun, and a tin box of pencils and colors. He showed the Lincolns his drawings, and Nancy marveled at how much they resembled the birds she knew. They called him, as did their neighbors, "the bird man." Thomas thought that was a funny way to carry on business—roaming the woods and drawing pictures of birds—and wondered how he could manage a store in such a fashion, but Audubon didn't even want to talk about the store. He wanted, instead, to know if Lincoln, while hunting, or the children, while playing, had found anything in the woods he hadn't seen. The frontiersmen and their children had sharp eyes. He found visiting with them not only pleasant but profitable. The Lin-

colns' acquaintance with Audubon must have extended over a number of years, for while Thomas and Nancy were still living at Elizabethtown, he and Ferdinand Rozier had operated a store there briefly. Later—from 1810 to 1820—Audubon ran a general merchandise store in Henderson, Kentucky, with his brother-in-law, Thomas Bakewell, as a partner. But he was never a merchant; all his money and energy went into the wonderful project he had conceived of preserving on paper the wild feathered creatures of the frontier. He must have been a familiar figure in the Pigeon Creek area, which centered around a famous old deer lick.

Food on this frontier, like life, was monotonous. The Lincolns raised mostly corn, and used it in every imaginable way. They raised some wheat, enough, it has been said, "for a cake on Sunday mornings." They also had hogs on their farm, and killed deer, for hog and venison hams were legal tender, as were coon skins. They had a few sheep and cattle, but these were kept mostly for their contributions to family comfort, rather than as a source of profit. They provided wool for clothing, butter and milk for the table.

One morning Nancy looked out the door and saw a wagon drive into the clearing. In it were the Sparrows—Elizabeth and Thomas, and Dennis Hanks. They had come from Kentucky to locate land, and were to stay with the Lincolns until they could do so. Then Nancy and Levi Hall came to join the little settlement. Life became less lonely with so many relatives near. They all worked hard, clearing land, planting crops, watching their labor rewarded, optimistic with the optimism of the frontier, looking toward economic and physical ease with the passing years.

The crops were scarcely ready for harvesting that autumn of 1818 when an epidemic of what was known as the

milksickness, or, in the dialect of the countryside, the milk-sick, swept over Pigeon Creek, killing many. The milk-sick was a mysterious disease which attacked both cattle and men, and was terrifying in its percentage of fatalities. It often terminated within three days, and settlers faced it with small hope of escape or of recovery.

Early in October the Sparrows and Halls died from the milk-sick. On the frontier a settler had to be physician, nurse, undertaker—in fact, to perform all the duties which accompanied sickness and death. Thomas, with the help of Dennis, sawed planks from logs, planed them, and made boxes to bury the dead. Little Abraham whittled pine-wood pegs, and he and Dennis held the planks while Thomas bored holes and stuck the whittled pegs through. Made by an experienced carpenter like Thomas, of planed boards, such coffins were good ones. Many frontiersmen were buried without this much attention. The bodies were carried to a cleared place in the woods and quietly let down in their graves. There was no preacher—no services.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln, standing at the edge of the little clearing as the men went about their work, could not have known how few were to be the remaining days of her own life. Probably she felt gratitude that her own household had been spared. A few days before she had visited a neighbor, an elderly woman, who said to her "Mrs. Lincoln, I am going to die . . ." But Nancy had reassured her, "You will live longer than I." Her words were a prophecy.

Nancy was sick for only a short while, and Sarah and Araham waited on her, while Thomas went about the work on the farm. She knew she could not recover, and told the children to "be good to one another," to love their kindred, and to worship God. It was all the philosophy she

had ever needed, and she thought all that any individual had to have.

On a golden October day, when the leaves were drifting down to make a coverlid for her bed, they buried Nancy near the deer run. The deer, gentle, shy, creatures, were the only animals of the wilderness that frontier women did not fear. When the snow came, they ran over her grave. Abraham, watching from the cabin door—for he could not look out without seeing the spot where his mother lay—sometimes saw them running in the moonlight, and felt comforted. It was lonely in the cabin, and in the great woods, and, although he knew his mother could neither see nor hear the creatures, yet he liked to think she lay where they came, rather than in some dark and silent place in what was still a lonely land.

RUPERT BROOKE
A MEMOIR

DIGITALLY RESTORED VERSION FROM
AN ORIGINAL 1918 EDITION

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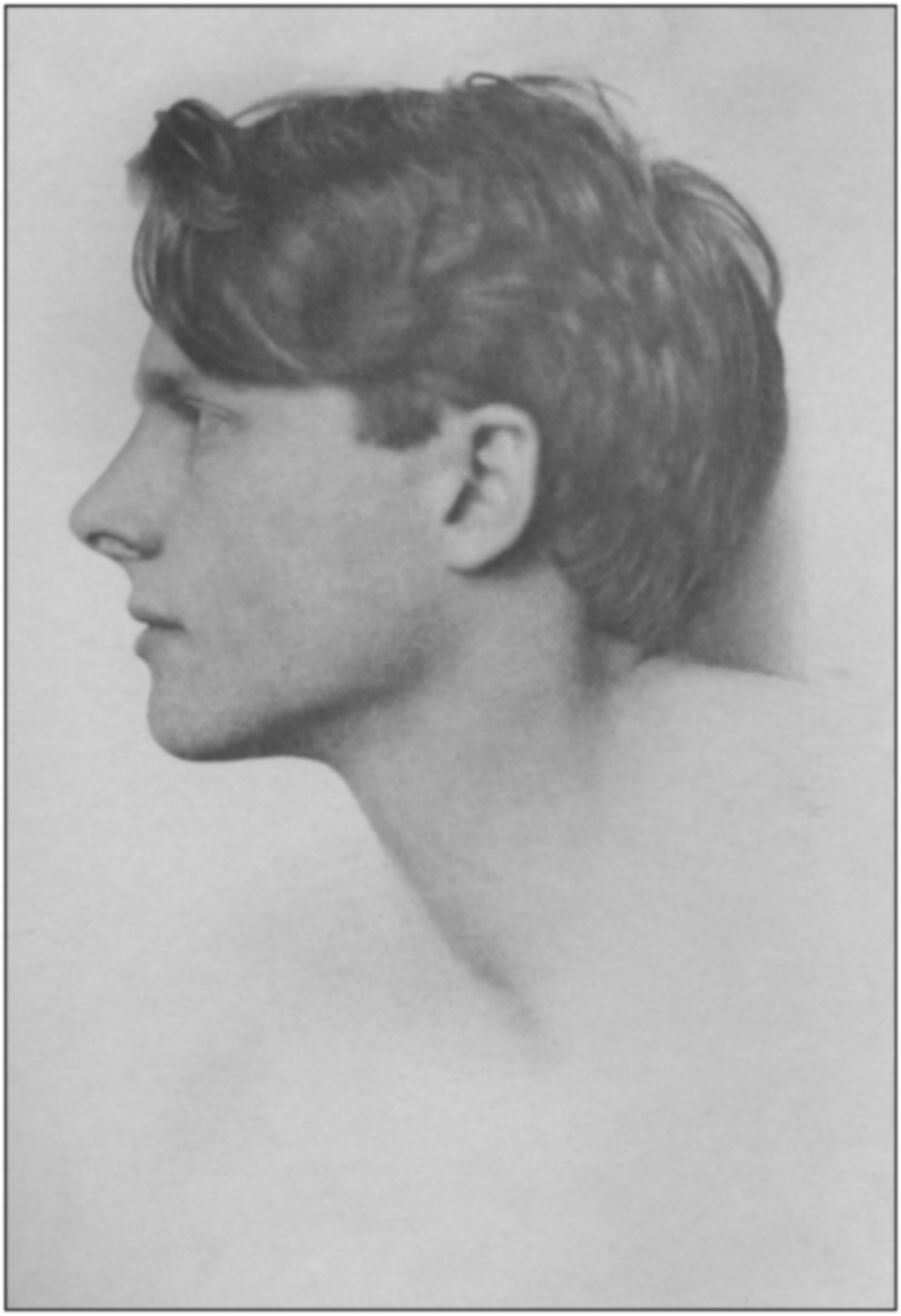

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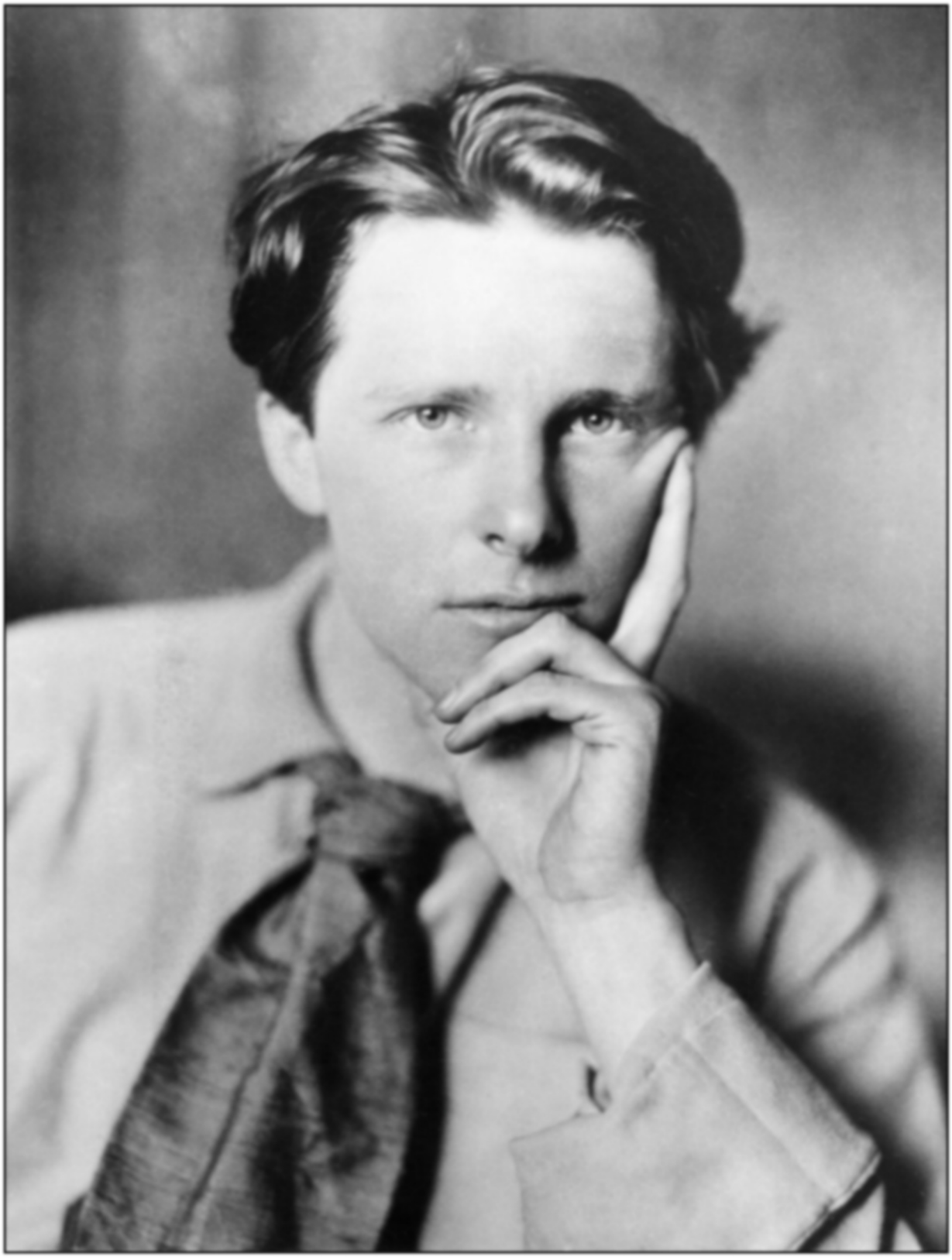

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RUPERT BROOKE

A MEMOIR

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A MEMOIR

BY

EDWARD MARSH

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INTRODUCTION

I FEEL that an apology is due to those who have been looking for some time for a Memoir of my son. The chief reason for the delay has been my great desire to gain the collaboration of some of his contemporaries at Cambridge and during his young manhood, for I believe strongly that they knew the largest part of him. Up to now it has been found impossible to do this, much as I should have wished it; and as since his death many of them have also laid down their lives, there is no longer any hope of doing so in the future. I have therefore consented to the Memoir coming out now, although it is of necessity incomplete. I cannot speak strongly enough of the ability and loving care that Mr. Marsh has given to the work.

M. R. B.

April, 1918

NOTE

THIS Memoir was written in August, 1915, a few months after Rupert Brooke's death, and my intention was to publish it with his collected poems in the course of that year. Circumstances prevented this, and now that three years have passed I ought probably to rewrite it in the changed perspective and on a different scale. As this is impossible for several reasons, I have had to be contented with a general revision, and the addition of letters which have since come into my hands.

I am very grateful to his Mother and to those of his friends who have allowed me to quote from his letters and from their accounts of him.

E. M.

April, 1918.

RUPERT BROOKE

A MEMOIR

I

RUPERT BROOKE was born at Rugby on August 3rd, 1887. His father was William Parker Brooke, a Rugby master, son of Canon Brooke of Bath; and his mother was Mary Ruth Cotterill. He was the second of three brothers.[1]

When he was five years old his father became Housemaster of School Field, which was his home till 1910. He loved the house and the garden, especially his own particular long grass-path with borders and pergolas, where he used to walk up and down reading. At this House he entered Rugby in 1901, from the preparatory school at Hillbrow, and next year won a scholarship.

His school life was very happy. In his first

[1] Dick, who was six years older, died in 1907; and Alfred, three years younger, was killed near Vermelles in June, 1915, serving as a lieutenant in the Post Office Rifles.

year at Cambridge, reading out a paper on Modern Poetry which he had written at the end of his last term at Rugby for the School Society called *Ἔρανος*, and afraid that the alarming undergraduates might think it sentimental, he excused himself by explaining the circumstances in which he wrote it. "I had been happier at Rugby," he said, "than I can find words to say. As I looked back at five years, I seemed to see almost every hour golden and radiant, and always increasing in beauty as I grew more conscious; and I could not (and cannot) hope for or even quite imagine such happiness elsewhere. And then I found the last days of all this slipping by me, and with them the faces and places and life I loved, and I without power to stay them. I became for the first time conscious of transience, and parting, and a great many other things."

This happiness was compounded from many sources: friendship, games (he played for the School in both the XI and the XV), and books. He was a balanced combination of the athletic and the intellectual types of schoolboy—'always with a ball in his hand and a book in his pocket' is a vivid little description. "Rupert" (writes a contemporary in the VIth who was at another house, and afterwards became an Assistant Mas-

ter [1]), "first of all people at school gave me an inkling of what a full life really meant. I was an awful Philistine, and still am, I fear; but he, with no appearance of superiority or attempt at preaching, as keen as any of us on all the immensely important events in school life, and always ready for a rag, impressed us as no one else could with the fact that these things were not all —not even the most important. And the best thing about him was that he was not out to impress us—it was just being himself."

His great school-friend Hugh Russell-Smith, since killed in action, wrote in the Rugby paper, the 'Meteor,' when he died:—

"For the first two or three years, I think, few of us realised that someone out of the ordinary had come among us. He was rather shy and quiet, though he at once proved himself a good athlete, and he lived much the same life as anyone else. Gradually, however, we began to notice little things about him. Instead of coming 'down town' with us, he used to go off to the Temple Library to read the reviews of books in the 'Morning Post' and 'Chronicle.' He read Walter Pater, and authors we knew very little about. He read a good deal of poetry, and he

[1] Hubert Podmore, who, before he was killed in action, gave Mrs. Brooke leave to publish this extract from his letter to her.

let us find him in raptures over Swinburne. He began to wear his hair rather longer than other people. Still, he played games enthusiastically, and helped us to become Cock House in football and in cricket. Gradually most of us in the House came under his spell. We accepted his literary interests. He was so straightforward and unaffected and natural about them, and he took our chaff so well, that we couldn't have helped doing so. Perhaps they amused most of us, but one or two—and those the most unlikely—were occasionally found clumsily trying to see what there really was in such things. But it was his personal charm that attracted us most, his very simple and lovable nature. Few could resist it. When in his last year he became head of the House, almost everyone came under the sway of his personality. It seems to me now, as it seemed then, that there really was a spirit in School Field which made it rather different from any other House. It was due, I believe, partly to Rupert, partly to his father. The situation might have been difficult for both. The way in which things actually turned out shows one of the most delightful sides of Rupert. He was in all things more than loyal to his father, but he never made it awkward for the rest of us. His sense of fun saw him through, and it helped us

a good deal to know that he would not misinterpret all the little pleasantries that boys make at the expense of their Housemaster. The result was a sort of union between the Housemaster and the House, which made very much for good.

"Outside the House, his worth was realised to the full by some—by the Upper Bench, and by a few of the Masters who knew and loved him. He rose to a high place in the VIth, won two prizes for his poems, played cricket and football for the School, and became a Cadet Officer in the Corps. But I think he was never a school hero. It was chiefly his House that knew his lovableness. And when he was at Cambridge, I think he always loved the House lunches, which we used to have nearly every week. The last letter I had from him was one in which he was talking of members of the House who had fallen in the war.

"Rupert had an extraordinary vitality at school, which showed itself in a glorious enthusiasm and an almost boisterous sense of fun—qualities that are only too rare in combination. Of his enthusiasm it is hard to speak; we knew less about it, although we felt it. We knew much more of his glorious fooling—in his letters, in his inimitable and always kind burlesques of mas-

ters or boys, in his parodies of himself. He seemed almost always ready for laughter. It is often the small things that stand out most vividly in one's mind. I see Rupert singing at the very top of his voice, with a magnificent disregard for tune, the evening hymn we used to have so often at Bigside Prayers. I see him rushing on to the Close to release a sheep that had become entangled in one of the nets. I see him tearing across the grass so as not to be late for Chapel. I generally think of him with a book. He had not yet developed that love of the country and that passion for swimming with which the friends of his Grantchester days associate him. He used to read, when we used to walk or bathe. But whatever he was doing or wherever he was, he was always the same incomparable friend. He has often quoted to me a verse of Hilaire Belloc:

> From quiet homes and first beginning,
> Out to the undiscovered ends,
> There's nothing worth the wear of winning,
> But laughter and the love of friends.

How much Rupert loved Rugby while he was there, I know; and I know too how much those who knew him there loved him."

The letters which he wrote in his last year at school are radiant. "I am enjoying everything

immensely at present. To be among 500 people, all young and laughing, is intensely delightful and interesting. . . .[1] I am seated on the topmost pinnacle of the Temple of Joy. Wonderful things are happening all around me. Some day when all the characters are dead—they are sure to die young—I shall put it all in a book. I am in the midst of a beautiful comedy—with a sense of latent tears—and the dramatic situations work out delightfully. The rest are only actors; I am actor and spectator as well, and I delight in contriving effective exits. The world is of gold and ivory. . . . How is London? Here the slushy roads, grey skies, and epidemic mumps cannot conceal a wonderful beauty in the air which makes New Big School almost bearable." And in the summer: "I am infinitely happy. I am writing nothing. I am content to live. After this term is over, the world awaits. But I do not now care what will come then. Only, my present happiness is so great that I fear the jealous gods will requite me afterwards with some terrible punishment, death perhaps —or life."

'Work' was only one of the lesser elements which went to make up all this joy. He got a

[1] Throughout this book, three dots mean that there are dots in the original letters; six, that something is omitted.

fair number of prizes, and went to King's with a scholarship: but lessons seem to have been almost the only thing he didn't as a rule care for. He would have liked to read the books as books, but grammar irked him. When he came to 'extra work' for the scholarship examination, he enjoyed it. "This introduces me to many authors whom the usual course neglects as 'unclassical.' . . . Theocritus almost compensates me for all the interminable dullness of Demosthenes and the grammars on other days. I never read him before. I am wildly, madly enchanted by him." He never became an accurate scholar, and though he enjoyed certain authors, and had a special love for Plato, I don't think Greek and Latin played the part in his development which might have been expected.

His voluntary reading, at school and afterwards, was mainly English—quantities of prose, but still more poetry, in which his taste was very comprehensive; and his zealous interest in contemporary work had already begun. A paper on Modern Poetry, which he read to the Ἔρανος Society, presses on his hearers Kipling, Henley, Watson, Yeats, A. E., and —— Ernest Dowson. This brings us to his amusing phase of 'decadence.' From 1905 till well into his second year at Cambridge he entertained a *culte* (in

such intensity, somewhat belated) for the literature that is now called 'ninetyish'—Pater,[1] Wilde, and Dowson. This was a genuine enthusiasm, as anyone may see from his earliest published work, especially the poems written in the alexandrine of 'Cynara,' of which the 'Day that I have loved' is the culmination. But he loved to make fun of it, and of himself in it; for all through his life his irony played first on himself. Here is the setting of a dialogue: "The Close in a purple evening in June. The air is full of the sound of cricket and the odour of the sunset. On a green bank *Rupert* is lying. There is a mauve cushion beneath his head, and in his hand E. Dowson's collected poems, bound in pale sorrowful green. He is clothed in indolence and flannels. *Enter Arthur.*" 'Good-morrow,' says *Arthur*. 'What a tremulous sunset!' But that is all he is allowed to say. *Rupert* proceeds with an elaborately 'jewelled' harangue, ending 'I thank you for this conversation. You talk won-

[1] A little parody with which he won a Westminster Gazette prize in 1907 may be worth preserving here: "*From 'Marius the Bank Clerk,' by Walter Pater* (*Book II. Chap. ix., 'Procrastination'*). Well! it was there, as he beat upon the station gate (that so symbolic barrier!) and watched the receding train, that the idea came upon him; casting, as it were, a veil of annoyance over the vague melancholy of his features; and filling, not without a certain sedate charm, as of a well-known ritual, his mind with a now familiar sense of loss—a very *desiderium*—a sense only momentarily perceptible, perhaps, among the other emotions and thoughts, that swarmed, like silver doves, about his brain."

derfully. I love listening to epigrams. I wonder if the dead still delight in epigrams. I love to think of myself seated on the greyness of Lethe's banks, and showering ghosts of epigrams and shadowy paradoxes upon the assembled wan-eyed dead. We shall smile, a little wearily I think, remembering. . . . Farewell.' 'Farewell,' says poor *Arthur,* opening his mouth for the second time—and *exit.*

"I am busy with an enormous romance, of which I have written five chapters. It begins with my famous simile [1] about the moon, but soon gets much more lewd. One of the chief characters is a dropsical leper whose limbs and features have been absorbed in one vast soft paunch. He looks like a great human slug, and he croaks infamous little songs from a wee round mouth with yellow lips. The others are less respectable.

"Did you see the bowdlerised decadent?[2] I suppose the scenery looked extremely valuable. I dare not witness it. Nero is one of the few illusions I have left. All my others are departing one by one. I read a book recently which proved that Apollo was an aged Chieftain who lived in Afghanistan and had four wives and cancer in the stomach; and the other day I found

[1] This was as follows:—"The moon was like an enormous yellow scab on the livid flesh of some leper."
[2] *Nero* at His Majesty's Theatre.

myself—my last hope!—acting on moral principles."

"This morning I woke with ophthalmia," he wrote in another letter, "one of the many diseases raging through Rugby. It is all owing to a divine mistake. I wanted to get rose-rash, being both attracted by the name and desirous to have the disease over before the time of the Italian 'tour' came. Therefore yestre'en I prayed to Æsculapius a beautiful prayer in Sapphics—it began, I think, *ἵμερος νῦν ἐστὶ ῥόδοις πυρέττειν*, . . . but either my Greek was unintelligible, or the names of ills have changed since Æsculapius, for I awoke and found the God had sent me this, the least roseate of diseases."

He wished, of course, or rather wished to be thought to wish, to shock and astonish the respectable; but he did not in practice go very far in that diretcion. His hair, slightly longer than usual, has already been mentioned. Ties might not be coloured; but there was no rule against their being 'puff' and made of *crêpe de chine;* and such ties he wore, as did the other school swells. It was amusing to cause a flutter in the orthodox School Societies, of which he was really an active and enthusiastic member, though one might not think so from his accounts of their proceedings. "Last Sunday I read a little paper

on *Atalanta,* and was mightily pleased. The usual papers we have are on such subjects as Hood or Calverley—'something to make you laugh.' . . . I saw my opportunity, and took it. 'Have I not,' I said, 'many a time and oft been bored beyond endurance by such Philistines? Now my revenge comes; I shall be merciless!' So I prepared a very long and profound paper, full of beautiful quotations, and read it to them for a long time, and they were greatly bored. They sat round in chairs and slumbered uneasily, moaning a little; while I in the centre ranted fragments of choruses and hurled epithets upon them. At length I ended with Meleager's last speech, and my voice was almost husky with tears; so that they woke, and wondered greatly, and sat up, and yawned, and entered into a discussion on *Tragedy,* wherein I advanced the most wild and heterodox and antinomian theories, and was very properly squashed. So, you see, even in Rugby the Philistines don't get in their own way always."

"I am finishing my paper on James Thomson.[1] I have cut out all the wicked parts, but I still fear for the reception. Last week we had a paper on T. Gray. The stupendous ass who wrote

[1] He had 'ransacked the eight bookshops in Charing Cross Road' for Thomson's works. (This is, of course, the author of the *City of Dreadful Night,* not of the *Seasons.*)

and read it, after referring to the Elegy as 'a fine lyric,' ended with the following incomparable words: 'In conclusion, we may give Gray a place among the greatest, above all, except perhaps Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson.' This lewd remark roused me from the carefully-studied pose of irritating and sublime nonchalance which I assume on such ocasions. I arose, and made acid and quite unfair criticisms of Gray and Tennyson, to the concealed delight of all the avowed Philistines there, and the open disgust of the professing 'lovers of literature.' I was nearly slain."

He wrote quantities of poetry at Rugby, a very little of which he thought worth preserving in the '1905-1908' section of his first book. Some of it appeared in the *Phoenix,* a free-lance school paper of which he was twin-editor, and some in the *Venture,* which succeeded the *Phoenix.* His verse of this time shows a good ear, and a love of 'beautiful' words, but not much else. A good deal of it was written when he ought to have been otherwise employed. "I shall sit in a gondola," he wrote when he was going to Venice in April, 1906, "and pour forth satires in heroic verse, or moral diatribes in blank verse. Intense surroundings always move me to write in an opposite vein. I gaze on the New Big School, and

give utterance to frail diaphanous lyrics, sudden and beautiful as a rose-petal. And when I do an hour's 'work' with the Headmaster, I fill note-books with erotic terrible fragments at which even Sappho would have blushed and trembled."

In 1904 he was given an extra prize for a poem on *The Pyramids,* and next year he won the real prize with one on *The Bastile,* which he recited on June 24th. "The speeches were rather amusing. I am informed that my effort was one of the only two audible; and as the other was in a foreign tongue, I carried off the honours. I am also told —by a cricketer friend of mine—that half the audience were moved to laughter, the other half to tears, which I regard as a compliment, though I can understand the feelings of neither half. Anyhow I got a Browning and a Rossetti out of it, which is something, though they *are* in prize-binding."

Next year he had to fall back on prose. "I have undertaken to write an Essay for a prize. If I win this I shall stand up next Speech Day and recite weird 'historical' platitudes to a vast slumbrous audience. The idea is so pleasingly incongruous that I desire to realize it. Moreover, I once airily told a pedantic and aged man that if I liked I could understand even History,

and he, scoffing, stirred my pride to prove it. Therefore I am going to write an Essay on "The Influence of William III. on England.' Of William III. I know very little. He was a King, or something, they say, of the time of Congreve and Wycherley. Of England I know nothing. I thought you might aid me in a little matter like this. If ever you have written an epic, a monograph, an anthology, or a lyric on William III., please send it to me that I may quote it in full." He won the prize (the King's Medal for Prose); and as he got into the XI. at about the same time, he left Rugby with honours thick upon him.

II

His first year at King's (1906-7) was rather unsatisfactory. He regretted Rugby; and he was (as always) rather shy, and (for the first and only time) a little on the defensive with the strange people. The 'decadent' pose lingered; he had Aubrey Beardsleys in his room, sat up very late, and didn't get up in the morning. He thought it right to live entirely for the things of the mind; his passion for the country had not yet begun, and it seemed to him a wicked waste of time to walk or swim—two things which came

soon afterwards to give him as much pleasure as anything in the world.

His letters are plaintive: "This place is rather funny to watch; and a little wearying. . . . At certain moments I perceive a pleasant kind of peace in the grey ancient walls and green lawns among which I live; a quietude that doesn't compensate for the things I have loved and left, but at times softens their outlines a little. If only I were a poet, I should love such a life very greatly, 'remembering moments of passion in tranquillity'; but being first and chiefly only a boy, I am restless and unable to read or write. . . . These people are often clever, and always wearying. The only persons I ever make any effort to see are two who came up with me from my House at Rugby. Here across the Styx we wander about together and talk of the upper world, and sometimes pretend we are children again."

He joined the A.D.C., and played *Stingo* in *She Stoops to Conquer;* but his chief public appearance in his first term was in the Greek play, the *Eumenides.* "The idea of my playing Hermes fell through," he wrote to his Mother, "but they have given me the equally large part of the Herald. I stand in the middle of the stage and pretend to blow a trumpet, while somebody in the wings makes a sudden noise. The

part is not difficult." "I wear a red wig and cardboard armour," he wrote in another letter, "and luckily am only visible for a minute." It turned out that he was one of the successes of the evening. His radiant, youthful figure in gold and vivid red and blue, like a Page in the Riccardi Chapel, stood strangely out against the stuffy decorations and dresses which pervaded those somewhat palmy days of the Cambridge Theatre. After eleven years, the impression is still vivid.

At the beginning of next term his elder brother died suddenly. They were very fond of each other, and this was, I suppose, his first great sorrow. "It seems so strange that you haven't heard," he wrote. "I had thought that all the world must know. I suppose I ought to have written and told you; but there were so many letters to write; and I had to try to comfort Mother a little. Dick died on Sunday the 13th after a week's illness. Father was with him—but I don't think details matter much. . . . I came up here on Tuesday, partly to escape my Rugby school-friends, and partly that I might be alone."

"I'm rather wretched and ill," he writes a little later. "In my 'literary life' I have taken the last step of infamy, and become—a reviewer!

I've undertaken to 'do' great slabs of minor poetry for the *Cambridge Review*. I've read volumes of them, all the same, and all exactly the stuff *I* write. I often wonder whether I haven't written several of them myself under a pseudonym, and forgotten about it."

In his first Long Vacation,[1] "I work hundreds of hours a day," he writes, "at stuffy classics, and ooze with grammar. To save my soul, I write thousands of poems in the evening, and burn them. I'll quote to you one verse of an immensely long one in six cantos, entitled 'A Song Illustrative of a Sense of Incompatibility between Self and Universe; also In Favour of Decease.'

> Things are beasts,
> Alas! and Alack!
> If life is a succession of choreic anapaests,
> When, ah! when shall we arrive at the Paroemiac?"

Part of this Long was spent at Lulworth, where he wrote to his Mother: "One day we were reading on the rocks, and I had a Keats in my pocket, and it slipped out, and, falling into a swift current, was borne out to sea. So we leapt into a boat and rowed up and down the coast

[1] I may as well mention that I first met him just after the end of the May Term this year. After this I saw him at intervals, and we knew each other pretty well by the summer of 1909.

till we espied it off some rocks. But the sea was rather rough and we could not land on that rocky part, or get near Keats. So we landed half a mile off on a beach, and came over the rocks to the Keats; and when we found it, I stripped and went in after it and got it. It is indeed quite spoilt; but it only cost two shillings to begin with." (He did not know at this time of an association which he discovered four years afterwards. "Oh, I've read Keats," he writes in 1911, "and found the most AMAZING thing. The last place he was in was Lulworth. His ship was becalmed outside. He and Severn went ashore and clambered about the rocks all day—his last fairly happy day. He went aboard and wrote, that evening, his last poem—that sonnet. The ship took him on to Italy, coughing blood and suffering Hell because he wouldn't see Fanny any more. Fanny sat in Hampstead, with Mr. Brown. It was at the end of Sept. 1820 . . .")

There is a gloomy letter of the day after his birthday, when he became twenty. "I am now in the depths of despondency because of my age. I'm filled with an hysterical despair to think of fifty dull years more. I hate myself and everyone. I've written almost no verse for ages; and shall never write any more. I've forgotten all rhythm and metre. The words 'anapaestic dimeter

acatalectic,' that fired me once, now leave me cold. The sunset or a child's face no longer reminds me of a bucolic caesura. But I still read plaintively, to pass the time." And he can still write at the end of this Long: "Go back to Cambridge for my second year and laugh and talk with those old dull people on that airless plain! The thought fills me with hideous *ennui*."

But this mood was already something of a literary survival, and well understood to be so by his friends. He went back to games, especially football; and by the beginning of his second year he had become one of the most interested and interesting people at Cambridge.

> A young Apollo, golden-haired,
> Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
> Magnificently unprepared
> For the long littleness of life.

Mrs. Cornford's epigram on him is well known, but one could not write about his great days at Cambridge without quoting it—bitter though the irony of 'long' has now become.

Henceforward friends and avocations crowded on him. He had been the chief advocate of the Labour Party at Rugby; and at King's he joined various societies, political and intellectual, mostly more or less revolutionary—the University

Fabian Society, of which he became President for the year 1909-10; the Carbonari; and the Heretics. He also belonged to that old, great, secret, but vaguely famous Brotherhood from which the membership of Tennyson and others of the illustrious has lifted a corner of the veil. J. T. Sheppard, Fellow of King's, gives an account of some among these activities. "The Carbonari, I think, he founded; a Society which, in spite of its terrifying name, was very friendly. The paper and the talk which followed it at the one meeting to which, as an elderly person, I was allowed admission, were frank and amusing, but my chief memory is of the cheerful kindliness of the members. Then there were the Fabians, whom he sometimes entertained to a frugal supper of bread and cheese and beer in his rooms, and to whom he never tired of teaching the importance of poets and artists in the good society which is to be built up by our children. His advice to the State was very practical. Since poets and artists matter, and since they need time for development, we, who are not the poets and the artists, ought to organise the material requisites, bread and cheese and leisure, for those who seem to show the promise of good work. He believed that you do not improve a poet by starving and neglecting him; and one good way of showing

that we remember him would be to remember also that it is our duty to buy as well as read the works of the poets who are still writing."

Rupert indeed wore his Socialism with a difference, which comes out in a letter of December, 1907, thanking his uncle, Mr. Clement Cotterill, for his book, *Human Justice for those at the Bottom,* in which he says that he has been urging his Socialist friends at Cambridge, especially the Fabians, to take a more human view of things. "Socialism is making great advances at Oxford and Cambridge just now; but its upholders are too apt to make it seem, to others and to themselves, a selfish scheme of economics. They confound the means with the end; and think that a Compulsory Living Wage is the end, instead of a good beginning. Bernard Shaw came down last term, and made a speech that was enthusiastically received, in which he advised a state of things in which each 'class' had its own party in Parliament fighting for its own hand. The whole thing was based on selfishness. It was not inspiring.

"Of course they're really sincere, energetic, useful people, and they do a lot of good work. But, as I've said, they're rather hard. Must every cause lose part of its ideal, as it becomes successful? And also they are rather intolerant, especially towards the old order. They some-

times seem to take it for granted that all rich men, and all Conservatives (and most ordinary Liberals) are heartless villains. I have already, thanks, in part, to some words of yours, got some faith in the real, sometimes overgrown, goodness of all men; and that is why I have found your book so good, as a confirmation rather than a revelation. And this faith I have tried to hammer into those Socialists of my generation whom I have come across. But it's sometimes hard. The prejudices of the clever are harder to kill than those of the dull. Also I sometimes wonder whether this Commercialism, or Competition, or whatever the filthy infection is, hasn't spread almost too far, and whether the best hope isn't in some kind of upheaval."

All this is supplemented in an account written by Hugh Dalton, an intimate friend of this time. "During our years at Cambridge, Fabianism was at its high tide, and attracted most of those who had any social enthusiasm worth speaking of. Rupert joined the C.U.F.S. in April, 1907. He came to me, I remember, and said, 'I'm not your sort of Socialist; I'm a William Morris sort of Socialist, but I want to join your Society as an Associate.' He became a full member a year later. Like many of us, he was falling by then under the subtle influence of the Webbs, and

simultaneously the atmosphere of Cambridge was teaching him to value and to cultivate lucidity of thought and precision of reasoning. He soon saw the intellectual limitations of a 'William Morris sort of Socialist,' and though he never studied the fine points of economics, he came to talk very good sense on the larger economic questions.

"It was through the meetings of the *Carbonari* that I first came to know him well. This was a society of our contemporaries in King's, about a dozen, which we formed in our first term for papers and discussions. Rupert and I and one or two others were generally the last to separate, and sometimes the dawn was in the sky before we got to bed. We walked round the Courts and beside the river for hours, trying to get things clear. For we wanted, half passionately and half humorously, to get everything clear quickly. Hitherto, we thought, we had been too young to think, and soon we might be too busy, and ultimately we should be too old. The golden time was now.

" 'There are only three things in the world,' he said once, vehemently answering some Carbonaro who had been talking like a Philistine, 'one is to read poetry, another is to write poetry, and the best of all is to live poetry!' And I remember his saying that at rare moments he had glimpses

of what poetry really meant, how it solved all problems of conduct and settled all questions of values. Moreover, it kept men young, he thought. One night we were sitting at a high window overlooking King's Parade. We had been discussing some philosophical point about the nature of Beauty, when we saw and heard some drunken members of another college going home. 'Those fellows,' he said, 'would think us very old if they had been in this room to-night, but when they go down and sit on office stools, *they* will grow old quite suddenly, and many years hence *we* shall still be talking and thinking about these sorts of things, and we shall still be young.'

"As for philosophy, he shared the general view of the set in which we moved that ethics were exceedingly important, but metaphysics rather trivial; that it mattered immensely what was good, but comparatively little what was real. I remember several fierce arguments [1] as to whether a man's character, as distinct from the series of states of mind through which he passed, could be good in itself, and also a controversy as to whether states of affairs, as distinct from the states of mind of the persons concerned in them, could be good in themselves. Rupert maintained that

[1] *Argument,* it will be remembered, at Youth's Funeral, was 'too full of woe to speak.'

Variety was good in itself. 'A world containing you and me and Maynard Keynes,' he said, 'is obviously better than a world containing three people exactly like any one of us!' "

One of the most significant and absorbing of his activities was the dramatic. Here I must quote from E. J. Dent's admirable record: "When I came back to Cambridge in the autumn of 1907, I soon became aware that a new spirit was making itself felt. Probably it was active in more ways than I was able to observe; but the first notable result of it was the performance of Marlowe's *Faustus* in November by a number of men who afterwards constituted themselves as the Marlowe Dramatic Society. The new spirit seemed to come partly from Rugby, partly from Bedales, and by an odd coincidence the two leaders, though not related, bore the same name: Rupert and Justin Brooke. It was a queer performance. The elder generation were scandalised almost before the play began: no scenery, only dingy green hangings, no music, no footlights, frequent 'black-outs,' no names of the actors printed. And all this in the A.D.C. Theatre, with its familiar portraits, its familiar memories! No wonder they were upset by it all. '*Faustus* isn't a play at all'—'absurd

for undergraduates to attempt tragedy'—'why didn't they get somebody with experience to coach them?'—'why do they act in the dark?'—'not always in very nice taste.' It was indeed a queer performance. Faustus looked absurdly young; Mephistopheles (Rupert), his face completely hidden by his cowl, generally turned his back to the audience, and spoke in a thick indistinct voice which often served merely as a background to the piercing whispers of the Master of ——, whose thirst for information was insatiable. But in spite of these things and many others, in spite of the tedious humour of the comic scenes, the play had a new spirit of its own. The tragic moments were genuinely moving. Crude, awkward, and amateurish as it all was, there was the spirit of true poetry about it. One felt that to these actors poetry was the greatest thing in life.

"The Marlowe group were inclined to be suspicious, perhaps not unjustly, of anyone who was a member of the Senate. But as I had been one of the few to admit themselves sincerely impressed by *Faustus,* I was occasionally allowed to hear news of their next project. Milton was to be commemorated in the summer,[1] and the young

[1] By this time the Authorities had come round to the Marlowe Society, and Christ's College bespoke a special performance of its *Comus* for their celebration of the Tercentenary.

poets were going to have a hand in it. Rupert was to be seen almost daily, I believe, in Room Theta, studying vast books on theatre-construction; a kind friend brought out for him his copy of the Trinity Milton facsimile, for the settling of points of textual criticism; and mysterious designs for costumes and scenery were handed round, in which wonderful effects *à la* Gordon Craig were to be obtained with scaffold poles.

"It is difficult to criticise *Comus,* or to write the history of its preparation. It had much the same faults and the same merits as *Faustus,* though on a larger scale. Rupert was not a good actor,[1] nor even a good speaker of verse. Yet I feel now that anyone who remembers *Comus,* and remembers it with ever so slight a sense of beauty, will think of Rupert as the central figure of it; and watching rehearsals daily, as I did, I felt that, however much his personal beauty might count for, it was his passionate devotion to the spirit of poetry that really gave *Comus* its peculiar and indescribable atmosphere.

"*Comus,* however unimportant to the world at large, did, in fact, mean a great deal for Rupert and his friends. It was the first time that he had

[1] He took the part of the Attendant Spirit. It is only fair to say that this view of his acting, or at any rate of his elocution, was far from universal.

had to bear the responsibility of a large undertaking, and he addressed himself to it in the spirit of a scholar. It deepened his sense of poetry, of drama, and of music; it made him develop an ideal continually present in his mind, even in later years, which gave solidity to his group, the ideal of Cambridge, of young Cambridge, as the source from which the most vital movements in literature, art, and drama, were to spring. *Comus* effected an intimate collaboration of all sorts of brains, and it effected especially a co-operation of men and women. Rupert was by no means the only remarkable person in the circle. He had, moreover, a power of making friends with women as well as with men, and although *Comus* was probably a symptom rather than a cause, it was from about that time that joint societies, such as the Heretics and the Fabians, began to make a new influence felt."

Rupert was knocked up by his exertions over *Comus*. He wrote from Rugby to Mrs. Cornford (then Miss Frances Darwin): "I went off without even saying good-bye or thank-you to people. My mother (I can plead) packed me up and snatched me here to sleep and recover. I am now convalescent, and can sit up and take a little warm milk-and-Tennyson. I feel a deserter; but I can always adduce the week when the Commit-

tee went to the seaside, and I faced the world and Albert's Artistic Temperament alone." [1]

He had written to his mother about this week, and about another matter. "Albert [Rutherston], who is painting our scenery, is staying with me. We paint in the theatre, 9 to 5 every day. I daub a little, but most of the time carry and empty pails, run errands, wind pulleys, etc. . . . I suppose you heard of the dreadful tragedy that happened last Saturday week—[Walter] Headlam's death? It was terribly sudden. He was about in King's all the week—kept the procession for the Chancellor's installation on Wednesday waiting for half an hour by being late—in his usual way! On Friday he was in King's, about, as usual. Friday evening he went up to town, had a slight operation (by some accounts), and died on Saturday morning. . . . It made me quite miserable and ill for some days. One gets so *angry* at that sort of thing. I didn't know him *very* well. But he was the one classic I really admired and liked;[2] and I had done a good deal of work with him. The papers made very little of it. He published so little that outside people

[1] It was at about this time that he bought two drawings by Augustus John, "very splendid ones—even the critical Albert admitted that, and confessed jealousy."

[2] It was not till later that he knew A. W. Verrall, whom he 'admired and liked' very much.

didn't know much of him. But his friends, and we who were his pupils, knew his great genius. I don't know how much of him they will be able to rake together from his papers. But all the great, ripe, splendid works we all proudly looked forward to him achieving—which we knew he might consummate any time he gave himself a few months, have died with him: can never be made. That's the terrible thing. Even in Cambridge many people knew of him most as a brilliant 'scholar,' *i. e.,* emender of Greek texts. But he was also about the best writer of Greek there has been since the Greeks. And what I loved so in him was his extraordinary and living appreciation of all English poetry, modern and ancient. To hear him repeat it was a delight. He was an excellent poet himself, and had perfect taste. He first inspired me with a desire to get *Comus* done, a term or two ago, and has often talked about it since. I had made up, in my mind, a little list of things about which I was going to ask him, large and small points, to make certain that we should interpret and understand it in the best way possible; but I put it off till too late. . . . The whole thing makes me so rebellious—to think what the world has lost."

. . . . . .

The vacations were spent in all sorts of ways: at the Fabian Summer School, or camping out with smaller groups of friends; on walking tours; or, at Christmas, with large heterogeneous parties for winter-sports in Switzerland. He told his mother of his plans for one of the Swiss excursions in the winter of 1908. "What I meant about the holidays is this. It is quite true that I have plenty of opportunities of resting. But I always feel that I oughtn't to, and can't, do nothing. There are so many things I must learn and do, and there is not too much time. My brain *must* be working. And so the only way (I find) I have a real holiday from my work, is on a walking-tour, or in Switzerland; times and places where it is impossible to think or read for more than five minutes. In a way such things are a waste of time. And I can't imagine anything I should hate more than a long 'holiday' like that, of more than a week or ten days. It would be intolerable. But, I think, just a week's mental rest strengthens a mind for some time. This sounds rather priggish; but I'm really very much in earnest about reading and writing."

The Swiss relaxations used to include the performance of a play, or even an opera—the *Importance of Being Earnest,* in which Rupert

played Algernon, or a nonsense-melodrama written in collaboration by the party, but mostly by him. In the opera he was obliged at the last moment, by the sudden defection of the tenor, to play the hero. He couldn't sing a note; and the difficulty was got over by making the actor who played his valet stand beside him in a rigid position and sing, while Rupert did the gestures.

The English holidays were more peaceful. "Overcote is a lovely place," he wrote to his mother on one of them, "with nothing but an old inn, and a ferry. There are villages round, a mile or two away, but hidden. And there's just the Ouse, a slow stream, and some trees and fields, and an immense expanse of sky. There were a lot of wild birds about, wild duck, and snipe, and herons."

All these occasions produced floods of doggerel, some of which is amusing—from a snatch of blank verse on an unfortunate town-bred friend who arrived late on a wet night at a camp where all the beds were occupied, and didn't rise to the occasion:

> In the late evening he was out of place,
> And infinitely irrelevant at dawn,

—to the following elaborate ballade, composed during a sleepless night when he and Dudley Ward,[1] coming very late into Cranborne, couldn't find the inn which they had picked out in the guide-book for the sake of its name:

In Cranborne town two inns there are,
  And one the Fleur-de-Lys is hight,
And one, the inn Victoria,[2]
  Where, for it was alone in sight,
  We turned in tired and tearful plight
Seeking for warmth, and company,
  And food, and beds so soft and white—
These things are at the Fleur-de-Lys.

Where is the ointment for the scar?
  Slippers? and table deftly dight?
Sofas? tobacco? soap? and ah!
  Hot water for a weary wight?
  Where is the food, in toil's despite?
The golden eggs? the toast? the tea?
  The maid so pretty and polite?
These things are at the Fleur-de-Lys.

Oh, we have wandered far and far,
  We are fordone and wearied quite.
No lamp is lit; there is no star.
  Only we know that in the night
  We somewhere missed the faces bright,

[1] A Cambridge friend, not to be confused with the Member of Parliament of the same name.

[2] Showing that a Grantchester man can make cockney rhymes just like a Barton man.

The lips and eyes we longed to see;
  And Love, and Laughter, and Delight.
These things are at the Fleur-de-Lys.

Prince, it is dark to left and right.
  Waits there an inn for you and me?
Fine noppy ale and red firelight?
  These things are at the Fleur-de-Lys.

The next was written at a very favourite inn, the *Pink and Lily,* near Prince's Risborough, on one occasion when he went there with Jacques Raverat.

Never came there to the Pink
Two such men as we, I think.
Never came there to the Lily
Two men quite so richly silly;[1]
So broad, so supple, and so tall,
So modest and so brave withal,
With hearts so clear, such noble eyes,
Filled with such sage philosophies,
Thirsty for Good, seeure of Truth,
Fired by a purer flame than youth,
Serene as age, but not so dirty,
Old, young, mature, being under thirty.
Were ever two so fierce and strong,
Who drank so deep, and laughed so long,
So proudly meek, so humbly proud,
Who walked so far, and sang so loud?

[1] This couplet, which is inconsistent with the rest, was supplied by his companion.

The last I will quote was pinned to some food which they left by the roadside after luncheon:

> Two men left this bread and cake
> For whomsoever finds to take.
> He and they will soon be dead.
> Pray for them that left this bread.

. . . . . .

From this time the story shall be told as far as possible in extracts from Rupert Brooke's letters to his friends, from which his character will appear far more vividly, and on the whole more clearly, than from anything that could be written about it. But the picture thus given must for various reasons be incomplete, and perhaps misleading; and a few touches must here be added, to be borne in mind while the letters are read.

They might, for instance, give the idea of self-absorption. Self-conscious he was, self-examining, and self-critical, to the last degree; but hardly ever self-absorbed. The extracts cannot show his continual helpfulness and serviceableness to his friends, both in large matters which are too private, and in details which are too trivial, to be chronicled. "There was a deep-seated generosity in him," says Mrs. Cornford, "at once sensible and tender. I used to think that the real reason the charm of his face struck peo-

ple so greatly was because its clearness and fairness were not simply a happy accident of youth, but expressed this innate quality in him. . . . He was endlessly kind in helping me with my verses (except that kindness seems the wrong word, because he did it as a matter of course). He would sit for an hour or two at a time, generally on the ground, frowning and biting the end of his pencil and scribbling little notes on the margin before we talked. Of the better things he would only say 'I like that,' or 'That's good.' I can't imagine him using a word of that emotional jargon in which people usually talk or write of poetry. He made it feel more like carpentering." Here we see him as he often was, just simple and serious, full of the business of the moment. Indeed he was very restful to be with. The eager, working, excited brain which shows in the letters, incessantly registering, assimilating, juggling with, sensations and impressions, hid its thrills under an appearance almost of placidity. He never 'put himself forward,' and seldom took the lead, in conversation; someone spoke of 'the beauty of his eyes looking steadily and without mocking into quite ordinary talk.' But he was 'noticing' all the time; he had the power which women are supposed to have of knowing everything that is

going on in the room; and he seemed never to forget the smallest detail.

His observation was always, if not 'mocking,' at any rate amused; and something must be said about the peculiar quality of his irony and his humour, which were very intimate, and might be misunderstood by strangers. J. T. Sheppard has written admirably about them, as they played on his friends. "He would laugh at them, and sometimes treat their most cherished enthusiasms as amusing, if harmless foibles; but he had not the power, possessed by some people who matter less, of making you seem small and dull. His society was, in the good sense, comfortable. He loved children, and when he treated his grown-up friends as rather absurd but very nice children, they would have had to be very absurd indeed to resent it. It must have been very hard to be pompous or priggish in his company." He treated himself in much the same way. If there was any fun to be got out of a laugh against him, far from grudging it, he gave every facility; but he liked to have the first go at it himself. There was always some foundation for the jokes; but the truth and the fun were inextricably mixed up, and one had to know exactly how many grains of salt to take. As an obvious instance: it was certainly his usual belief that he was, or at any

rate had it in him to be, a good poet; and so he would describe himself as the first poet of the age, because it *would* be funny if he thought so, and therefore it was amusing to say so; and there was no risk of his correspondents thinking him cocksure. In the same way he would pick out his best lines for special praise. "There's one *superb* line," he said to me when he first showed me the sonnet *Love*. " 'Astonishment is no more in hand or shoulder.' Isn't it amazing?" He did think it good, and was enjoying what Keats calls 'the reperception and ratification of what is fine' in his own work; but he said it with a twinkle.

He always loved to dramatise a situation, and to make out that he had said or done something absurdly striking and stunning. Here is a good illustration from a letter of 1909: "And so I walked and laughed and met a many people and made a thousand songs—all very good—and, in the end of the days, came to a woman who was more glorious than the sun, and stronger and stranger than the sea, and kinder than the earth, who is a flower made out of fire, a star that laughs all day, whose brain is clean and clear like a man's, and her heart is full of courage and kindness; and whom I love. I told her that the Earth was crowned with windflowers, and dancing down the violet ways of Spring; that Christ had died and

Pan was risen; that her mouth was like the sunlight on a gull's wings. As a matter of fact I believe I said 'Hullo! isn't it rippin' weather?' "

"You are the only person, Frances," he wrote much later to Mrs. Cornford, "who ever believed *all* my lies. Nothing (short, perhaps, of incredulity) can shake my devotion to you."

One more quotation from Sheppard: "He was kind and unaffected. But he was not miraculously unselfish, nor indifferent to his popularity. The fact that in small things he sometimes seemed to choose the pleasant second-best, and, as he himself realised, rather eagerly to accept the little successes which he could so easily win, should make us appreciate not less, but more, the rightness and the goodness of his larger choices. He was very sensitive to praise, and it would be wrong to say that he was always wisely praised. But he was sensible enough and strong enough to take flattery, in the long run, for what it was worth; and he valued the affection that was critical, not flattering.

"Because he was human, he enjoyed his popularity. The quality which won it was, I think, his power of liking people, and making them feel, because he liked them all, not only at their ease with him, but also happy and friendly with one another. His company had this effect at home,

and in his rooms at King's, in his garden at Grantchester, in London, and I am sure wherever he went in Germany and in America. Certainly the most varied people used to delight in it, and he, for his part, was delighted when some of the incongruous persons he liked, unexpectedly also liked one another.

"He was in some ways like a child, very frank and simple, generally knowing what he wanted, and, if he could see it, taking it; but also, where his affections were concerned, most loyal and devoted; suffering acutely in the few great troubles that came to him, but generally confident and happy; above all delighting, and making other people share his delight, in a great number of different things."

III

He took the Classical Tripos in the summer of 1909, only getting a Second. This was a 'disappointment,' though not specially so to him. "He found English literature, now, for him, more important than the ancient classics; and he has convinced us all that he was right," says Sheppard, himself a Don at King's; so there is no need for head-shaking.

After term, he went to live within easy dis-

tance of Cambridge, at a house in Grantchester called the Orchard. Here he spent most of the rest of this year, going for the summer holidays to a vicarage his parents had taken at Clevedon in Somerset, which he was allowed to cram with relays of his friends. He was working all these months for the Charles Oldham Shakespeare prize, which he won in the course of the Michaelmas Term.

He went to Switzerland for Christmas, where he got poisoned by drinking some bad water; and he came home to find his father seriously ill with hemorrhage on the brain. He had to give up Grantchester and Cambridge and all his plans for next term, and undertake the temporary management of the House at Rugby. He wrote to Mrs. Cornford to apologise for backing out of his part in *The Land of Heart's Desire*. "There are other things I'm very sick to miss," he went on: "the Marlowe play, and Verrall's lectures, etc.—seeing you all—the whole life of it, in fact. Also I fear I may have confused the Fabians rather by not coming up. I'm a general nuisance. Oh! and I'm so sad and fierce and miserable not to be in my garden and little house at Grantchester all this term. I love being there so much —more than any place I've ever lived in. I love the place and especially the solitude so much. I'd

thought of being there when the spring was coming, every day this winter, and dreamt of seeing all the little brown and green things. It's horrible of me to talk like this when I'm in the house with two other people who are infinitely worse off in happiness than I am, and one of them in pain. . . . Many thanks for your letter, by the way. It cheered me greatly at the exact time when I was sitting gloomily waiting for my father's return from the London doctor, and wondering what the verdict would be. I had sunk into that abysmal darkness which comes on a convalescent when anything goes wrong. I've shaken off my dreadful disease now. It inspired me with thousands of Hardyesque short poems about people whose affairs went dismally wrong, or frightfully detestable people I couldn't help falling in love with, or interviews with the Almighty in which He turned out to be an absolute and unimaginative idiot. . . . But I hope to occupy my exile by composing some work of immortal genius."

A little later Mr. Brooke died suddenly, and was buried on the very day when the fifty boys were coming back to School Field. The shock was great. Rupert wrote to me in March, thanking me for a letter, "and indeed for the earlier ones to an invalid—though those seem so long

ago that I cannot find continuity between that time and this. It is the smallest part of the gulf that I have been ill again—I collapsed, unforgivably [with influenza], just after the funeral; and again subsisted for days on milk and the pieces I could surreptitiously bite out of the end of my thermometer. Now, and lately, though, I am well and bursting with activity. I work like a Professor, and feel the Spring in my bones. I am acting Housemaster in my father's place till the end of the term. Then we are to be turned from this place by cold strangers, into a little house with a patch of grass in front, on a road, stiff and ugly. . . . I find I am an admirable schoolmaster. I have a bluff Christian tone that is wholly pedagogic. Also, they remember I used to play for the School at various violent games, and respect me accordingly."

"My heart is warm," he wrote to Jacques Raverat, "and has been half secure—or confident, rather—throughout the last four centuries (just a month) because of the splendid people I know. Half are scattered abroad now. But you'll all meet in April. I'll find all of you by August."

Some of them he did meet in April, when he wrote to me from Lulworth: "At length I am escaped from the world's great snare. This is heaven. Downs, Hens, Cottages, and the Sun.

. . . For the rest of Eternity my stabile address is 24 Bilton Road, Rugby. School Field, that palatial building, will know us no more. And henceforth I shall have to play on other people's tennis lawns. I wept copiously last week on saying good-bye to the three and fifty little boys whose Faith and Morals I had upheld for ten weeks. I found I had fallen in love with them all. They were so pleasant and fresh-minded as they were. And it filled me with purpureal gloom to know that their plastic souls would harden into the required shapes, and they would go to swell the indistinguishable masses who fill Trinity Hall, Clare, Caius . . . and at last become members of the English Upper, or Upper Middle, Classes. I am glad I am not going to be a schoolmaster for ever. The tragedy would be too great."

He went back to Grantchester for most of the May term, and immediately got caught up again in the multiplicity of Cambridge life. "I'm afraid there isn't the ghost of a chance," he wrote in answer to a suggestion that we should go abroad together for a fortnight. "I'm so extraordinarily inextricable and necessary! You think this conceit; but it's not. Various bodies and societies have arranged things in which I am continuously and hopelessly involved. Also my labours at the

University Library press most insistently upon me. I wish I could have come, it would have been lovely. Grantchester's lovely though, too. When are you coming? The apple-blossom and the river and the sunsets have combined to make me relapse into a more than Wordsworthian communion with nature, which prevents me reading more than 100 lines a day, or thinking at all."

His work at this time was on the Elizabethan drama, mainly for a monograph on 'Puritanism as represented or referred to in the early English drama up to 1642,' with which he won the Harness Prize this year.[1] It shows deep reading. "I read 20 pre-Elizabethan plays a week, all poor," he had written in March; and in April from Lulworth, "All the morning I souse myself in Elizabethan plays; and every afternoon I walk up perpendicular places alone, for hours"—adding in a moment of surfeit, "There are no good plays between 1500 and 1650, except the *Faithful Shepherdess*—and, perhaps, *Antony and Cleopatra*."

By this time he had already written a good many of the poems which were to appear in the 1908-1911 section of his first book, and he was writing more. "I am slowly recovering from

[1] A copy of this essay is in the British Museum Library.

Work," he wrote to Mrs. Cornford. "Henceforth I am going to lead what Dudley calls 'a Life Dedicated to Art.' Hurray!" Mrs. Cornford and he both had plans for publishing a volume of poems in 1910—(hers was carried out, his postponed). "They will review us together!" he told her. "The *Daily Chronicle,* or some such, that reviews verse in lumps, will notice thirty-four minor poets in one day, ending with *Thoughts in Verse on many Occasions, by a Person of Great Sensibility,* by F. Cornford, and *Dead Pansy-Leaves, and other Flowerets,* by R. Brooke; and it will say, 'Mr. Cornford has some pretty thoughts; but Miss Brooke is always intolerable' (they always guess the sex wrong). And then I shall refuse to call on you. Or another paper will say, 'Major Cornford and the Widow Brooke are both bad; but Major Cornford is the worst.' And then you will cut me in the street."

The Marlowe Society's second performance of *Dr. Faustus,* got up for a party of fifty German students who visited Cambridge in August, was one excitement of this summer; and another was a tour with Dudley Ward in a disreputable-looking caravan, to popularise the Minority Report on the Poor Law in the principal towns on the South Coast—except Bournemouth, through

which they drove, bare-headed and barefoot, at full speed, in fear or hope of being seen by a Conservative aunt who lived there.

Next month he wrote to F. H. Keeling[1] from Rugby. The letter is dated September 20th-23rd, 1910: "I've several times started to write you a notable and rhetorical letter, but my life has been too jerky to admit of much connected thought lately, so the letter always fizzled away, and was not. I'm sorry I didn't write sooner, but I wanted to be able to write down a great attack on your pessimism in abundant and reasoned language. And such a thing takes time and thought. Also, I may agree with you.

"What is pessimism? Why do you say you are becoming a pessimist? What does it mean? He may (I say to myself) mean that he thinks that the Universe is bad as a whole, or that it's bad just now, or that, more locally and importantly, things aren't going to get any better in our time and our country, no matter how much we preach Socialism and clean hearts at them.

"Is it the last two? Are you telling us that the world is, after all, bad, and, what's more horrible, without enough seeds of good in it? I, writing

[1] F. H. Keeling, or as he was always called by his friends, 'Ben' Keeling, the chief figure among the Cambridge Fabians of Rupert's day, was killed in the Somme Battle of 1916.

poetry and reading books and living at Grantchester all day, feel rather doubtful and ignorant about 'the world'—about England, and men, and what they're like. Still, I see some, besides the University gang. I see all these queer provincials in this town, upper and middle and lower class, and God knows they're sterile enough.

"But I feel a placid and healthy physician about it all (only I don't know what drugs to recommend). This is because I've such an overflowing (if intermittent) flood of anti-pessimism in me. I'm using the word now in what I expect is its most important sense, of a feeling rather than a reasoned belief. The horror is not in *believing* the Universe is bad—or even believing the world won't improve—on a reasoned and cool examination of all facts, tendencies and values, so much as in a sort of general *feeling* that there isn't much potentiality for good in the world, and that anyhow it's a fairly dreary business,—an absence of much appreciation and hope, and a somehow paralysed will for good. As this is a feeling, it *may* be caused by reason and experience, or more often by loneliness or soul-measles or indigestion or age or anything else. And it can equally be cured by other things than reason —by energy or weather or good people, as well as by a wider ethical grasp. At least, so I've

found in the rather slight and temporary fits of depression I've had, in exile or otherwise, lately —or even in an enormous period of Youthful Tragedy with which I started at Cambridge. I have a remedy. It is a dangerous one, but I think very good on the whole; though it may lead to a sterile but ecstatic content, or even to the asylum. In practice, I find, it doesn't—or hasn't yet—make me inefficient. (I am addressing an Adult School on Sunday. I have started a group for studying the Minority Report here. I am going to Cambridge in a week to oversee, with the light of pure reason, the powerful energies of those who are setting forth the new Fabian Rooms,—and later, to put the rising generation, Fabian and otherwise, on the way of Light, all next term.)

"The remedy is Mysticism, or Life, I'm not sure which. Do not leap or turn pale at the word Mysticism, I do not mean any religious thing, or any form of belief. I still burn and torture Christians daily. It is merely the *feeling*—or a kindred one—which underlay the mysticism of the wicked mystics, only I refuse to be cheated by the *feeling* into any kind of *belief*. They were convinced by it that the world was very good, or that the Universe was one, or that God existed. I don't any the more believe the world

to be good. Only I do get rid of the despair that it isn't—and I certainly seem to see additional possibilities of its getting better.

"It consists in just looking at people and things as themselves—neither as useful nor moral nor ugly nor anything else; but just as being. At least, that's a philosophical description of it. What happens is that I suddenly feel the extraordinary value and importance of everybody I meet, and almost everything I see. In *things* I am moved in this way especially by some things; but in people by almost all people. That is, when the mood is on me. I roam about places —yesterday I did it even in Birmingham!—and sit in trains and see the essential glory and beauty of all the people I meet. I can watch a dirty middle-aged tradesman in a railway-carriage for hours, and love every dirty greasy sulky wrinkle in his weak chin and every button on his spotted unclean waistcoat. I know their states of mind are bad. But I'm so much occupied with their being there at all, that I don't have time to think of that. I tell you that a Birmingham gouty Tariff Reform fifth-rate business man is splendid and immortal and desirable.

"It's the same about the things of ordinary life. Half an hour's roaming about a street or village or railway-station shows so much beauty

that it's impossible to be anything but wild with suppressed exhilaration. And it's not only beauty and beautiful things. In a flicker of sunlight on a blank wall, or a reach of muddy pavement, or smoke from an engine at night, there's a sudden significance and importance and inspiration that makes the breath stop with a gulp of certainty and happiness. It's not that the wall or the smoke seem important for anything, or suddenly reveal any general statement, or are rationally seen to be good or beautiful in themselves,—only that *for you* they're perfect and unique. It's like being in love with a person. One doesn't (nowadays, and if one's clean-minded) think the person better or more beautiful or larger than the truth. Only one is extraordinarily excited that the person, exactly as he is, uniquely and splendidly just exists. It's a feeling, not a belief. Only it's a feeling that has amazing results. I suppose my occupation is being in love with the universe—or (for it's an important difference), with certain spots and moments and points of it.

"I wish to God I could express myself. I have a vague notion that this is all very incoherent. But the upshot of it is that one's too happy to *feel* pessimistic; and too much impressed by the immense value and potentialities of everything to

believe in pessimism—for the following reason, and in the following sense. Every action, one knows (as a good Determinist), has an eternal effect. And every action, therefore, which leads on the whole to good, is *'frightfully'* important. For the good mystic knows how jolly 'good' is. It is not a question of either getting to Utopia in the year 2000, or not. There'll be so much good then, and so much evil. And we can affect it. There—from the purely rational point of view—is the beginning and end of the whole matter. It oughtn't to make any difference to our efforts whether the good in 2000 A.D. will be a lot greater than it is now, or a little greater, or less. In any case, the amount of good we can cause by doing something, or can subtract by not doing it, remains about the same. And that is all that ought to matter.

"Lately, when I've been reading up the Elizabethans, and one or two other periods, I've been amazed more than ever at the way things change. Even in talking to my uncle of seventy about the Victorians, it comes out astoundingly. The whole machinery of life, and the minds of every class and kind of man, change beyond recognition every generation. I don't know that 'Progress' is certain. All I know is that change is. These solid solemn provincials, and old maids,

and business men, and all the immovable system of things I see round me, will vanish like smoke. All this present overwhelming reality will be as dead and odd and fantastic as crinolines, or 'a dish of tay.' Something will be in its place, inevitably. And what that something will be, depends on me. With such superb work to do, and with the wild adventure of it all, and with the other minutes (too many of them) given to the enchantment of being even for a moment alive in a world of real matter (not that imitation, gilt, stuff one gets in Heaven) and actual people,—I have no time now to be a pessimist.

"I don't know why I have scribbled down these thin insane vapourings. I don't suppose you're still as desperate as you were when you wrote in June. When are you coming to Cambridge? I am going to Germany for the spring term. But if you can get there next term, are you coming out to stay at Grantchester? I lead a lovely and dim and rustic life there, and have divine food. Hugh is going to be in London, and —— is old as the hills and withered as a spider, and I am the oldest Fabian left (except ——, who is senile), and I dodder about and smile with toothless gums on all the gay young sparks of the Fabian Society, to whom I am more than a father.

"So you might tell me if you are going to shake off for a day or a month the ghastly coils of British Family Life and of Modern Industry that you are wound in, and come to see the bovine existence of a farmer.

"In the name of God and the Republic,

RUPERT."

The next event was a journey on the Continent at the beginning of 1911. He conceived romantic plans for it, as appears in the latter part of this letter to Geoffrey Fry, written before he started, to thank for a present of Mr. Bullen's Elizabethan Songbooks: "I read them when I ought to be learning German, and I writhe with vain passion and with envy. How did they do it? Was it, as we're told, because they always wrote to tunes? The lightness! There are moments when I try to write 'songs', 'where Lumpkin with his Giles hobnobs', but they are bumping rustic guffaws. I feel that sense of envious incompetence and a vast angry clumsiness that hippopotamuses at the Zoo must feel when you stand before them with your clouded cane and take snuff. They're occasionally—the songbooks, not the hippopotamuses—so like the Anthology, and oh! I can see why Headlam loved them.

"I may see you yet in England. For I don't go till January 8 or so. But when I do go, aha! England will never see me more. I shall grow my red whiskers and take to Art. In a few years you may come and stay with me in my villa at Sybaris, or my palace near Smyrna, or my tent at Kandahar, or my yacht off the Cyclades. But you will be a respectable lawyer. You will waggle your pince-nez and lecture me on my harem. Then a large one-eyed negro Eunuch will come and tie you up and pitch you into the sea. And I shall continue to paint sea-scapes in scarlet and umber."

These dreams were not realised. He began his travels with three months in Munich, where he wrote to Mrs. Cornford in the middle of February: "The worst of solitude—or the best—is, that one begins poking at his own soul, examining it, cutting the soft and rotten parts away. And where's one to stop? Have you ever had, at lunch or dinner, an over-ripe pear or apple, and, determined to make the best of it, gone on slicing off the squashy bits? You may imagine me, in München, at a German lunch with Life, discussing hard, and cutting away at the bad parts of the dessert. 'Oh!' says Life, courteous as ever, 'I'm sure you've got a bad soul there. Please don't go on with it! Leave it, and take

another! I'm so sorry!' But, knowing I've taken the last, and polite anyhow, 'Oh, no, *please!*' I say, scraping away. 'It's really all right. It's only a little gone, here and there, on the outside. There's plenty that's quite good. I'm quite enjoying it. You always have such delightful souls!' . . . And after a minute, when there's a circle of messy brown rounding my plate, and in the centre a rather woe-begone brown-white thin shapeless scrap, the centre of the thing, Life breaks in again, seeing my plight. —'Oh, but you can't touch any of that! It's bad right through! I'm sure Something must have got in to it! Let me ring for another! There's sure to be some in the larder.' . . . But it won't do, you know. So I rather ruefully reply, 'Ye-es, I'm afraid it *is* impossible. But I won't have another, thanks. I don't really want one at all. I only took it out of mere greed, and to have something to do. Thank you, I've had quite enough—such excellent meat and pudding! I've done splendidly—BUT TO GO ON WITH OUR CONVERSATION ABOUT LITERATURE,—YOU WERE SAYING, I THINK . . .?' and so the incident's at an end.

"Dear! dear! it's very trying being so exalted one day and ever so desperate the next—this Self-knowledge (*why* did that old fool class it

with Self-reverence and Self-control? They're rarely seen together!) But so one lives in Munich.

"—And then your letter came! So many thanks. It made me shake with joy to know that Cambridge and England (as I know it) was all as fine as ever. That Jacques and Ka should be sitting in a café, looking just like themselves —oh God! what an incredibly lovely superb world. I fairly howled my triumph down the ways of this splendid city. 'Oh! you fat, muddy-faced, grey, jolly Germans who despise me because I don't know your rotten language! Oh! the people I know, and you don't! Oh! you poor things!' And they all growl at me because they don't know why I glory over them. But, of course, part of the splendour is that—if they only knew it—they too, these Germans, are all sitting in cafés and looking just like themselves. That knowledge sets me often dreaming in a vague, clerical, world-misty spirit over my solitary coffee, in one of the innumerable cafés here in which I spend my days. I find myself smiling a dim, gentle, poetic, paternal, Jehovah-like smile—over the ultimate excellence of humanity —at people of, obviously, the most frightful lives and reputations at other tables; who come presently sidling towards me. My mysticism van-

ishes, and in immense terror I fly suddenly into the street.

"Oh, but they're a kindly people. Every night I sit in a café near here, after the opera, and read the day-old *Times* (!) and drink—prepare to hear the depths of debauchery into which the young are led in these wicked foreign cities!—HOT MILK, a large glassful. Last night I spilt the whole of the hot milk over myself, while I was trying to negotiate the Literary Supplement. You've no idea how much of one a large glass of hot milk will cover. I was entirely white, except for my scarlet face. All the people in the café crowded round and dabbed me with dirty pocket-handkerchiefs. A kindly people. Nor did I give in. I ordered more hot milk and finished my Supplement, damp but International.

"No! Cambridge isn't very dim and distant, nor Dent a pink shade. I somehow manage, these days, to be aware of two places at once. I used to find it wasn't worth while; and to think that the great thing was to let go completely of a thing when you've done with it, and turn wholly and freshly to the next. 'Being able to take and to let go and to take, and knowing when to take and when to let go, and knowing that life's this—is the only way to happiness' is the burden of the

Marschallin in the *Rosencavalier* (the rage of Germany just now). There's some truth in it. But sometimes, now, I find I can weave two existences together and enjoy both, and be aware of the unique things of each. It's true that as I write there's an attitude of Jacques's, or a slow laugh of Ka's, or a moon at Grantchester, or a speech of Dickinson's, that I'd love, and that I'm missing. But there'll be other such, no doubt, in May and June—and what if I'd not met the lovable Mr. Leuba (and so differently lovable from an English unsuccessful journalist!) or the fascinating Miss Something or Other of Paris, or the interesting and wicked di Ravelli, or Dr. Wolfskell who is shy and repeats Swinburne in large quantities with a villainous German accent but otherwise knows no English, or that bearded man in the café, or the great Hegedus, or Professor Sametscu? . . .

"Eh, but I have grown clerical and solemn and moral. That is because I've been seeing so much Ibsen lately. I apologise. I'm old-fashioned enough to admire that man vastly. I've seen five or six of his plays in four weeks. They always leave me prostrate.

"No, I've not yet been proposed to by young ladies in plaid blouses, not even one at a time. As a matter of fact I know only one or two

such. Most of the people I see are working at some sensible thing like writing, music, or painting, and are free and comradely. I made one or two incursions into Anglo-German Philistia, and came hurriedly forth. I'm damnably sorry for the plaid blouses (who *do* exist there, and are, at present, so much better than their mothers). I saw two stifling and crying. But I'm not going back to rescue them.

"But in ordinary, and nicer, ways, I meet a lot of jolly people. It's true, a lot, I think, what you say about friends; but oh, dear people! it *is* fun going away and making thousands of acquaintances.

"I finish this tourist's effusion at 2 o' the morning, sitting up in bed, with my army blanket round me. My feet, infinitely disconnected, and southward, inform me that to-night it is freezing again. The bed is covered with Elizabethan and German books I may or may not read ere I sleep. In the distance glimmers the gaunt white menacing Ibsenite stove that casts a gloom over my life. The Algerian dancing-master next door is, for once, quiet. I rather think the Dragon overhead (the Dragon = that monstrous, tired-faced, screeching, pouchy creature, of infinite age and horror, who screams opposite me at dinner and talks with great crags of food

projecting from her mouth; a decayed Countess, they say) is snoring.

"Oh, I sometimes make a picture of Conduit Head, with Jacques in a corner, and Gwen on other cushions, and Justin on his back, and Ka on a footstool, and Francis smoking, and Frances in the chair to the right (facing the fire). . . . It stands out against the marble of the Luitpold Café and then fades. . . . But say it's true!

"Even with an enormous stomach and a beard and in Munich.—Yours, RUPERT."

From Munich he went to join his godfather, Mr. Robert Whitelaw, in Florence, where he wrote to me at the end of April: "I led a most noisome life in Munich, crawling about in trams, and eating, and sleeping. I never thought, and barely ever read. I worked hard in an intermittent doleful way, but never accomplished anything. I spent two months over a poem that describes the feelings of a fish, in the metre of *L'Allegro*. It was meant to be a lyric, but has turned into a work of 76 lines with a moral end. It's quite unintelligible. Beyond that I have written one or two severe and subtle sonnets in my most modern manner—descriptions of very poignant and complicated situations in the life

of to-day, thrilling with a false simplicity. The one beginning

'I did not think you thought I knew you knew'

has created a sensation in English-speaking circles in Munich.

"I have sampled and sought out German culture. It has changed all my political views. I am wildly in favour of nineteen new Dreadnoughts. German culture must never, never prevail! The Germans are nice, and well-meaning, and they try; but they are SOFT. Oh! they *are* soft! The only good things (outside music perhaps) are the writings of Jews who live in Vienna. Have you ever heard of Mr. Schnitzler's historical play? They act an abbreviated version which lasts from 7 to 12. I saw it. A Hebrew journalist's version of the *Dynasts,* but rather good.

"Here I live in a *pension* surrounded by English clergymen and ladies. They are all Forster characters. Perhaps it is his pension.[1] But to live among Forster characters is too bewildering. The 'quaint' remarks fall all round one during meal-times, with little soft plups like pats of butter. 'So strong,' they said, next to me, at the concert last night, of the Fifth Symphony; 'and

[1] See E. M. Forster's "A Room with a View."

yet so restful, my dear! not at all what I should call *morbid,* you know!' Just now the young parson and his wife, married a fortnight, have been conversing. 'Are you ready to kick off?' he said. How extraordinary! What does it mean? I *gathered* it merely meant was she dressed for San Lorenzo. But does the Church talk like that nowadays?

"So I am seeing life. But I am thirsting for Grantchester. I am no longer to be at *The Orchard,* but next door at *The Old Vicarage,* with a wonderful garden. I shall fly from Florence, which is full of painstaking ugly pictures. But before I go I've got to settle the question, 'Shall I lay a handful of roses on Mrs. Browning's grave? and, if so, how many?' These literary problems are dreadful. And the English Cemetery is so near!"

"It's very late," he wrote one evening to the Raverats. "The stars over Fiesole are wonderful; and there are quiet cypresses and a straight white wall opposite. I renounce England; though at present I've the senile affection of a godfather for it. I think of it, over there (beyond even Fiesole)—Gwen and Jacques and Ka and Frances and Justin and Dudley, and Dr. Verrall and the Master, and Lord Esher and Mr. Balfour. Good-night, children."

IV

The Old Vicarage, which was his home in 1911, is a long, low, ramshackle, tumble-down one-storied house, with attics in a high roof, and a verandah. It has a profuse, overgrown, sweet-smelling, 'most individual and bewildering' garden, with random trees and long grass, and here and there odd relics of the eighteenth century, a sundial sticking out from the dried-up basin of a round pond, and an imitation ruin in a corner. Towards the end of the year it is a little melancholy. "The garden," he wrote in September, "is immeasurably autumnal, sad, mysterious, august. I walk in it feeling like a fly crawling on the score of the Fifth Symphony"; and in December he called it a House of Usher. But in summer it's a paradise of scent and colour. "You'll find me quite wild with reading and the country," he wrote in an invitation. "Come prepared for bathing, and clad in primitive clothes. Bring books also: one talks eight hours, reads eight, and sleeps eight."

Here is a morning of about this time, in a letter to Miss Katherine Cox: "I worked till 1, and then ran nearly to Haslingfield and back before lunch, thinking over the next bits. There

was such clearness and frosty sun. Some men under a haystack, eating their lunch, shouted how fine a day it was. I shouted back it was very cold; and ran on. They roared with laughter and shouted after me that with that fine crop of hair I oughtn't to be cold. . . . It was wonderful and very clean out there. I thought of all you Londoners, dirty old drivellers! Now I'm come in to rehearse my nigger part [as a super in the *Magic Flute*] and to work. I've realised that taking part in theatrical performances is the only thing worth doing. And it's so *very* nice being an intelligent subordinate. I'm a very good subordinate—it's such a test. I'm thought not to dance well: but my intelligence and devotion have brought me rapidly to the front. I am now the most important of 7 negroes!"

He was now working at the first draft of his dissertation on John Webster, which he sent in at the end of the year. "I've wallowed in Webster-Texts all day," he wrote in September. "If only I didn't want, at the same time, to be reading everything else in the world, I should be infinitely happy." He didn't get the Fellowship till next year.

He was also preparing the book of *Poems* which Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson published in December. It had a mixed reception, both from

his friends and from the critics. I was lucky enough to take it in a way which pleased him; and he rewarded me with the following letter, which is too informing to be left out, though I would rather it fell to someone else to print it: "Your letter gave me great joy. I horribly feel that degrading ecstasy that I have always despised in parents whose shapeless offspring are praised for beauty. People are queer about my poems. Some that I know very well and have great *sympathie* with, don't like them. Some people seem to like them. Some like only the early ones—them considerably, but the others not at all. These rather sadden me. I hobnob vaguely with them over the promising verses of a young poet, called Rupert Brooke, who died in 1908. But I'm so much more concerned with the living, who doesn't interest them. God! it's so cheering to find someone who likes the modern stuff, and appreciates what one's at. You can't think how your remarks and liking thrilled me. You seemed, both in your classing them and when you got to details, to agree so closely with what I felt about them (only, of course, I often feel doubtful about their relative value to other poetry) that I knew you understood what they meant. It sounds a poor compliment—or else a queer conceitedness—to

remark on your understanding them; but it's really been rather a shock to me—and made me momentarily hopeless—that so many intelligent and well-tasted people didn't seem to have any idea what I was driving at, in any poem of the last few years. It opened my eyes to the fact that people who like poetry are barely more common than people who like pictures.

"I'm (of course) unrepentant about the 'unpleasant' poems.[1] I don't claim great merit for the *Channel Passage:* but the point of it was (or should have been!) 'serious.' There are common and sordid things—situations or details—that may suddenly bring all tragedy, or at least the brutality of actual emotions, to you. I rather grasp relievedly at them, after I've beaten vain hands in the rosy mists of poets' experiences. Lear's button, and Hilda Lessways turning the gas suddenly on, and—but you know more of them than I. Shakespeare's not unsympathetic. 'My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun.' And the emotions of a sea-sick lover seem to me at least as poignant as those of the hero who has 'brain-fever.' . . . . . .

"Mrs. Cornford tried to engage me in a controversy over the book—she and her school. They

[1] I had expressed an apologetic preference for poems that I could read at meals.

are known as the Heart-criers, because they believe all poetry ought to be short, simple, naïve, and a cry from the heart; the sort of thing an inspired only child might utter if it was in the habit of posing to its elders. They object to my poetry as unreal, affected, complex, 'literary,' and full of long words. I'm re-writing English literature on their lines. Do you think this is a fair rendering of Shakespeare's first twenty sonnets, if Mrs. Cornford had had the doing of them?

TRIOLET

If you would only have a son,
  William, the day would be a glad one.
It *would* be nice for everyone,
If you would only have a son.
And, William, what would *you* have done
  If Lady Pembroke hadn't had one?
If you would only have a son,
  William, the day *would* be a glad one!

It seems to me to have got the kernel of the situation, and stripped away all unnecessary verbiage or conscious adornment."

The verdicts of the newspapers varied from that of the *Saturday Review,* which "definitely told Mr. Rupert Brooke to 'mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks,' " to that

of the *Daily Chronicle,* which prophesied, by the mouth of Edward Thomas, that he would be a poet, and not a little one. It may be said that in general the book was received with a good deal of interest, and hailed as at least promising. Many of the critics seemed so struck with the 'unpleasant' poems (seven, at most, out of fifty) that they could hardly notice the others. This showed, perhaps, a wrong sense of proportion; but the author's own point of view about them is certainly a matter of interest, and though the purpose of this memoir is not critical, it may be worth while here to put together some of its factors, besides those which appear from the letter I have just quoted. It is, of course, absurdly untrue that, as has been said, he felt he ought to make up for his personal beauty by being ugly in his poetry. To begin with, ugliness had a quite unaffected attraction for him; he thought it just as *interesting* as anything else; he didn't like it—he loathed it—but he liked thinking about it. 'The poetical character,' as Keats said, 'lives in gusto.' Then he still had at this age (24) a good deal of what soon afterwards faded completely away—the bravado, the feeling that it was fun to shock and astonish the respectable, which came out in his school letters. Again, he was incensed by the usual attitude of criticism—

in his view, either stupid or hypocritical—towards 'coarseness' in literature. "Indeed," he wrote early this year in a review, "the Elizabethans *were* refined. Their stories were shocking, their thoughts nasty, their language indelicate. It is absurd to want them otherwise. It is intolerable that these critics should shake the pedagogic finger of amazed reproval at them. . . . . Such people do not understand that the vitality of the Elizabethan Drama is inseparable from [its coarseness]. Their wail that its realism is mingled with indecency is more than once repeated. True literary realism, they think, is a fearless reproduction of what real living men say when there is a clergyman in the room." The feeling here expressed urged him to make a demonstration; it dignified the boyish impulse into a duty.

To conclude this subject I will quote a letter to his publisher about the sonnet *Libido,* to which the original title *Lust* is now restored: "My own feeling is that to remove it would be to overbalance the book still more in the direction of unimportant prettiness. There's plenty of that sort of wash in the other pages for the readers who like it. They needn't read the parts which are new and serious. About a lot of the book I occasionally feel that like Ophelia I've turned

'thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, to favour and to prettiness.' So I'm extra keen about the places where I think that thought and passion are, however clumsily, *not* so transmuted. This was one of them. It seemed to have qualities of reality and novelty that made up for the clumsiness. . . . I should like it to stand, as a representative in the book of abortive poetry against literary verse; and because I can't see any aesthetic ground against it which would not damn three-quarters of the rest of the book too; or any moral ground at all."

During all this time he was working up to a rather serious illness. As a child and as a boy he had been delicate, but at Cambridge his health had greatly improved, and all the time he was there he never had to go to a doctor. Now, however, he left his open-air life and came to London for work on Webster. "He lived," his Mother tells me, "in wretched rooms in Charlotte Street, spending all day at the British Museum, going round to his friends in the evening and sitting up most of the night. He then went to Grantchester to finish his dissertation, and from his brother's account scarcely went to bed at all for a week, several times working all night. He came home for Christmas quite tired out." The

letter to me which I last quoted, written at Rugby on the 22nd of December, ends with this: "I'm sorry I never saw you again. The last part of November and the first of December I spent in writing my dissertation at Grantchester. . . . . I couldn't do it at all well. I came to London in a dilapidated condition for a day or two after it was over. Now I'm here over Christmas. About the 27th I go to Lulworth with a reading-party for a fortnight. Then to the South of France, then Germany . . . and the future's mere mist. I want to stay out of England for some time. (1) I don't like it. (2) I want to work—a play, and so on. (3) I'm rather tired and dejected.

"So I *probably* shan't be in London for some time. If I am, I'll let you know. I'm going to try to do scraps—reviewing, etc.—in my spare time for the immediate future. I suppose you don't edit a magazine? I might review Elizabethan books at some length for the *Admiralty Gazette* or *T.A.T.* (Tattle amongst Tars), or whatever journal you officially produce? At least I hope you'll issue an order to include my poems in the library of all submarines."

His next letter is of February 25th, 1912, from Rugby: "I went to Lulworth after Christmas for a reading party. There I collapsed sud-

denly into a foodless and sleepless Hell. God! how one can suffer from what my amiable specialist described as a 'nervous breakdown.' (He reported that I had got into a 'seriously introspective condition'! and—more tangibly—that my weight had gone down a stone or two.) I tottered, being too tired for suicide, to Cannes, not because I like the b—— place, but because my mother happened to be there. I flapped slowly towards the surface there; and rose a little more at Munich. I have come here for a month or two to complete it. After that I shall be allowed (and, by Phoebus, able, I hope) to do some work. My cure consists in perpetual over-eating and over-sleeping, no exercise, and no thought. Rather a nice existence, but oh God! weary."

In March he went for a walk in Sussex with James Strachey, and sent Miss Cox a sensational account, dated from 'The Mermaid Club, Rye,' of an unsuccessful attempt to visit a great man whose acquaintance he had made at Cambridge. "I read the 'Way of All Flesh' and talk to James. James and I have been out this evening to call on Mr. Henry James at 9.0. We found—at length—the house. It was immensely rich, and brilliantly lighted at every window on the

ground floor. The upper floors were deserted: one black window open. The house is straight on the street. We nearly fainted with fear of a company. At length I pressed the Bell of the Great Door—there was a smaller door further along, the servants' door we were told. No answer. I pressed again. At length a slow dragging step was heard within. It stopped inside the door. We shuffled. Then, very slowly, very loudly, immense numbers of chains and bolts were drawn within. There was a pause again. Further rattling within. Then the steps seemed to be heard retreating. There was silence. We waited in a wild agonising stupefaction. The house was dead silent. At length there was a shuffling noise from the servants' door. We thought someone was about to emerge from there to greet us. We slid down towards it—nothing happened. We drew back and observed the house. A low whistle came from it. Then nothing for two minutes. Suddenly a shadow passed quickly across the light in the window nearest the door. Again nothing happened. James and I, sick with surmise, stole down the street. We thought we heard another whistle, as we departed. We came back here shaking—we didn't know at what.

"If the evening paper, as you get this, tells of

the murder of Mr. Henry James—you'll know."

By this time he was quite well again. He went to Germany in April, and stayed there for two or three months, mostly with Dudley Ward in Berlin, where he wrote *The Old Vicarage, Grantchester* [1] ('this hurried stuff,' he called it when he sent it me). "I read Elizabethans for 2-3 hours a day, quite happily," he wrote to his Mother. "Other work I haven't tried much. I started a short play, and worked at it for two or three hours. I paid the penalty by not getting to sleep till 5 next morning." The play was a one-act melodrama called *Lithuania,* founded on the well-known anecdote of a son coming back with a fortune, after years of absence in America, to his peasant-family, who kill him for his money and then find out who he was. (It was acted in the spring of 1916 by Miss Lillah M'Carthy, Miss Clare Greet, Leon M. Lion, John Drinkwater, and others, at a charity matinée at His Majesty's, together with Gordon Bottomley's *King Lear's Wife* and Wilfrid Gibson's *Hoops;* and was thought to show much promise of dramatic power.)

He came home from Germany as well as ever, to spend the rest of the summer at Grantchester.

[1] This poem was first published in the King's magazine *Basileon.* The MS. is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum.

I must here touch upon a change in his outlook, a development of his character, which, as I think, took form during this year from the germs which may be seen in his earlier letters, already quoted, to Mr. Cotterill and to Ben Keeling. Perhaps it was the result of the 'introspection' which contributed to his illness, and to which his illness in its turn gave opportunity. To put it briefly and bluntly, he had discovered that goodness was the most important thing in life—'that immortal beauty and goodness,' as he wrote much later, 'that radiance, to love which is to feel one has safely hold of eternal things.' Since he grew up he had never held (and did not now acquire) any definite, still less any ready-made, form of religious belief; his ideals had been mainly intellectual; and if he had been asked to define goodness, he would probably have said that it meant having true opinions about ethics. Now he found that it was even more a matter of the heart and of the will; and he did not shrink from avowing his changed view to his old comrades in the life of the mind, some of whom perhaps found it a little disconcerting, a little ridiculous.

Henceforward the only thing that he cared for—or rather felt he ought to care for—in a man, was the possession of goodness; its absence, the

one thing that he hated, sometimes with fierceness. He never codified his morals, never made laws for the conduct of others, or for his own; it was the spirit, the passion, that counted with him. "That is the final rule of life, the best one ever made," he wrote next year from the Pacific,— " 'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones'— remembering that all the eight hundred millions on earth, except oneself, are the little ones."

In the autumn of this year he began coming to London oftener and for longer visits, usually staying at my rooms in Gray's Inn; going to plays and music halls, seeing pictures, and making numbers of new acquaintances and friends. Henry James, W. B. Yeats and John Masefield he knew already; and he made friends about this time with Edmund Gosse, Walter de la Mare, Wilfrid Gibson, John Drinkwater, W. H. Davies, and many others.

There was a general feeling among the younger poets that modern English poetry was very good, and sadly neglected by readers. Rupert announced one evening, sitting half-undressed on his bed, that he had conceived a brilliant scheme. He would write a book of poetry, and publish it as a selection from the works of twelve different writers, six men and six women,

all with the most convincing pseudonyms. That, he thought, *must* make them sit up. It occurred to me that as we both believed there were at least twelve flesh-and-blood poets whose work, if properly thrust under the public's nose, had a good chance of producing the effect he desired, it would be simpler to use the material which was ready to hand. Next day (September 20th it was) we lunched in my rooms with Gibson and Drinkwater, and Harold Monro and Arundel del Re (editor and sub-editor of the then *Poetry Review,* since re-named *Poetry and Drama*), and started the plan of the book which was published in December under the name of *Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912.*

This was our great excitement for the rest of the year. Rupert went to stay with Ward in Berlin for November, and kept sending suggestions for promoting the sale of the book. (Years before, a cynical young friend of ours at King's had told me that though 'Rupert's public form was the youthful poet, the real foundation of his character was a hard business faculty.') "I forget all my other ideas," he wrote, after making some very practical proposals, "but they each sold some 25 copies. I have a hazy vision of incredible *réclame.* You ought to have an immense map of England (*vide* 'Tono-Bungay') and plan

campaigns with its aid. And literary charts, each district mapped out, and a fortress secured. John Buchan to fill a page of the *Spectator:* Filson Young in the *P.M.G.* (we shall be seventeen *Things that Matter* in italics?), etc., etc. You'll be able to found a hostel for poor Georgians on the profits." Some of his ideas were too vast, but others were acted on; and though delays of printing and binding kept the book back till a few days before Christmas, frustrating our calculation on huge sales to present-givers, its success outran our wildest hopes.

He spent most of the spring of 1913 in London, enjoying himself in many directions. He went again and again to the Russian Ballet, which he loved ("They, if anything can, redeem our civilisation," he had written in December. "I'd give everything to be a ballet-designer"); and he conceived a passion for the Hippodrome Revue, *Hullo, Ragtime!* which he saw ten times. He had always been on occasion a great fitter-in of things and people, and vast networks of his minute arrangements survive on postcards, though without the finishing strands put in by telephone. He got to know more and more people, including the Asquith family and George Wyndham, with whom he spent a Sunday at Clouds. He had no ambition for the career of a

'young man about town'; but he felt he might let himself go for the moment, as he would be starting for America before he could get too much involved.

He got his Fellowship on March 8th. "It's very good of you to congratulate me," he wrote to Geoffrey Fry. "You can't think how I despise you mere civilians, now. *Jetzt bin ich Professor*. A grey look of learning has already settled on my face. And I wear spectacles." Next week he went to King's to be admitted, or, as he called it, 'churched.' "I dined solemnly," he told Mrs. Cornford, "with very old white-haired men, at one end of a vast dimly-lit hall, and afterwards drank port somnolently in the Common Room, with the College silver, and 17th Century portraits, and a 16th Century fireplace, and 15th Century ideas. The perfect Don, I . . ."

The only other break in the London life was a visit to Rugby towards the end of March, when he wrote a rapturous spring-letter to Miss Cathleen Nesbitt. "But oh! but oh! such a day! 'Spring came complete with a leap in a day,' said the wisest and nicest man in Warwickshire—my godfather,[1] an aged scholar, infinitely learned in Greek, Latin, English, and Life. He said it was a quotation from Browning. It certainly

[1] Mr. Whitelaw.

fitted. I took him a walk. The air had changed all in a night, and had that soft caressingness, and yet made you want to jump and gambol. *Alacer,* and not *acer,* was, we agreed, the epithet for the air. Oh! it's mad to be in London with the world like this. I can't tell you of it. The excitement and music of the birds, the delicious madness of the air, the blue haze in the distance, the straining of the hedges, the green mist of shoots about the trees—oh, it wasn't in these details—it was beyond and round them—something that included them. It's the sort of day that brought back to me what I've had so rarely for the last two years—that tearing hunger to do and do and do things. I want to walk 1000 miles, and write 1000 plays, and sing 1000 poems, and drink 1000 pots of beer, and kiss 1000 girls, and —oh, a million things! . . . . . The spring makes me almost ill with excitement. I go round corners on the roads shivering and nearly crying with suspense, as one did as a child, fearing some playmate in waiting to jump out and frighten one."

V

On May 22nd he started for New York on a year's travels. "You won't see me again till I'm

a bold, bad, bearded broncho-buster in a red shirt and riding-breeches," he wrote to Miss Sybil Pye. His plans were vague, and at that time he expected to be back by the end of 1913. He had written to his mother in February, to explain: "I think, now my physical health is quite all right, I shall go off to America or somewhere. I feel just as I did in the autumn, that it's no good going on in England. . . . . It is only wasting time to go on without doing proper work. I think of going off to California or somewhere, and doing some kind of work, or tramping. I shall take what money I have, and if they don't give me a fellowship, I can capitalise £200 or so, and that'll last me for as long as I want to be abroad. I have no fear about being able to make a living now, for there are so many papers that'll print anything by me whenever I like."

"We may meet again in this world," he wrote to the Raverats, "I brown and bearded, you mere red round farmers. When that'll be, I know not. Perhaps in six months. Perhaps in six years. Or we may only find each other in a whiter world, nighty-clad, harped, winged, celibate.

> Shall we go walks along the hills of Heaven,
> Rücksack on back and aureole in pocket,
> And stay in Paradisal pubs, and drink

Immortal toasts in old ambrosia,
Fry wings in nectar on the glassy sea,
And build the fire with twigs of amaranth?"

Here is his farewell to England, in a letter to a friend from the s.s. *Cedric:* "I arrived solitary on the boat. After it started I went to the office, more to show that I existed than in the dimmest hope of getting anything—and there was stuck up a list called 'Unclaimed Mail.' (I thought it sounded as if a lot of the Knights who had promised to equip themselves for the Quest of the Holy Grail had missed the train, or married a wife, or overslept, or something.) And at the top of the list 'Mr. Rupert Brooke.' . . . . . .

"—day. Time is no more. I have been a million years on this boat. I don't know if it's this month or last or next. Sometimes, remotely, in a past existence, I was on land. But this is another existence. . . . I have my joys. Today I ate *clam-chowder*. That's romance, isn't it? I ordered it quite recklessly. I didn't know what it was. I only knew that anything called *clam-chowder* must be strange beyond words.

If you were like clam-chowder
And I were like the spoon,
And the band were playing louder
And a little more in tune,

I'd stir you till I spilled you,
Or kiss you till I killed you,
If you were like clam-chowder
And I were like the spoon.

(But you don't know Swinburne.) 'Clam-chowder,' my God! what am I coming to? . . .

"I haven't told you much about my voyage, have I? There's not much to tell. I felt, before I got your letter, a trifle lonely at Liverpool. Everybody else seemed to have people to see them off. So I went back on shore and found a dirty little boy, who was unoccupied, and said his name was William. 'Will you wave to me if I give you sixpence, William?' I said. 'Why yes,' said William. So I gave him sixpence, and went back on board. And when the time came he leaned over his railing on the landing-stage, and waved. And now and then he shouted indistinct messages in a shrill voice. And as we slid away, the last object I looked at was a small dot waving a white handkerchief, or nearly white, faithfully. So I got my sixpenn'orth and my farewell—Dear William!"

For his travels in America and Canada, his letters to the *Westminster Gazette,* since republished, must be allowed in the main to speak; but these may be supplemented by scraps of his let-

ters to his mother and his friends. "America hasn't changed me much yet," he wrote from New York. "I've got the adorablest little touch of an American accent, and I'm a bit thinner." He wasn't very happy at first. "When I'm alone," he wrote to me on June 29th from the Montreal Express, "I sink into a kind of mental stupor which may last for months. I shan't be really right till I get back to you all." And again from Ottawa, ten days later, "I don't get very miserable, or go to pieces (save for occasional bursts of home-sickness just before meals); but my whole level of life descends to an incredible muddy flatness. I do no reading, no thinking, no writing. And very often I don't see many things. The real hell of it is that I get so numb that my brain and senses don't record fine or clear impressions. So the time is nearly all waste. I'm very much ashamed of it all. For I've always beforehand a picture of myself dancing through foreign cities, drinking in novelty, hurling off letters to the *W.G.*, breaking into song and sonnet, dashing off plays and novels. . . . Lord, Lord! . . . . . .

"American 'hospitality' means that with the nice ones you can be at once on happy and intimate terms. Oh dear, the tears quite literally well up into my eyes when I think of a group

of young Harvard people I tumbled into—at Harvard. They had the charm and freshness and capacity for instantly creating a relation of happy and warm friendliness that, for instance, Denis [1] has. It's a nice thing . . . . . .

"You, at home, have no conception how you're all getting a sanctity and halo about you in my mind. I dwell so much and so sentimentally on all the dear dead days that I am beginning to see no faults and all virtues in all of you. *You,* my dear, appear perfection in every part. Your passion for anagrams is a lovable and deeply intellectual taste. Your acquaintance with [a *bête noire* of his] a beautiful thing. Your lack of sympathy with the Labour Party turns to a noble and picturesque Toryism. Even your preference for gilded over comfortable chairs loses something of its ugliness in my heart. Of you and Norton and Duncan and —— and even —— I think incessantly, devotedly, and tearfully. Even of figures who, to be frank, have hovered but dimly on the outskirts of my consciousness, I am continually and fragrantly memorial. . . . . I make up little minor, pitiful songs, the burden of which is that I have a folk-longing to get back from all this Imperial luxury to the simplicity of the little places and quiet folks I

[1] Denis Browne, of whom more hereafter.

knew and loved. One very beautiful one has the chorus—

Would God I were eating plover's eggs,
And drinking dry champagne,
With the Bernard Shaws, Mr. and Mrs. Masefield, Lady Horner, Neil Primrose, Raleigh, the Right Honourable Augustine Birrell, Eddie, six or seven Asquiths, and Felicity Tree,
In Downing Street again."

His next letter was from Toronto, a fortnight later: "I've found here an Arts and Letters Club of poets, painters, journalists, etc., where they'd heard of me, and read *G. P.*,[1] and, oh Eddie, one fellow actually possessed my 'Poems.' Awful Triumph. Every now and then one comes up and presses my hand and says, 'Wal Sir, you cannot know what a memorable Day in my life this is.' Then I do my pet boyish-modesty stunt and go pink all over; and everyone thinks it *too* delightful. One man said to me, 'Mr. Brooks' (my Canadian name), 'Sir, I may tell you that in my opinion you have Mr. Noyes skinned.' That means I'm better than him: a great compliment. But they're really quite an up-to-date lot; and very cheery and pleasant. I go to-morrow to the desert and the wilds."

[1] *Georgian Poetry.*

The desert and the wilds suited him much better than the cities. "Today," he wrote to Miss Nesbit on the 3rd of August from Lake George, about 70 miles from Winnipeg, "I'm 26 years old—and I've done so little. I'm very much ashamed. By God, I am going to make things hum though—but that's all so far away. I'm lying quite naked on a beach of golden sand, 6 miles away from the hunting-lodge, the other man near by, a gun between us in case bears appear, the boat pulled up on the shore, the lake very blue and ripply, and the sun rather strong. . . . . We caught two pike on the way out, which lie picturesquely in the bows of the boat. Along the red-gold beach are the tracks of various wild animals, mostly jumping-deer and caribou. One red-deer we saw as we came round the corner, lolloping along the beach, stopping and snuffling the wind, and then going on again. Very lovely. We were up-wind and it didn't see us, and the meat wasn't needed, so we didn't shoot at it (I'm glad, I'm no 'sportsman'). We bathed off the beach, and then lit a fire of birch and spruce, and fried eggs, and ate cold caribou-heart, and made tea, and had, oh! blueberry pie. Cooking and eating a meal naked is the most solemnly primitive thing one can do; and—this is the one thing which will make you realise that

I'm living far the most wonderfully and incredibly romantic life you ever heard of, and infinitely superior to your miserable crawling London existence—the place we landed at is an INDIAN CAMP. At any moment a flotilla of birchbark canoes may sweep round the corner, crowded with Indians, braves and squaws and papooses—and not those lonely half-breeds and stray Indians that speak English, mind you, but the Real Thing! Shades of Fenimore Cooper!"

But he was quite able to cope with civilisation when he got back to it. The next letter is ten days later, from Edmonton: "I find I'm becoming very thick-skinned and bold, and the complete journalist. I've just been interviewed by a reporter. I fairly crushed him. I just put my cigar in the corner of my mouth, and undid my coat-buttons, and put my thumbs under my armpits, and spat, and said, 'Say, Kid, this is some town.' He asked me a lot of questions to which I didn't know the answers, so I lied. . . . . .

"Also I am become very good at bearding people. I just enter railway offices and demand free passes as a journalist, and stamp into immense newspaper buildings and say I want to talk for an hour to the Chief Editor, and I can lean across the counter with a cigarette and dis-

cuss the Heart with the young lady who sells cigars, newspapers, and stamps. I believe I could do a deal in Real Estate, in the bar, over a John Collins, with a clean-shaven Yankee with a tremulous eyelid and a moist lower lip. In fact, I am a Man."

He stayed some days at Vancouver, where he wrote his mother a letter which gives me occasion to stand in a very white sheet. "I'm glad you like the Westminster articles. They're not always very well written, but I think they're the sort of stuff that ought to interest an intelligent *W.G.* reader more than the ordinary travel stuff one sees. I hope they won't annoy people over this side. Canadians and Americans are so touchy. But it's absurd to ladle out indiscriminate praise, as most people do. I heard from Eddie about the proofs. I was very sad at one thing. In my first or second article I had made an American say 'You bet your'—which is good American slang. Eddie thought a word was left out and inserted *'boots.'* I only hope the *W.G.* omitted it. I suppose it'll be printed by now. If not, 'phone the *W.G.* or write—But it must be too late. Alas! Alas!

"Vancouver is a queer place, rather different from the rest of Canada. More oriental. The country and harbour are rather beautiful, with

great violet mountains all round, snow-peaks in the distance. They interviewed me and put (as usual) a quite inaccurate report of it in the paper, saying I'd come here to investigate the Japanese question. In consequence about five people rang me up every morning at 8 o'clock (British Columbians get up an hour earlier than I) to say they wanted to wait on me and give me their views. Out here they always have telephones in the bedrooms. One old sea-captain came miles to tell me that the Japanese—and every other—trouble was due to the fact that British Columbia had neglected the teaching of the Gospels on the land question. He wasn't so far out in some respects."

He sailed for Hawaii from San Francisco, where he was warmly welcomed at Berkeley University by Professor Gayly and Professor Wells, and made many friends among the undergraduates. "California," he wrote to me on the 1st of October, "is nice, and the Californians a friendly bunch. There's a sort of goldenness about 'Frisco and the neighbourhood. It hangs in the air, and about the people. Everyone is very cheery and cordial and simple. They are rather a nation apart, different from the rest of the States. Much more like the English. As everywhere in this extraordinary country, I am

welcomed with open arms when I say I know Masefield and Goldie![1] It's very queer. I can't for the life of me help moving about like a metropolitan among rustics, or an Athenian in Thrace. Their wide-mouthed awe at England is so touching—they really are a colony of ours still. That they should be speaking to a man who knows Lowes Dickinson, has met Galsworthy, who once saw Belloc plain! . . . What should we feel if we could speak with an *habitué* of the theatre at Athens, Fifth Century, or with Mine Host of the Mermaid? All that they have with me, the dears! Yet I don't know why I write this from California, the one place that has a literature and tradition of its own.

"On Tuesday—the Pacific. I'll write thence, but God knows when it'll get to you."

He wrote no letters to the *Westminster* from the South Seas, chiefly because the life there was too absorbing, but partly perhaps from doubt whether they would be used. He had got a letter from which he inferred, wrongly, that only one series of six letters was wanted from him. "Isn't it beastly?" he wrote. "I supposed I was going on once a week for months and years. I could read me once a week for ever, couldn't you?" But there are plenty of letters to friends.

[1] G. Lowes Dickinson.

"The Pacific," he wrote from the steamer on October 12th, "has been very pacific, God be thanked—so I've had a pleasant voyage. Three passionate Pacific women cast lustrous eyes towards me, but, with a dim remembrance of the fate of Conrad characters who succumbed to such advances, I evade them. I pass my hand wearily through my long hair, and say, 'Is not the soul of Maurya a glimmering wing in the moth-hour?' or words to that effect. The Celtic method is not understood in this part of the world."

The first stop was at Honolulu, where he stayed on Waikiki beach, the scene of the sonnet beginning "Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree." He wrote to his mother without enthusiasm: "Honolulu itself is a dreadfully American place, just like any city in the States or Canada"; and he found little better to say of the country round about than that "it really *is* tropical in character, like some of the gardens and places at Cannes, on an immense scale."

But this is what he wrote to me about Samoa from the steamer taking him to Fiji: "It's all true about the South Seas! I get a little tired of it at moments, because I am just too old for Romance. But there it is; there it wonderfully is;

heaven on earth, the ideal life, little work, dancing and singing and eating; naked people of incredible loveliness, perfect manners, and immense kindliness, a divine tropic climate, and intoxicating beauty of scenery. I wandered with an 'interpreter'—entirely genial and quite incapable of English—through Samoan villages. The last few days I stopped in one, where a big marriage feast was going on. I lived in a Samoan house (the coolest in the world) with a man and his wife, nine children ranging from a proud beauty of 18 to a round object of 1 year, a dog, a cat, a proud hysterical hen, and a gaudy scarlet and green parrot who roved the roof and beams with a wicked eye, choosing a place whence to —— twice a day, with humorous precision, on my hat and clothes.

"The Samoan girls have extraordinarily beautiful bodies, and walk like goddesses. They're a lovely brown colour, without any black Melanesian admixture. Can't you imagine how shattered and fragmentary a heart I'm bearing away to Fiji and Tahiti? And, oh dear! I'm afraid they'll be just as bad.

"And it's all true about, for instance, cocoanuts. You tramp through a strange, vast, dripping, tropical forest for hours, listening to weird liquid hootings from birds and demons in the

branches above. Then you feel thirsty. So you send your boy up a great perpendicular palm. He runs up with utter ease and grace, cuts off a couple of vast nuts, and comes down and makes holes in them. And they're chock-full of the best drink in the world. Romance! Romance! I walked 15 miles through mud and up and down mountains, and swam three rivers, to get this boat. But if ever you miss me, suddenly, one day, from lecture-room B in King's, or from the Moulin d'Or at lunch, you'll know that I've got sick for the full moon on these little thatched roofs, and the palms against the morning, and the Samoan boys and girls diving thirty feet into a green sea or a deep mountain pool under a waterfall—and that I've gone back."

The next place was Fiji, where he wrote to Edmund Gosse from Suva on November 19th. "I've just got into this place, from Samoa. I said to myself, 'Fiji is obviously the wildest place I can get to round here. The name, and pictures of the inhabitants, prove it.' And lo! a large English town, with two banks, several churches, dental surgeons, a large gaol, auctioneers, book-makers, two newspapers, and all the other appurtenances of civilisation! But I fancy I'll be able to get some little boat and go off to some smaller wilder islands. . . . . .

"Perplexing country! At home everything is so simple, and choice is swift, for the sensible man. There is only the choice between writing a good sonnet and making a million pounds. Who could hesitate? But *here* the choice is between writing a sonnet, and climbing a straight hundred-foot cocoanut palm, or diving forty feet from a rock into pellucid blue-green water. Which is the better, there? One's European literary soul begins to be haunted by strange doubts and shaken with fundamental, fantastic misgivings. I think I shall return home. . . . . .

"Oh, it's horribly true, what you wrote, that one only finds in the South Seas what one brings there. Perhaps I could have found Romance if I'd brought it. Yet I do not think one could help but find *less* trouble than one brings. The idea of the South Seas as a place of passion and a Mohammedan's paradise is but a sailor's yarn. It is nothing near so disturbing. It's rather the opposite of alcohol according to the Porter's definition: for it promotes performance but takes away desire. Yet I can understand Stevenson finding—as you put it—the Shorter Catechism there. One keeps realising, however unwillingly, responsibility. I noticed in myself, and in the other white people in Samoa, a trait that

I have remarked in Schoolmasters. You know that sort of slightly irritated tolerance, and lack of *irresponsibility,* that mark the pedagogue? One feels that one's a White Man (*vide* Kipling *passim*)—ludicrously. I kept thinking I was in the Sixth at Rugby again. These dear good people, with their laughter and friendliness and crowns of flowers—one feels that one *must* protect them. If one was having an evening out with Falstaff and Bardolph themselves, and a small delightful child came up with 'Please I'm lost and I want to get home,' wouldn't one have to leave good fellowship and spend the evening in mean streets tracking its abode? That's, I fancy, how the white man feels in these forgotten —and dissolving—pieces of heaven. And that perhaps is what Stevenson felt—I don't know enough about him. His memory is sweet there, in Samoa: especially among the natives. The white men, mostly traders, who remain from his time, have—for such people—very warm recollections of his personality: but—with a touch of pathos—avow themselves unable to see any merit in his work. Such stuff as the *Wrong Box* they frankly can't understand a grown man writing . . . I went up the steep hill above Vailima, where the grave is. It's a high and lonely spot. I took a Samoan of about 20 to

guide me. He was much impressed by Stevenson's fame. 'That fellow,' he said, 'I think every fellow in world know him.' Then he looked perplexed. 'But my father say,' he went on, 'Stevenson no big man—small man.' That a slight man of medium height should be so famous, puzzled him altogether. If he had been seven feet high, now! Fame is a curious thing. . . . . Oh, *do* forgive the envelope. My own, in this awful climate, are all fast stuck, though never filled, like an English churchman's mind. And I'm reduced to these fantastic affairs."

Other letters add touches to his picture. To me he wrote: "Suva is a queer place; much civilised; full of English people who observe the Rules of Etiquette, and call on third Thursdays, and do not speak to the 'natives.' Fiji's not so attractive as Samoa, but more *macabre*. Across the bay are ranges of inky, sinister mountains, over which there are always clouds and darkness. No matter how fine or windy or hot or cheerful it may be in Suva, that trans-sinutic region is nothing but forbidding and terrible. The Greeks would have made it the entrance of the other world—it is just what I've always imagined Avernus to be like. I'm irresistibly attracted by them, and when I come back from my cruise, I intend to walk among them. Shall I return?

If not, spill some blood in a trench—you'll find the recipe in Homer—and my wandering shade will come for an hour or two to lap it. . . . . The sunsets here! the colour of the water over the reef! the gloom and terror of those twisted mountains! and the extraordinary contrasts in the streets and the near country—for there are fifty thousand Hindoos, indentured labour, here, emaciated and proud, in Liberty-coloured garments, mournful, standing out among these gay, pathetic, sturdy children the Fijians. The Hindoos, who were civilised when we were Fijians; and the Fijians, who will never be civilised. And amongst them, weedy Australian clerks, uncertain whether they most despise a 'haw-haw Englishman' or a 'dam nigger,' and without the conscience of the one or the charm of the other; secret devil-worshippers, admirers of America, English without tradition and Yankees without go. *Give* me a landed gentry, ten shillings on wheat, and hanging for sheep-stealing; also the Established Church, whence I spring."

To Denis Browne he wrote about the dancing and the music: "I prefer watching a *Siva-Siva* to observing Nijinsky. Oh dear, I so wish you'd been with me for some of these native dances. I've got no ear, and can't get the tunes down. They're very simple—just a few bars with a scale

of about 5 notes, repeated over and over again. But it's the *Rhythm* that gets you. They get extraordinarily rhythmic effects, everybody beating their hands, or tapping with a stick; and the dancers swaying their bodies and tapping with their feet. None of that damned bounding and pirouetting. Just *stylisierte* pantomime, sometimes slightly indecent. But *most* exciting. Next time I get sick of England, I'm going to bring you along out here, and work the whole thing out.

"You won't know me when—if ever—I return. Many things I have lost; my knowledge of art and literature, my fragmentary manners, my acquaintance with the English tongue, and any slight intelligence I ever had; but I have gained other things; a rich red-brown for my skin, a knowledge of mixed drinks, an ability to talk or drink with any kind of man, and a large *répertoire* of dirty stories. Am I richer or poorer? I don't know. I only regret that I shall never be able to mix in your or any intelligent circles again. I am indistinguishable (except by my poverty) from a Hall man."

"Dear Miss Asquith," [1] he wrote in mid-December from 'somewhere in the mountains of Fiji.' "Forgive this paper. Its limpness is be-

[1] Miss Violet Asquith, now Lady Bonham-Carter.

cause it has been in terrific thunderstorms, and through most of the rivers in Fiji, in the last few days. Its marks of dirt are because small naked brown babies *will* crawl up and handle it. *And any blood-stains will be mine.* The point is, will they . . .? It's absurd, I know. It's twenty years since they've eaten anybody, and far more since they've done what I particularly and unreasonably detest—fastened the victim down, cut pieces off him one by one, and cooked and eaten them before his eyes. To witness one's own transubstantiation into a naked black man, that seems the last indignity. Consideration of the thoughts that pour through the mind of the ever-diminishing remnant of a man, as it sees its late limbs cooking, moves me deeply. I have been meditating a sonnet, as I sit here, surrounded by dusky faces and gleaming eyes:—

Dear, they have poached the eyes you loved so well—

It'd do well for No. 101 and last, in a modern sonnet-sequence, wouldn't it? I don't know how it would go on. The fourth line would have to be

And all my turbulent lips are *maître-d'hôtel*—

I don't know how to scan French. I fancy that limps. But *'all'* is very strong in the modern style.

"The idea comes out in a slighter thing:—

> The limbs that erstwhile charmed your sight
> Are now a savage's delight;
> The ear that heard your whispered vow
> Is one of many *entrées* now;
> Broiled are the arms in which you clung,
> And devilled is the angelic tongue: . . .
> And oh! my anguish as I see
> A Black Man gnaw your favourite knee!
> Of the two eyes that were your ruin,
> One now observes the other stewing.
> My lips (the inconstancy of man!)
> Are yours no more. The legs that ran
> Each dewy morn their love to wake,
> Are now a steak, are now a steak! . . .

Oh, dear! I suppose it ought to end on the Higher Note, the Wider Outlook. Poetry has to, they tell me. You may caress details, all the main parts of the poem, but at last you have to open the window and turn to God, or Earth, or Eternity, or any of the Grand Old Endings. It gives Uplift, as we Americans say. And that's so essential. (Did you ever notice how the Browning family's poems all refer suddenly to God in the last line? It's laughable if you read through them in that way. 'What if that friend happened to be—God?' 'What comes next? Is it—God?' 'And with God be the rest.' 'And if God choose, I shall but love thee better

after death.' . . . etc., etc. I forget them all now. It shows what the Victorians were.)

"So must I soar:—

> O love, O loveliest and best,
> Natives this *body* may digest;
> Whole, and still yours, my *soul* shall dwell,
> Uneaten, safe, incoctible . . .

It's too dull. I shall go out and wander through the forest paths by the grey moonlight. Fiji in moonlight is like nothing else in this world or the next. It's all dim colours and all scents. And here, where it's high up, the most fantastically-shaped mountains in the world tower up all around, and little silver clouds and wisps of mist run bleating up and down the valleys and hillsides like lambs looking for their mother. There's only one thing on earth as beautiful; and that's Samoa by moonlight. That's utterly different, merely Heaven, sheer loveliness. You lie on a mat in a cool Samoan hut, and look out on the white sand under the high palms, and a gentle sea, and the black line of the reef a mile out, and moonlight over everything, floods and floods of it, not sticky, like Honolulu moonlight, not to be eaten with a spoon, but flat and abundant, such that you could slice thin golden-white shavings off it, as off cheese. And then among

it all are the loveliest people in the world, moving and dancing like gods and goddesses, very quietly and mysteriously, and utterly content. It is sheer beauty, so pure that it's difficult to breathe in it—like living in a Keats world, only it's less syrupy—Endymion without sugar. Completely unconnected with this world.

"There is a poem:

I know an Island
Where the long scented holy nights pass slow,
And there, 'twixt lowland and highland,
The white stream falls into a pool I know,
Deep, hidden with ferns and flowers, soft as dreaming,
Where the brown laughing dancing bathers go . . .

It ends after many pages:

I know an Island
Where the slow fragrant-breathing nights creep past;
And there, 'twixt lowland and highland,
A deep, fern-shrouded, murmurous water glimmers;
There I'll come back at last,
And find my friends, the flower-crowned, laughing swimmers,
And— [1]

I forget. And I've not written the middle part. And it's very bad, like all true poems. I love England; and all the people in it; but oh, how

[1] These lines appear again, considerably altered, in the essay called *Some Niggers,* printed in *Letters from America.*

can one know of heaven on earth and not come back to it? I'm afraid I shall slip away from that slithery, murky place you're (I suppose) in now, and return— Ridiculous.

"I continue in a hot noon, under an orange tree. We rose at dawn and walked many miles and swam seven large rivers and picked and ate many oranges and pineapples and drank cocoa-nuts. Now the two 'boys' who carry my luggage are asleep in the shade. They're Fijians of twenty-three or so who know a few words of English. One of them is the finest-made man I've ever seen; like a Greek statue come to life; strong as ten horses. To see him strip and swim a half-flooded river is an immortal sight.

"Last night we stayed in the house of a mountain chief who has spasmodic yearnings after civilisation. When these grow strong, he sends a runner down to the coast to buy any illustrated papers he can find. He knows no English, but he pastes his favourite pictures up round the wall and muses over them. I lectured on them—fragments of the *Sketch* and *Sphere* for several years—to a half-naked reverent audience last night (through my interpreter of course). The Prince of Wales, looking like an Oxford undergraduate, elbows two ladies who display 1911 spring-fashions. A golf champion in a most

contorted position occupies a central place. He is regarded, I fancy, as a rather potent and violent deity. To his left is 'Miss Viola Tree, as Eurydice,' to his right Miss Lillah M'Carthy as Jocasta, looking infinitely Mycenaean. I explained about incest, shortly, and Miss M'C. rose tremendously in Fijian estimation. Why do people like their gods to be so eccentric, always? I fancy I left an impression that she was Mr. H. H. Hilton's (is that right? You're a golfer) mother and wife. It is so hard to explain our civilisation to simple people. Anyhow, I disturbed their theology and elevated Lillah to the top place. How Eurydice came in puzzled them and me. I fancy they regard her as a Holy Ghostess, in some sort.

"It's very perplexing. These people—Samoans and Fijians—are so much nicer, and so *much* better-mannered, than oneself. They are stronger, beautifuller, kindlier, more hospitable and courteous, greater lovers of beauty, and even wittier, than average Europeans. And they are—under our influence—a dying race. We gradually fill their lands with plantations and Indian coolies. The Hawaians, up in the Sandwich Islands, have almost altogether gone, and their arts and music with them, and their

islands are a replica of America. A cheerful thought, that all these places are to become indistinguishable from Denver and Birmingham and Stuttgart, and the people of dress and behaviour precisely like Herr Schmidt, and Mr. Robinson, and Hiram O. Guggenheim. And now they're so . . . it's impossible to describe how far nearer the Kingdom of Heaven—or the Garden of Eden—these good, naked, laughing people are than oneself or one's friends. . . . But I forget. You are an anti-socialist, and I mustn't say a word against our modern industrial system. I beg your pardon.

"I go down to the coast to catch a boat to New Zealand, where I shall post this. Thence to Tahiti, to hunt for lost Gauguins. Then back to barbarism in America. God knows when I shall get home. In the spring, I hope. Is England still there? Forgive this endless scrawl.

"I suppose you're rushing from lunch-party to lunch-party, and dance to dance, and opera to political platform. Won't you come and learn how to make a hibiscus-wreath for your hair, and sail a canoe, and swim two minutes under water catching turtles, and dive forty feet into a waterfall, and climb a cocoanut-palm? It's more worth while."

Sometimes the desire for England and his friends came uppermost. "I'd once thought it necessary to marry," he wrote to Jacques Raverat from Fiji. "I *approve* of marriage for the world. I think you're all quite right, so don't be alarmed. But not for me. I'm too old. The Point of Marriage is Peace—to work in. But can't one get it otherwise? Why, certainly, when one's old. And so I will. I know what things are good: friendship and work and conversation. These I shall have. How one can fill life, if one's energetic and knows how to dig! I have thought of a thousand things to do, in books and poems and plays and theatres and societies and housebuilding and dinner-parties, when I get Home. We shall have fun. Now we have so painfully achieved middle-age, shall we not reap the fruits of that achievement, my dyspeptic friend? By God, yes! Will you come and walk with me in Spain next summer? And will you join me on the Poet's Round?—a walk I've planned. One starts from Charing Cross, in a south-easterly direction, and calls on de la Mare at Anerley, and finds Davies at Sevenoaks—a day's march to Belloc at King's Head, then up to Wibson[1] on the borders of Gloucestershire, back by Stratford, RUGBY, and

[1] Wilfrid Gibson.

the Chilterns, where Masefield and Chesterton dwell. Wouldn't it give one a queer idea of England?

"Three months a year I am going to live with you and Gwen, three with Dudley and Anne, three with the Ranee,[1] and three alone. A perfect life. I almost catch the next boat to 'Frisco at the thought of it." (At this point in the letter there is a constellation of blots, explained as 'Tears of Memory.')

"There is nothing in the world like friendship. And there is no man who has had such friends as I, so many, so fine, so various, so multiform, so prone to laughter, so strong in affection, and so permanent, so trustworthy, so courteous, so stern with vices and so blind to faults or folly, of such swiftness of mind and strength of body, so apt both to make jokes and to understand them. Also their faces are beautiful, and I love them. I repeat a long list of their names every night before I sleep. Friendship is always exciting, and yet always safe. There is no lust in it, and therefore no poison. It is cleaner than love, and older; for children and very old people have friends, but they do not love. It gives more and takes less, it is fine in the enjoying, and without pain when absent, and it leaves only good memo-

[1] His name for his mother.

ries. In love all laughter ends with an ache, but laughter is the very garland on the head of friendship. I will not love, and I will not be loved. But I will have friends round me continually, all the days of my life, and in whatever lands I may be. So we shall laugh and eat and sing, and go great journeys in boats and on foot, and write plays and perform them, and pass innumerable laws taking their money from the rich. . . . I err. I praise too extravagantly, conveying an impression that friendship always gives peace. And even at the moment I feel a hunger, too rending for complete peace, to see all your faces again and to eat food with you."

Home thoughts from abroad of a different order were sent to Miss Nesbitt:—"I see I'm going to have the hell of an uncomfortable life," he wrote. "I want too many different things. I keep now pining after London. I want to talk, talk, talk. Is there anything better in the world than sitting at a table and eating good food and drinking great drink, and discussing everything under the sun with wise and brilliant people? . . . . . .

"Oh but I'm going to have such a time when I get back. I'm going to have the loveliest rooms in King's, and I'm going to spend 5 days a week there, and 3 in London (that's 8, stoopid), and

in King's I'm going to entertain all the mad and lovely people in the world, and I'm never going to sit down to dinner without a philosopher, a poet, a musician, an actress, a dancer, and a bishop at table with me. I'm going to get up such performances as will turn Cambridge upside down. I'm going to have Yeats and Cannan and Craig and Barker to give a lecture each on modern drama. I'm going to have my great play in the Grantchester garden. I'm going—oh, hell, I don't know what I'm going to do—but every morning I shall drift up and down the backs in a punt, discussing anything in the world with anybody who desires."

He left Fiji in December. "Life's been getting madder and madder," he wrote from Auckland on December 17th. "I tumbled into Fiji without a friend or an introduction, and left it a month later amidst the loud grief of the united population, white and black. The two 'boys' (aged 23 or 24) I took with me when I went walking through the centre of the island, to carry my bags, are my sworn and eternal friends. One of them ('Ambele,' under which I, but not you, can recognise 'Abel') was six foot high, very broad, and more perfectly made than any man or statue I have ever seen. His grin stretched from

ear to ear. And he could carry me across rivers (when I was tired of swimming them, for we crossed vast rivers every mile or two) for a hundred yards or so, as I should carry a box of matches. I think of bringing him back with me as a servant or bodyguard to England. He loved me because, though I was far weaker than he, I was far braver. The Fijians are rather cowards. And on precipices I am peculiarly reckless. The boys saved me from rolling off to perdition about thirty times, and respected me for it, though thinking me insane. What would you say if I turned up with two vast cannibal servants, black-skinned and perpetually laughing—all of us attired only in loin-cloths, and red flowers in our hair? I think I should be irresistible.

"Why, precisely, I'm here, I don't know. I seem to have missed a boat somewhere, and I can't get on to Tahiti till the beginning of January. Damn. And I hear that a man got to Tahiti two months ahead of me, and found—and carried off—some Gauguin paintings on glass. DAMN!

"New Zealand turns out to be in the midst of summer, and almost exactly like England. I eat strawberries, large garden strawberries, every day; and it's the middle of December! It

feels curiously unnatural, perverse, like some frightful vice out of Havelock Ellis. I blush and eat secretively. I'll describe New Zealand another day. It's a sort of Fabian England, very upper-middle-class and gentle and happy (after Canada), no poor, and the Government owning hotels and running char-à-bancs. All the women smoke, and dress very badly, and nobody drinks. Everybody seems rather ugly—but perhaps that's compared with the South Seas."

The Englishness of New Zealand made home affairs vivid to him again, and he wrote vehemently to his mother about the Dublin Strike. "I feel wild about Dublin. I always feel in strikes that 'the men are always right,' as a man says in *Clayhanger*. Of course the poor are always right against the rich, though often enough the men are in the wrong over some point of the moment (it's not to be wondered at). But Dublin seems to be one of the clearest cases on record. . . . . When the *Times* begins saying that the employers are in the wrong, they must be very unpardonably and rottenly so indeed. I do hope people are contributing for the wives and children in Dublin. Could you send two guineas in my name? I'll settle when I get

back. But I'd like it done immediately. I expect you will have sent some yourself. . . . . .

"The queer thing [about New Zealand]," he goes on, "is that they've got all the things in the Liberal or mild Fabian programme:—eight hour day (and less), bigger old age pensions, access to the land, minimum wage, insurance, etc., etc., and yet it's not Paradise. The same troubles exist in much the same form (except that there's not much bad poverty). Cost of living is rising quicker than wages. There are the same troubles between unions and employers, and between rich and poor. I suppose there'll be no peace anywhere till the rich are curbed altogether."

On the voyage from New Zealand to Tahiti he made great friends with a Lancashire business man, Mr. Harold Ashworth, who wrote after his death to Mrs. Brooke. The letters show the kind of impression that he made on those who met him at this time. "I am happy to believe," says Mr. Ashworth, "that he and I became real friends, and many a time I would invoke his aid when my rather aggressive Radicalism brought the 'Smoke-room' men at me *en masse*. I never met so entirely likeable a chap, and when I could 'get him going' about his wanderings, or provoke him into discussions about Literature, I was one walking ear! . . . . . I almost wept

to know I could never again see that golden head and kindly smile—'Young Apollo,' I used to dub him in my mind, whilst the fresh wind tossed his hair, and his boyish eyes lit up with pleasure at some of my anecdotes of strange people and places. . . . . Your son was not merely a genius; what is perhaps more important, he had a charm that was literally like Sunshine. To say his manner was *perfect* is putting it quite inadequately. . . . . His memory is blessed by hundreds of men like me who were so fortunate as to meet him and were the better for that happy adventure."

Another friend made on his travels was Reginald Berkeley, who was his chief companion on his excursions in Fiji. Rupert sent him from the s.s. *Niagara* a long letter about the technique of writing. "One can only advise people two or three years younger," he says. "Beyond that, one has forgotten." The end of it shows him insisting on the importance for artists of the attitude which he had recommended for everyone in his letter to Ben Keeling of three years before. "Finally," he says, "I charge you, be kind to life; and do not bruise her with the bludgeon of the *a priori*. Poor dirty woman, she responds to sympathy. Sympathetic imagination with everybody and everything is the artist's one duty. He

should be one with every little clergyman, and the stockbroker's most secret hope should be his hope. In the end, the words of Strindberg's heroine are the only motto, 'The race of man is greatly to be pitied.' Isn't that true? Hatred should be given out sparingly. It's too valuable to use carelessly. And, misused, it prevents understanding. And it is our duty to understand; for if we don't, no one else will."

His next stay was about three months in Tahiti. "I've decided to stay here another month," he wrote to Miss Nesbitt in February, "for two very good reasons: (1) that I haven't enough money to get out, (2) that I've found the most ideal place in the world to live and work in.[1] A wide verandah over a blue lagoon, a wooden pier with deep clear water for diving, and coloured fish that swim between your toes. There also swim between your toes, more or less, scores of laughing brown babies from two years to fourteen. Canoes and boats, rivers, fishing with spear net and line, the most wonderful food in the world—strange fishes and vegetables perfectly cooked. Europe slides from me terrifyingly. . . . . Will it come to your having to

[1] This was at Mataiea, about 30 miles from the chief town, Papeete.

fetch me? The boat's ready to start; the brown lovely people in their bright clothes are gathered on the old wharf to wave her away. Everyone has a white flower behind their ear. Mamua has given me one. Do you know the significance of a white flower worn over the ear? A white flower over the right ear means 'I am looking for a sweetheart.' And a white flower over the left ear means 'I have found a sweetheart.' And a white flower over each ear means 'I have one sweetheart, and am looking for another.' A white flower over each ear, my dear, is dreadfully the most fashionable way of adorning yourself in Tahiti.

"*Bon voyage* to the travellers. Good luck to everybody else. Love to the whole world. Tonight we will put scarlet flowers in our hair, and sing strange slumbrous South Sea songs to the concertina, and drink red French wine, and dance, and bathe in a soft lagoon by moonlight, and eat great squelchy tropical fruits, custard-apples, papaia, pomegranate, mango, guava and the rest. *Urana.* I have a million lovely and exciting things to tell you—but not now."

How thoroughly he became imbued with the life, the feeling, and the philosophy of the islands, appears from a sociological epistle which he wrote

to Jacques Raverat after his return to England. "As for Land, my Frog, we must have a great deal held in common. It is good for men to work *of* themselves, but not too much *for* themselves. In my part of the world, if we want to build a canoe, we all put wreaths in our hair, and take the town hatchet, and Bill's axe, and each his own hunting-knife, and have a bit of pig each for luck, and a drink, and go out. And as we go we sing. And when we have got to a large tree we sit round it. And the two biggest men take the axes and hit the tree in turn. And the rest of us beat our hands rhythmically and sing a song saying 'That is a tree—cut down the tree—we will make a boat,' and so on. And when those two are tired, they drink and sit, and other two take their places . . . and later the hollowing of the canoe, and the fashioning of an out-rigger, and the making of benches and the shaping of paddles. And when all's done, we go home and sing all night, and dance a great deal. For we have another canoe.

"And when you have got a lot of other Goddites together and started to build a Cathedral, why, you'll see what fun it is working together, instead of in a dirty little corner alone, suspicious, greedy, competitive, hating all the world, like

a modern artist or a French peasant or a money-lender or a golfer."

He had begun writing verse again, and in the 'wide verandah' he wrote or finished *Tiare Tahiti,*[1] *Retrospect,* and the *Great Lover,*[2] which he sent me (he had appointed me his 'literary agent or grass-executor' during his travels)[3] for *New Numbers.* This publication had been planned in July by correspondence with Lascelles Abercrombie, John Drinkwater and Wilfrid Gibson. They meant at first to call it *The Gallows Garland,* after The Gallows, Abercrombie's cottage in Gloucestershire, from which it was to be published; and Rupert thought the change very stupid. He had sketched the contents of the first number. Abercrombie was to contribute a short epic on *Asshurbanipal and Nebuchadnezzar,* Drinkwater an ode called *The Sonority of God,* and Gibson two narrative

[1] A postscript to a letter to his mother elucidates a line in this poem. "They call me *Pupure* here—it means 'fair' in Tahitian—because I have fair hair!"

[2] Speculation has been aroused by the line in this poem praising 'the comfortable smell of friendly fingers.' When asked *whose* fingers, he said his nurse's; and admitted that it might have been the soap.

[3] He took large views of my duties. "Damn it," he had written from Vancouver, "what's the good of a friend if he can't sit down and write off a few poems for one at a pinch? That's what I count on your doing, if the editors press."

I hope this note will not start a vain hunt for *spuria* among the published poems.

poems, *Poor Bloody Bill* and *The Brave Poor Thing, from a series named Gas-Stoves.* Rupert himself did not expect to manage more than one sonnet, to be entitled *Oh dear! Oh dear!* The first number came out in February 1914; and after three more issues it was discontinued because of the war, before his death had broken the fair companionship.

To illustrate his method of work at this time, it may be of interest to print the first draft of the *Psychical Research* sonnet, with his corrections:

, when we're beyond the sun,
Not with vain tears we'll beat, when all is done,
We'll beat
Unheard on the substantial doors, nor tread
aimless
Those dusty high-roads of the wandering Dead
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run
Remembering Earth. We'll turn, I think, and run
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,
Some
Or low sweet alley between wind and wind,
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Pull down the shadows over us, and find
Some
A whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there
Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;

Learn all we lacked before, hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.[1]

But to return to Tahiti. "I've been ill," he wrote to me on March 7th. "I got some beastly coral-poisoning into my legs, and a local microbe on the top of that, and made the places worse by neglecting them, and sea-bathing all day (which turns out to be the worst possible thing). I was in the country when it came on bad, and tried native remedies, which took all the skin off, and produced such a ghastly appearance that I hurried into town. . . . . I've got over it now, and feel very spry. I'm in a hovel at the back of the hotel, and contemplate the yard. The extraordinary life of the place flows round and through my room—for here no one, man or woman, scruples to come through one's room at any moment, if it happens to be a short cut. By day nothing much happens in the yard—except

[1] Though there are no changes in the concluding lines, I print them for the sake of a parallel, shown me by John Drinkwater, in Andrew Marvell's *Dialogue between Soul and Body,* where Soul says:

O, who shall from this dungeon raise
A soul enslaved so many ways,
With bolts of bones, that fettered stands
In feet, and manacled in hands;
Here blinded with an eye, and there
Deaf with the drumming of an ear?

when a horse tried to eat a hen the other afternoon. But by night, after ten, it's filled with flitting figures of girls, with wreaths of white flowers, keeping assignations. Occasionally two rivals meet, and fill the darker corners with cursings and scratchings. Or occasionally a youth intercepts a faithless lady, and has a pretty operatic scene under my window. It is all—all Papeete—like a Renaissance Italy, with the venom taken out. No, simpler, light-come and light-go, passionate and forgetful, like children, and all the time South Pacific, that is to say unmalicious and good-tempered. . . . . .

"I really do feel a little anchorless. I shall be glad to be back among you all, and tied to somewhere in England. I'll never, never, never go to sea again. All I want in life is a cottage, and leisure to write supreme poems and plays. I can't do it in this vagabondage."

I don't know what happened between this letter and the next to produce the gloom it shows about his work. He had always, at school and onwards, been apt to have fits of thinking that he would never write again, but this time the foreboding seems more serious than usual. He begins cheerfully 'some time in March': "It's *so* funny; getting a letter of January 25, and not having heard anything from anybody since Octo-

ber. Your letter of November, announcing your marriage with [someone very improbable]; your kindly Christmas information about the disastrous fire in Bilton Road and the disposal of the Ranee's and Alfred's cinders; your New Year's epistle announcing your, Wilfrid's and Albert's Knighthoods; the later letter that recounted your conversations with Shaw, the Earthquake, the War with Germany, the Chinese Ballet, Stravinsky's comic opera, the new El Greco, Gilbert [Cannan]'s trial, Masefield's latest knock-about farce, Arthur Benson's duel . . . all these I have not yet had. They await me in 'Frisco. So I take up the threads at the 25th of January—now itself some way down in the heap of yesterday's seven thousand years—and study them rather confusedly. Flecker—Wilfrid—poetry—plays—Moulin d'Or—*Hullo Tango!* they all stir, these names, some dusty memories away in the back of my subconsciousness. Somewhere they must have meant something to me, in another life. A vision of taxis slides across the orange and green of the sunset. For a moment the palms dwindle to lamp-posts.

> So a poor ghost beside his misty streams
> Is haunted by strange doubts and fugitive dreams,
> Hints of a pre-Lethean life, of men,
> Rocks, stars, and skin, things unintelligible,

And the sun on waving grass—he knows not when,
And feet that ran, but where, he cannot tell.[1]

(You recognise the master-hand?)

"I must come back and see if I can take to it again. Plan out a life for me for next year, Eddie. (Here follows another sketch for living at Cambridge, much the same as the one already given.) The other half of the week I shall reside with you—I warn you.

"But, my dear, I doubt if you'll have me. The Game is Up, Eddie. If I've gained facts through knocking about with Conrad characters in a Gauguin *entourage,*—I've lost a dream or two. I tried to be a poet. And because I'm a clever writer, and because I was forty times as sensitive as anybody else, I succeeded a little. *Es ist vorüber; es ist unwiederruflich zu Ende.* I am what I came out here to be. Hard, quite, quite hard. I have become merely a minor character in a Kipling story.

"I'll never be able to write anything more, I think; or perhaps I can do plays of a sort. . . . I think I'll have to manage a theatre. I feel very energetic; and very capable. Is that a great come-down? I think that what I really feel like is living. I want to talk and talk and

[1] An unrevised form of part of the sonnet *Hauntings.*

talk . . . and in the intervals have extraordinary adventures. Perhaps this, too, is a come-down. But haven't I, at 26, reached the age when one should begin to learn? An energy that had rushed on me with the cessation of my leprous skin-disease, and the approaching end of six months' peace of soul, is driving me furiously on. This afternoon I go fishing in a canoe with a native girl on a green and purple reef. Tonight from ten to two, spearing fish in the same lagoon by torchlight. Tomorrow at dawn, up into the mountains on foot with a mad Englishman, four natives, and a half-caste, to a volcanic lake in the interior. There we build a house and stay for two days. The natives return, and the M.E. and myself push on for and pass down to the other coast. Perhaps we get it. Perhaps not.

"In any case we hope to see some ghosts—they abound in the interior. They come to you by night, and as you watch them their bellies burst, and their entrails fall to the ground, and their eyes—unpupilled balls of white—fall out too, and they stink and shine. This morning I've been reading *The Triumph of Time,* and *Bartholomew Fair*. . . . . .

"Learning, learning, learning. . . . Is there anything else to do except *taste*? Will you come with me to Morocco, Persia, Russia, Egypt,

Abyssinia, and the Aran Islands? I'm afraid I shan't be able to settle down at home. It'll be an advantage that I can come to England through America. For then, I'll find it so lovely that I won't be hankering after sunlight and brown people and rainbow-coloured fish. At least, I won't for some months, or a year.

"I'll learn at home, a bit. There's so much to learn there—if only one's sensible enough to know it. And I feel hard enough to make the attempt. I want to love my friends and hate my enemies, again. Both greatly—but not *too* much. Which brings me round to [an enemy] and Clubs. . . . . I want a club to take an occasional stranger into, for a drink, and to read the papers in, and sometimes to have a quiet meal in. Where do you think I should go? I want somewhere I needn't always be spick and span in, and somewhere I don't have to pay a vast sum. Alas, why are there no decent clubs? What do the jolly people all do? I want to belong to the same club as de la Mare. Where does de la Mare go? To Anerley, S.E., I suppose.

There was once a-metrist of Anerley,
Whose neighbours were mundane but mannerly.
They don't cavil the least
At a stray anapaest,
But they *do* bar his spondees in Anerley.

I'll post this and send off my bundle of MSS. from 'Frisco."

He left Tahiti in April. "Last night," he wrote on the steamer, "I looked for the Southern Cross as usual, and looked for it in vain—like the moon for Omar Khayyam—it had gone down below the horizon. It is still shining and wheeling for those good brown people in the islands—and they're laughing and kissing and swimming and dancing beneath it—but for me it is set; and I don't know that I shall ever see it again. It's queer. I was sad at heart to leave Tahiti. But I resigned myself to the vessel, and watched the green shores and rocky peaks fade with hardly a pang. I had told so many of those that loved me, so often, 'oh yes, I'll come back—next year perhaps, or the year after'—that I suppose I'd begun to believe it myself. It was only yesterday, when I knew that the Southern Cross had left me, that I suddenly realised I had left behind those lovely places and lovely people, perhaps for ever. I reflected that there was surely nothing else like them in this world, and very probably nothing in the next, and that I was going far away from gentleness and beauty and kindliness, and the smell of the lagoons, and the thrill of that dancing, and the scarlet of the flamboyants, and the white and gold of other

flowers; and that I was going to America, which is full of harshness and hideous sights, and ugly people, and civilisation, and corruption, and bloodiness, and all evil. So I wept a little, and very sensibly went to bed. . . . . .

"Certain reprehensible corners of my heart whisper to me, 'There's a village in Samoa, with the moonlight on the beach'—or 'I've heard of a hill in Japan'—or 'one said there's an inn in Thibet over a sheer precipice'—or 'the Victoria Nyanza is an attractive lake'—or 'that trail in the North-West up the Mackenzie—Morris said he'd go whenever I wanted'—or 'I wonder if it's true about that flower in the Andes that smells like no other flower upon earth, and when once a man has smelt it he can't but return there to live in those hills in the end, though he come back from the ends of the earth.' . . . . . .

"I'll be Wordsworth's lark, that soars but doesn't roam, true to the kindred points of heaven and home. These scraps of English poetry start whispering within me—that means I'm North of the Equator, doesn't it? It's a good sign, perhaps. English thoughts are waking in me. They'll fetch me back. Call me home, I pray you. I've been away long enough. I'm older than I was. I've left bits of me about —some of my hair in Canada, and one skin in

Honolulu, and another in Fiji, and a bit of a third in Tahiti, and half a tooth in Samoa, and bits of my heart all over the place. I'm deader than I was. *Partir, c'est toujours mourir un peu* —you know that admirable and true proverb, don't you? A little old Frenchman, a friend of mine, told it me as we leaned over the rail and watched the waving crowds and the red roofs and the hills and the clouds dwindle and vanish. He was going home to France for a year for his health. 'Home,' he'd be angry at that. *'Mon* home *c'est ici,'* he told me repeatedly. He is married to a native woman these fifteen years—no children of his own, but plenty adopted. She was so much finer than a white woman, he sighed—so lovely, so faithful, so competent, so charming and happy, and so extraordinarily intelligent. I told him what Tagore told me about white women compared with Indian, and he gave me his observations, and we entirely agreed, and forgot our sorrows in inventing bilingual insults to the swarms of ugly American and Colonial girls on board."

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" his next letter to me began, from San Francisco in April. "How I hate civilisation and houses and trams and collars." But the shock was tempered to him. "I've found good friends in the quieter parts of

this region, who live in a garden filled with roses and hyacinths and morning-glory. So I'll rest a day or two and try to get over the effects of my first re-entry into civilisation. And then I'll sneak away East and come home. I want to live in a hut by a river and pretend I'm Polynesian. Will you come and see me o' week's ends? . . . . . Oh! Oh! I am old as death. *Urania!*" And from the train: "I read books on *Indirect Primaries,*[1] just to get the South Seas out of my blood. One must remember one has trousers on again. I had a faint thought of going to Mexico. But I guess it won't be much of a war. You'll be vanishing for Whitsuntide soon. A yachting trip to Ulster? I do hope you're going to let the Orangemen slit all the priests' throats first; and then shoot *them.* I'll enlist on either side, any day. Your gnostic. RUPERT."

"It's eleven months," he wrote to Miss Nesbitt from Arizona, "that I've not been looked after, and my clothes are in an awful state, and my hair not cut, and I rarely shave. I'm so tired of it. Comprenny? Do you get me? I shall—(prepare your ears and hold tight)—shall sail from New York on June 6th, and by June 15th I shall

[1] He was also reading Boswell. "I've discovered," he wrote, "that Dr. Johnson is the only man I love. An Englishman, by God!"

be in London. My dear, one thing I would implore you. It's very silly. But don't tell anybody the exact day I'm coming back. It's my fancy to blow in on them unexpected—just to wander into Raymond Buildings and hear Eddie squeak 'Oh, *my dear,* I thought you were in Tahiti!' It's *awfly* silly and romantic, but the thought does give me the keenest and most exquisite pleasure. Don't give away one of the first poets in England—but there is in him still a very very small portion that's just a little childish."

"I have such news," he wrote in his next letter. "It begins with Maurice Browne[1] and his wife going to Europe a week sooner than I had planned to. We squabbled, I saying they should defer their departure a week for the pleasure of going with me; they, ridiculously, that I should hasten my leaving this land some seven days for the honour of their companionship. Neither side would yield; so we parted in wrath. They pettily, I with some dignity. Coming here, I found two engagements fallen through; and last night I dreamed very vividly that I arrived in England, and telephoned to everybody I knew, and they were *awfully* nice, and then went round and saw them, and they were *lovely*. Friends I

[1] Director of the Little Theatre at Chicago.

had known long ago, between whom and myself evil and pain has come, greeted me in the old first way; and other friends who have stayed friends were wonderfully the same; and there were new friends. . . . . I woke laughing and crying. I felt I *must* get back. I telephoned to Browne, flew to some agents, and in consequence I sail from New York on May 29th, and reach Plymouth—oh blessed name, oh loveliness! Plymouth—was there ever so sweet and droll a sound? Drake's Plymouth, English Western Plymouth, city where men speak softly, and things are sold for shillings, not for dollars; and there is love, and beauty, and old houses; and beyond which there are little fields, very green, bounded by small piled walls of stone; and behind them—I know it—the brown and black, splintered, haunted moor. By that the train shall go up; by Dartmouth, where my brother was—I will make a litany; by Torquay, where Verrall stayed; and by Paignton, where I have walked in the rain; past Ilsington, where John Ford was born, and Appledore, in the inn of which I wrote a poem against a commercial traveller; by Dawlish, of which John Keats sang; within sight of Widdicombe, where old Uncle Tom Cobley rode a mare; not a dozen miles from John Galsworthy at Manaton; within sight al-

most of that hill at Drewsteignton on which I lay out all one September night, crying—and to Exeter, and to Ottery St. Mary where Coleridge sojourned; and across Wiltshire, where men built and sang many centuries before the Aquila. Oh noble train, oh glorious and forthright and English train! I will look round me at the English faces, and out at the English fields, and I will pray——reach Plymouth, as I was saying when I was interrupted, on Friday, June 5th."

I got wind of his design to arrive like a bolt from the blue, and represented the disaster it would be if he came and found the door closed against him. He yielded, and at 2.45 a.m. on June 6th (for the forthright English train was very late) Denis Browne and I met him at Paddington.

VI

All the old threads were picked up at once. "To the poor stay-at-home," writes Walter de la Mare, "the friend who placidly reappeared from the ends of the earth seemed as little changed as one who gaily and laughingly goes to bed and gaily and laughingly comes down next morning after a perfectly refreshing sleep." He was still exactly the 'Young Apollo' of Mrs. Cornford's

Cambridge epigram; though the glint of quite peculiarly real shining gold that had always been in his hair had been tanned out of it by the Southern sun; and though one felt, in a hundred indefinable ways, that he was now more than ever 'prepared'; not, as it turned out, for the 'long littleness of life,' but rather for its brief greatness.

The morning after his return he hurried off to Rugby for a few days with his mother. Then he had six crowded, happy weeks, mostly in London, seeing old friends and making new ones—including Lascelles Abercrombie, whom he met for the first time, though they had long been friends by proxy and by correspondence. His shyness, which had always been a part of his rather curious modesty and 'unspoiltness,' was wearing off; and I am told he confessed, on being asked, that it had now dawned upon him for the first time that when he came into a room where there were new people the chances were that they would like him, rather than not.

At the end of July came the war-cloud—and then the war. He has described his feelings when he heard the news in the essay *An Unusual Young Man* (the setting is imaginary—he was not returning from a cruise, but staying with the Cornfords in Norfolk). At first he was just un-

happy and bewildered. "I'm so uneasy—subconsciously," he wrote. "All the vague perils of the time—the world seems so dark—and I'm vaguely frightened. I feel hurt to think that France may suffer. And it hurts, too, to think that Germany may be harmed by Russia. And I'm anxious that England may act rightly. I can't *bear* it if she does wrong."

"I've just been to a music-hall," he wrote early in August. "It was pretty full. Miss C. Loftus was imitating somebody I saw infinite years ago—Elsie Janis—in her imitation of a prehistoric figure called Frank Tinney. God! how far away it all seemed. Then a dreadful cinematographic reproduction of a hand drawing patriotic things—Harry Furniss it was, funny pictures of a soldier and a sailor (at the time I suppose dying in Belgium), a caricature of the Kaiser, greeted with a perfunctory hiss—nearly everyone sat silent. Then a scribbled message was shown: 'War declared with Austria 11,9.' There was a volley of quick, low hand-clapping—more a signal of recognition than anything else. Then we dispersed into Trafalgar Square and bought midnight War editions. . . . In all these days I haven't been so near tears; there was such tragedy and dignity in the people. . . . . .

"If there's any good in anything I've done, it's made by the beauty and goodness of . . . a few I've known. All these people at the front who are fighting muddledly enough for some idea called England—it's some faint shadowing of goodness and loveliness they have in their hearts to die for."

For the first day or two he did not realise that he must fight—one of his ideas was to go to France and help get in the crops. But before we had been at war a week he was back in London, seeking out the best way to serve as a soldier. "I've spent a fortnight," he wrote on August 24th, "in chasing elusive employment about. For a time I got drilled on the chance of getting into a London corps as a private, but now I really think I shall get a commission. Territorial probably, through Cambridge. The whole thing, and the insupportable stress of this time, tired me to a useless rag."

Early in September Winston Churchill offered him a commission in the Royal Naval Division, then forming; and he and Denis Browne [1] joined

[1] I may here briefly commemorate William Denis Browne, whose death at 26 left no monument of his powers, except a few songs of great beauty. He was a musician of rare promise and complete equipment; and I have high authority for saying that his grasp of the foundations and tendencies of modern music was unique. I cannot here describe the singular charm of his character and personality. Enough that he never failed in honour, or in kindness,

the Anson Battalion on September 27th. I saw them off to Betteshanger Camp from Charing Cross—excited and a little shy, like two new boys going to school—happy and handsome in their new uniforms, and specially proud of their caps, which had very superior badges.

The Anson soon went to Chatham for musketry, and there he wrote: "Often enough I feel a passing despair. I mean what you meant—the gulf between non-combatants and combatants. Yet it's not that—it's the withdrawal of combatants into a special seclusion and reserve. We're under a curse—or a blessing, or a vow to be different. The currents of our lives are interrupted. What is it . . . I know—yes. The central purpose of my life, the aim and end of it now, the thing God wants of me, is to get good at beating Germans. That's sure. But that isn't what it *was*. What it was, I never knew; and God knows I never found it. But it reached out deeply for other things than my present need. . . . There *is* the absence. Priests and criminals—we're both—are celibates . . . and so I

or in good sense, or in humour; and there were many who loved him.

He was a friend of Rupert's at Rugby, at Cambridge, and in London; last, his brother-in-arms; and he cared for him, as will be told, in his mortal illness. Six weeks afterwards, on the 4th of June, he followed him, fighting with high gallantry in the attack on the Turkish trenches before Krithia.

feel from my end sometimes that it *is* a long, long way to Tipperary. And yet, all's well. I'm the happiest person in the world."

There were humours in the life; for instance, a false alarm of invasion at Chatham, when "elderly men rushed about pulling down swords from the messroom walls, and fastened them on with safety-pins"; or this incident in the day's routine: "I had to make an inventory the other day of all their kit, to compare with what they *should* have. I soon found that questions about some of the articles on the lists were purely academic. 'How many handkerchiefs have you?' The first two men were prompted to say 'none.' The third was called Cassidy. 'How many phwat, sorr?' 'Handkerchiefs.'—'?'—'Handkerchiefs, man, handkerchiefs.' (*In a hoarse whisper to the Petty Officer*) 'Phwat does he mane?' P.O. (*in a stage whisper*), 'Ter blow yer nose with, yer bloody fool.' Cassidy (*rather indignant*), 'None, sorr!' They were dears, and very strong, some of them."

On the 4th of October they sailed for Antwerp. When it was all over, and he was having a little leave in London, he wrote to a friend: "I've been extremely slack and sleepy these last few days. I think it was the reaction after the excitement. Also I caught *conjunctivitis,* alias

pink-eye, in some of the foul places we slept in; and my eyes have been swollen, red, unlovely, exuding a thick plum-tree gum, and very painful. I *hope* they're getting better. . . . . It's only a fortnight ago! We were pulled out of bed at 5 a.m. on the Sunday, and told that we started at 9. We marched to Dover, highly excited, only knowing that we were bound for Dunkirk, and supposing that we'd stay there quietly, training, for a month. Old ladies waved handkerchiefs, young ladies gave us apples, and old men and children cheered, and we cheered back, and I felt very elderly and sombre, and full of thought of how human life was a flash between darknesses, and that *x* per cent of those who cheered would be blown into another world within a few months; and they all seemed to me so innocent and pathetic and noble, and my eyes grew round and tear-stained. . . . . [Arrived at Dunkirk] we sat in a great empty shed a quarter of a mile long, waiting for orders. After dark the senior officers rushed round and informed us that we were going to Antwerp, that our train was sure to be attacked, and that if we got through we'd have to sit in trenches till we were wiped out. So we all sat under lights writing last letters, a very tragic and amusing affair. It *did* bring home to me how very futile and unfinished

my life was. I felt so angry. I had to imagine, supposing I *was* killed. There was nothing except a vague gesture of good-bye to you and my mother and a friend or two. I seemed so remote and barren and stupid. I seemed to have missed everything.

"We *weren't* attacked that night in the train. So we got out at Antwerp and marched through the streets, and everyone cheered and flung themselves on us, and gave us apples and chocolate and flags and kisses, and cried *Vivent les Anglais* and 'Heep! Heep! Heep!'

"We got out to a place called Vieux Dieux (or something like it) passing refugees and Belgian soldiers by millions. Every mile the noises got louder, immense explosions and detonations. We stopped in the town square at Vieux Dieux; five or six thousand British troops, a lot of Belgians, guns going through, transport-waggons, motorcyclists, orderlies on horses, staff officers, and the rest. An extraordinary and thrilling confusion. As it grew dark the thunders increased, and the sky was lit by extraordinary glares. We were all given entrenching tools. Everybody looked worried. Suddenly our battalion was marched round the corner out of the din, through an old gate in the immense wild garden of a recently-deserted villa-château. There

we had to sleep. On the rather dirty and wild-looking sailors trudged, over lawns, through orchards, and across pleasaunces. Little pools glimmered through the trees, and deserted fountains; and round corners one saw, faintly, occasional Cupids and Venuses—a scattered company of rather bad statues—gleaming quietly. The sailors dug their latrines in the various rose-gardens, and lay down to sleep—but it was bitter cold—under the shrubs. By two the shells had got unpleasantly near, and some message came. So up we got—frozen and sleepy—and toiled off through the night. By dawn we got into trenches —very good ones—and relieved Belgians.

"This is *very* dull. And it doesn't really reflect my state of mind. For when I think back on it, my mind is filled with various disconnected images and feelings. And if I could tell you these fully, you *might* find it wonderful, or at least queer. There's the excitement in the trenches (we weren't attacked seriously in our part) with people losing their heads and fussing and snapping. It's queer to see the people who *do* break under the strain of danger and responsibility. It's always the rotten ones. Highly sensitive people don't, queerly enough. I was relieved to find I was incredibly brave! I don't know how I should behave if shrapnel were

bursting over me and knocking the men round me to pieces. But for risks and nerves and fatigues I was all right. That's cheering.

"And there's the empty blue sky and the peaceful village and country scenery, and nothing of war to see except occasional bursts of white smoke, very lazy and quiet, in the distance. But to hear—incessant thunder, shaking buildings and ground, and you and everything; and above, recurrent wailings, very thin and queer, like lost souls, crossing and recrossing in the emptiness—nothing to be seen. Once or twice a lovely glittering aeroplane, very high up, would go over us; and then the shrapnel would be turned on it, and a dozen quiet little curls of white smoke would appear round the creature—the whole thing like a German woodcut, very quaint and peaceful and unreal.

"But the retreat drowned all these impressions. We stole away from the trenches, across half Antwerp, over the Scheldt, and finally entrained in the last train left, at 7.30 next morning. The march through those deserted suburbs, mile on mile, with never a living being, except our rather ferocious-looking sailors stealing sulkily along. The sky was lit by burning villages and houses; and after a bit we got to the land by the river, where the Belgians had let all the petrol out of

the tanks and fired it. Rivers and seas of flames leaping up hundreds of feet, crowned by black smoke that covered the entire heavens. It lit up houses wrecked by shells, dead horses, demolished railway-stations, engines that had been taken up with their lines and signals, and all twisted round and pulled out, as a bad child spoils a toy. . . . . The glare was like hell. We passed on, out of that, across a pontoon bridge built on boats. Two German spies tried to blow it up while we were on it. They were caught and shot. We went on through the dark. The refugees and motor-buses and transport and Belgian troops grew thicker. After about a thousand years it was dawn. The motor-buses indicated that we were bound for Hammersmith, and might be allowed to see *Potash and Perlmutter.*"

Another letter, written on Christmas Day to Russell Loines of New York, perhaps his greatest friend among his kind American hosts, shows how deeply the sight of the refugees had moved him. "I started a long letter to you in August and September, in my scraps of time; a valuable letter, full of information about the war and the state of mind of pacifists and others. The Germans have it now. It went in my luggage to Antwerp, and there was left. Whether it was burnt or captured, I can't be sure. But it was

in a tin box, with—damn it!—a lot of my manuscript. And it was fairly heavily shelled.

"I don't know if you heard of my trip to Antwerp. A queer picnic. They say we saved the Belgian army, and most of the valuable things in the town—stores and ammunition, I mean. With luck, we might have kept the line fifty miles forward of where it is. However, we at last got away—most of us. It really was a very mild experience; except the thirty miles march out through the night and the blazing city. Antwerp that night was like several different kinds of hell—the broken houses and dead horses lit up by an infernal glare. The refugees were the worst sight. The German policy of frightfulness had succeeded so well, that out of that city of half a million, when it was decided to surrender Antwerp, not ten thousand would stay. They put their goods on carts, barrows, perambulators, anything. Often the carts had no horses, and they just stayed there in the street, waiting for a miracle. There were all the country refugees, too, from the villages, who had been coming through our lines all day and half the night. I'll never forget that white-faced, endless procession in the night, pressed aside to let the military—us—pass, crawling forward at some hundred yards an hour, quite hopeless, the old men cry-

ing, and the women with hard drawn faces. What a crime!—and I gather they've announced their intention of *keeping* Belgium if they can.

"England is remarkable. I wish I had the time to describe it. But this job keeps one so darned tired, and so stupid, that I haven't the words. There are a few people who've been so anti-war before, or so suspicious of diplomacy, that they feel rather out of the national feeling. But it's astonishing to see how the 'intellectuals' have taken on new jobs. No, not astonishing; but impressive. Masefield drills hard in Hampstead, and told me, with some pride, a month ago, that he was a Corporal, and *thought* he was going to be promoted to Sergeant soon. Cornford is no longer the best Greek scholar in Cambridge. He recalled that he was a very good shot in his youth, and is now a Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry. I'm here. My brother is a 2nd Lieutenant in the Post Office Rifles. He was one of three great friends at King's. The second is Intelligence Officer in H.M.S. *Vengeance,* Chan nel Patrol. The third is buried near Cambrai. Gilbert Murray and Walter Raleigh rise at six every day to line hedgerows in the dark, and 'advance in rushes' across the Oxford meadows.

"Among the other officers in this Division

whom I know are two young Asquiths;[1] an Australian professional pianist[2] who twice won the Diamond Sculls; a New Zealander[3] who was fighting in Mexico and walked 300 miles to the coast to get a boat when he heard of the War; a friend of mine, Denis Browne—Cambridge—who is one of the best young English musicians and an extremely brilliant critic; a youth lately through Eton and Balliol,[4] who is the most brilliant man they've had in Oxford for ten years; a young and very charming American called John Bigelow Dodge, who turned up to 'fight for the right'—I could extend the list. It's all a terrible tragedy. And yet, in its details, it's great fun. And—apart from the tragedy—I've never felt happier or better in my life than in those days in Belgium. And now I've the feeling of anger at a seen wrong—Belgium—to make me happier and more resolved in my work. I know that whatever happens, I'll be doing some good, fighting to prevent *that*."

"I hope to get through," he wrote about the same time to Mrs. Arnold Toynbee. "I'll have such a lot to say and do afterwards. Just now

[1] Brigadier-General Arthur Asquith, D.S.O., and his brother Herbert.
[2] F. S. Kelly, killed in action.
[3] Brigadier-General Bernard Freyberg, V.C., D.S.O.
[4] Patrick Shaw-Stewart, killed in action.

I'm rather miserable, because most of my school-friends are wounded, or 'wounded and missing,' or dead. Perhaps our sons will live the better for it all. I knew of yours, I was very glad. It must be good to have a son. When they told us at Dunkirk that we were all going to be killed in Antwerp, if not on the way there, I didn't think much (as I'd expected) what a damned fool I was not to have written more, and done various things better, and been less selfish. I merely thought 'what *Hell* it is that I shan't have any children—any sons.' I thought it over and over, quite furious, for some hours. And we were barely even under fire, in the end!"

"There's a lot to talk about," he told Jacques Raverat, "though I'm rather beyond talking. Yes, we *are* insular. Did you hear of the British private who had been through the fighting from Mons to Ypres, and was asked what he thought of all his experiences? He said, 'What I don't like about this 'ere b—— Europe is all these b—— pictures of Jesus Christ and His relations, behind b—— bits of glawss.' [1] It seems to me to express perfectly that insularity and cheerful atheism which are the chief characteristics of my race.

[1] This was a story of Julian Grenfell's about one of his men, which I had passed on to Rupert.

"All the same, though myself cheerful, insular, and an atheist, I'm largely dissatisfied with the English, just now. The good ones are all right. And it's curiously far away from us (if we haven't the Belgians in memory as I have). But there's a ghastly sort of apathy over half the country. And I really think large numbers of male people don't want to die. Which is odd. I've been praying for a German raid. . . . . .

"My mind's gone stupid with drill and arranging about the men's food. It's all good fun. I'm rather happy. I've a restful feeling that all's going well and I'm not harming anyone, and probably even doing good. A queer new feeling. The only horror is that I want to marry in a hurry and get a child, before I vanish. . . . . . There's the question: to ponder in my sleeping-bag, between the thoughts on the attack and calculations about the boots of the platoon. Insoluble: and the weeks slip on. It'll end in my muddling that, as I've muddled everything else."

After they got back from Antwerp, there was a tiresome period of re-shuffling among the different battalions; but by the middle of December, Rupert, Denis Browne, Arthur Asquith, Patrick Shaw-Stewart, Bernard Freyberg and the rest were reunited at Blandford Camp in the

'Hood,' where there were other officers who were either friends already or belonged to conterminous sets; so that a pleasant family part was soon established. The life was strenuous, but not eventful. "I spend Christmas," [1] he wrote, "in looking after drunken stokers. One of them has been drunk since 7 a.m.; he neither eats nor drinks, but dances a complicated step up and down his hut, singing 'How happy I am, how happy I am'—a short, fat, inelegant man, in stockinged feet. What wonders we are! There's no news—occasional scares. On Wednesday I (don't tell a soul) started a sonnet. What a fall!"

The five sonnets called '1914' had been coming for some time, and were finished at Rugby when he went there for a few days' leave just after Christmas. "These proofs have come," he wrote from Canford Manor on January 24th. "My muse, panting all autumn under halberd and cuirass, could but falter these syllables through her vizor. God, they're in the rough, these five camp-children—4 and 5 are good though, and there are phrases in the rest.[2]

[1] He had telegraphed just before, to a trusty friend, "Send mince-pies for sixty men and a few cakes immediately."

[2] "I think *reading* in war-time right enough," he wrote to Miss Pye from the Mediterranean. "But writing requires a longer period of serenity, a more certainly undisturbed subconsciousness. If the S.C.'s turbulent, one's draught from it is opaque. Witness the first three sonnets."

"Last night I slept between sheets, and this morning I lay an hour in a hot bath, and so was late for a breakfast of pheasant and sausages and the divinest coffee. Now I sit over a great fire of wood in the hall of a house built by Vanbrugh, with a Scuola di Bellini above me, smoking and reading and writing.

"I've been peacefully reading up the country-side all the morning. Where our huts are was an Iberian fort against the Celts—and Celtish against Romans—and Roman against Saxons. . . . Just over the hills is that tower where a young Astronomer watched the stars, and a Lady watched the Astronomer.[1] By Tarrant Hinton, two miles North, George Bubb Dodington lived and reigned and had his salon. In Tarrant Crawford, two miles South, a Queen lies buried. Last week we attacked some of the New Army in Banbury Rings—an ancient fort where Arthur defeated the Saxons in—what year? Where I lay on my belly cursing the stokers for their slowness, Guinevere sat, and wondered if she'd see Arthur and Lancelot return from the fight, or both, or neither, and pictured how they'd look; and then fell a-wondering which, if it came to the point, she'd prefer to see."

"The world's going well," he wrote at this time

[1] See Thomas Hardy's *Two on a Tower*.

to Jacques Raverat: "better than it did when we were younger. And a Frenchman is the one person in the world with something to be proud of, these days."

VII

On January 29th he came to London to recover from a rather bad attack of influenza, staying first at Gray's Inn and then at 10 Downing Street. I saw him for the last time on February 25th, when the King reviewed the Naval Division at Blandford before their departure for the Dardanelles. The secret of where they were going was just out, and everyone was wild with excitement and joy. "It's too wonderful for belief," he wrote to Miss Asquith. "I had not imagined Fate could be so benign. I almost suspect her. Perhaps we shall be held in reserve, out of sight, on a choppy sea, for two months. . . . Yet even that! . . . But I'm filled with confident and glorious hopes. I've been looking at the maps. Do you think *perhaps* the fort on the Asiatic corner will want quelling, and we'll land and come at it from behind, and they'll make a sortie and meet us on the plains of Troy? It seems to me strategically so possible. Shall we have a Hospital Base (and won't you manage

it?) on Lesbos? Will Hero's Tower crumble under the 15″ guns? Will the sea be polyphloisbic and wine-dark and unvintageable? Shall I loot mosaics from St. Sophia, and Turkish Delight, and carpets? Should we be a Turning Point in History? Oh God!

"I've never been quite so happy in my life, I think. Not quite so pervasively happy; like a stream flowing entirely to one end. I suddenly realise that the ambition of my life has been—since I was two—to go on a military expedition against Constantinople. And when I *thought* I was hungry or sleepy or aching to write a poem —*that* was what I really, blindly, wanted. This is nonsense. Good-night. I'm very tired with equipping my platoon."

They sailed from Avonmouth in the *Grantully Castle* on February 28th. "Four days out," he dated his next letter to Miss Asquith. "All day we've been just out of sight of land, thirty or forty miles away—out of sight, but in smell. There was something earthy in the air, and warm —like the consciousness of a presence in the dark —the wind had something Andalusian in it. It wasn't that wall of scent and invisible blossom and essential spring that knocks you flat, quite suddenly, as you've come round some unseen corner in the atmosphere, fifty miles out from a

South Sea Island; but it *was* the good smell of land—and of Spain, too! And Spain I've never seen, and never shall see, may be. All day I sat and strained my eyes to see over the horizon orange-groves and Moorish buildings, and dark-eyed beauties and guitars, and fountains, and a golden darkness. But the curve of the world lay between us. Do you know Jan [Masefield]'s favourite story—told very melodiously with deep-voice reverence—about Columbus? Columbus wrote a diary (which Jan reads) and described the coast of America as he found it—*the* divinest place in the world. 'It was only like the Paradise of the Saints of God'—and then he remembered that there was *one* place equal to it, the place where he was born—and goes on 'or like the gardens of Andalusia in the spring.' "

He wrote to me from 'North of Tunis' on March 7th. "It seems ages ago since we said good-bye to you on our mottled parade-ground. We've had rather a nice voyage; a bit unsteady the first day (when I was sick) and to-day; otherwise very smooth and delicious. There has been a little, not much, to do. I've read most of *Turkey in Europe*. But what with parades and the reading of military books, I've not written anything. Anyway, my mind's always a blank at sea.

"For two days we've been crawling along the African Coast, observing vast tawny mountains, with white villages on this side of them and white peaks beyond. The sea has been a jewel, and sunset and dawn divine blazes of colour. It's all too ridiculously peaceful for one to believe anything but that we're a—rather odd—lot of tourists, seeing the Mediterranean and bent on enjoyment. War seems infinitely remote; and even the reason, foreseeing Gallipoli, yet admits that there are many blue days to come, and the Cyclades. . . . . .

"I can well see that life might be great fun; and I can well see death might be an admirable solution. . . . . .

"In a fortnight, the quarter million Turks."

I think these words on the prospect of living or dying represent his normal state of mind; and that he had nothing which could justly be called a *presentiment* of death. "This is very odd," was the beginning of a letter which he wrote for me in case he died. "But I suppose I must imagine my non-existence, and make a few arrangements." He certainly spoke to some people as though he were sure of not coming back; but no one can read the letters I have printed without seeing what a creature of moods he was; and it was always his way to dramatise the future.

There was a vivid realisation of the possibility —I believe that was all.[1]

He spoke in the letter I have just quoted of a wish he had expressed to his mother (which she has carried out), that any money he left, and any profits from his books, should be divided between three of his brother poets. "If I can set them free to any extent," he told her, "to write the poetry and plays and books they want to, my death will bring more gain than loss." The three were Lascelles Abercrombie, Walter de la Mare, and Wilfrid Gibson.[2]

[1] The preoccupation with the idea of death, shown in his poems from the first, has often been noticed. When I looked through his copy of Aristophanes, I was struck by a heavy triple mark which he had put against two lines of the *Frogs*—almost the only passage he had marked at all:

τεθνηκόσιν γὰρ ἔλεγεν , ὦ μοχθηρὲ σύ,
οἷς οὐδὲ τρὶς λέγοντες ἐξικνούμεθα.

"Aye, but he's speaking to the dead, you knave,
Who cannot hear us though we call them thrice."
(B. B. Rogers' translation.)

This may have suggested the phrase about the 'unanswering dead' in *Ambarvalia,* which occurs again in a fragment, probably written in 1914:—

"We have told you the last lies, unanswering Dead.
Farewell, we have said,
Knowing the Dead fare neither ill nor well."

[2] Mrs. Brooke included in this bequest the amount of the Howland Memorial Prize, the first award of which was unanimously made to her son in 1916, after his death, by the Committee of the Corporation of Yale University. The prize is given "in recognition of some achievement of marked distinction in the field of literature or fine arts or the science of government; and an important factor in the selection is the idealistic element in the recipient's work." Mr. Charles Howland wrote to Mrs. Brooke announcing the

"We had a very amusing evening in Malta," he wrote to his mother on March 12th. "Our boat got in one afternoon almost last of the lot. We were allowed ashore from 5 to midnight. Oc,[1] Denis and I drove around in a funny little carriage, and looked at the views. It's a very lovely place; very like Verona or any Italian town, but rather cleaner and more Southern. There was a lovely Mediterranean sunset and evening, and the sky and sea were filled with colours. The odd and pleasant thing was the way we kept running into people we knew and hadn't expected to meet. First there were people in all the other battalions, who had come on by other boats. Then we found 'Cardy' [Lionel] Montagu, E.S.M.'s brother, staring at the Cathedral. Then Cherry, who used to be in the Anson with us, a nice chap, and he dined with us; and in, at the end of dinner, came Patrick Shaw-Stewart (of this Battalion) with Charles Lister, who was dragged in absolutely at the last mo-

award: "You must have known already by many avenues of the feeling about him in the United States—of the sense of tenderness for his youth, of the attitude of possession of him jointly with Englishmen as one of the Masters of Song in our common tongue; and indeed that he typifies the nobility of sacrifice for a cause that is ours as well as yours."

The lecture, which by the terms of the gift was due from the prizewinner, was delivered at Yale by Walter de la Mare in his stead.

[1] Arthur Asquith.

ment because he is supposed to know Turkish, and is with the Divisional Staff. Before dinner, as I was buying buttons in a little shop, in walked George Peel! And after dinner, at a nice little opera, everyone I knew seemed to appear, in khaki, all very cheerful and gay. Lots of people who we thought were going to be left behind had been able to get out at the last moment, and pounced on us from behind boxes or out of stalls. The Maltese *élite* who were there must have been puzzled at the noise."

From Malta they went on to Lemnos; "the *loveliest* place in the evening sun," he wrote, "softly white, grey, silver-white buildings, some very old, some new, round a great harbour—all very Southern; like an Italian town in silverpoint, livable and serene, with a sea and sky of opal and pearl and faint gold around. It was nearer than any place I've ever seen to what a Greek must have witnessed when he sailed into a Greek coast-city."

Here there was an alarum, but not an excursion, as appears from a letter to Miss Cox, dated "Somewhere (some way from the front) March 19th." "The other day we—some of us—were told that we sailed next day to make a landing. A few thousand of us. Off we stole that night through the phosphorescent Aegean, scribbling

farewell letters, and snatching periods of excited dream-broken sleep. At four we rose, buckled on our panoply, hung ourselves with glasses, compasses, periscopes, revolvers, food, and the rest, and had a stealthy large breakfast. *That* was a mistake. It's ruinous to load up one's belly four or five hours before it expects it—it throws the machinery out of gear for a week. I felt extremely ill the rest of that day.

"We paraded in silence under paling stars along the sides of the ship. The darkness on the sea was full of scattered flashing lights, hinting at our fellow-transports and the rest. Slowly the sky became warm and green, and the sea opal. Everyone's face looked drawn and ghastly. If we landed, my company was to be the first to land. . . . We made out that we were only a mile or two from a dim shore. I was seized with an agony of remorse that I hadn't taught my platoon a thousand things more energetically and competently. The light grew. The shore looked to be crammed with Fate, and was ominously silent. One man thought he saw a camel through his glasses. . . .

"There were some hours of silence.

"About seven, someone said, 'We're going home.' We dismissed the stokers, who said, quietly, 'When's the next battle?', and disem-

panoplied, and had another breakfast. If we were a 'feint,' or if it was too rough to land, or in general, what little part we blindly played, we never knew, and shall not. Still, we did our bit, not ignobly, I trust. We did not see the enemy. We did not fire at them; nor they at us. It seemed improbable they saw us. One of B Company—she was rolling very slightly—was sick on parade. Otherwise, no casualties. A notable battle.

"Later. We're off to Egypt: for repose. For—I imagine—a month at least. What a life! Another campaign over!"

On March 27th they arrived at Port Said, and he went for three days' leave with Arthur Asquith and Patrick Shaw-Stewart to Cairo, where they saw the Sphinx and the Pyramids, rode about on camels, and bought things in the bazaars.

Sir Ian Hamilton came to Port Said to review the Naval Division on April 3rd, and offered him a post on his staff. "I saw Rupert Brooke," he wrote to me, "lying down under a shelter, rather off colour, poor boy. He had got a touch of the sun the previous day. It was nothing, and essentially he was looking in first-class physical condition. He very naturally would like to see this first adventure through with his own men;

after that I think he would like to come to me. It was very natural, and I quite understand it—I should have answered the same in his case had I been offered a staff billet." Rupert never mentioned this offer to his brother-officers. "The first day I was sick," he wrote to his mother, "before I got out of camp—was the day when our new G.O.C.-in-Chief—you'll know who that is—reviewed us. I'd met him once or twice in London. He came to see me after the review and talked for a bit. He offered me a sort of galloper-aide-de-camp job on his staff: but I shan't take it. Anyhow, not now, not till this present job's over; afterwards, if I've had enough of the regimental officer's work, I might like it." "But it's really so jolly," he wrote to me on the same occasion, "being with Oc and Denis and Charles [Lister] and Patrick and Kelly, that it'd have to be very tempting company to persuade me to give it up."

That evening he joined Patrick Shaw-Stewart, who had the same illness, at the Casino Hotel. "Then began nearly a week of comic alternations and vicissitudes in our humiliating complaint," Shaw-Stewart wrote to me. "The companionship in our two little beds was very close, but limited by our mental state, which owing to starvation was—for me—complete vacuity. So we

just lay opposite and grew our little beards, mine red, his golden brown, and made our little jokes at one another—very good ones, I can't help thinking. Altogether, if it hadn't been for the starvation and the uncomfortable beds and the terrible difficulty of making the Italian waiter understand (R. did better with gesticulatory English than I with Italian, which made me furious) it was the best period of the war for me. We were turned out rather quickly. On the Friday morning, April 9th, we were ordered to be aboard that evening if we were well enough, which of course we both said we were. In my case there was no doubt I was: in R.'s I think it was doubtful, and Colonel Quilter rather urged him to stay behind if he still felt queer, but of course it would have been a difficult thing (morally) to do. So we both went on board and stuck to our cabins for a day or two, R. emerging later than me. Just at this time he seemed really pretty well (as well as at Blandford, which I think for him probably wasn't so very well) but a little listless."

Rupert himself wrote to Miss Asquith the day he left the hotel, "Anyhow here I am, well up on that difficult slope that leads from arrowroot, past chicken broth, by rice puddings, to eggs in

milk, and so to eggs, and boiled fish, and finally (they say) chicken and fruit and even real meat. But that is still beyond the next crest. On! on! But while I shall be well, I think, for our first thrust into the fray, I shall be able to give my Turk, at the utmost, a kitten's tap. A diet of arrowroot doesn't build up violence. I am as weak as a pacifist."

About the same time he wrote to Lascelles Abercrombie: "The Sun-God (he, the Song-God) distinguished one of his most dangerous rivals since Marsyas among the *x* thousand tanned and dirty men blown suddenly on these his special coasts a few days or weeks ago. He unslung his bow. . . . I lie in an hotel, cool at length, with wet cloths on my head and less than nothing in my belly. Sunstroke is a bloody affair. It breaks very suddenly the fair harmonies of the body and the soul. I'm lying recovering from it, living faintly on arrowroot and rice-puddings and milk; passing from dream to dream, all faint and tasteless and pure as arrowroot itself. I shall be all right in time for the fighting, I hope and believe.

"*Later* (*at sea*). I know now what a campaign is. I had a suspicion from Antwerp. It is continual crossing from one place to another, and

back, over dreamlike seas: anchoring, or halting, in the oddest places, for no one knows or quite cares how long: drifting on, at last, to some other equally unexpected, equally out of the way, equally odd spot: for all the world like a bottle in some corner of the bay at a seaside resort. Somewhere, sometimes, there is fighting. Not for us. In the end, no doubt, our apparently aimless course will drift us through, or anchor us in, a blaze of war, quite suddenly; and as suddenly swirl us out again. Meanwhile, the laziest loitering lotus-day I idled away as a wanderer in the South Seas was a bustle of decision and purpose compared to a campaign.

"One just hasn't, though, the time and detachment to write, I find. But I've been collecting a few words, detaching lines from the ambient air, collaring one or two of the golden phrases that a certain wind blows from (will the Censor let me say?) Olympus, across these purple seas."

VIII

Of the 'golden phrases,' only the merest fragments remain. He must have made up more in his head than he wrote down, for his last letter

to me implies a good deal more than there is. "The first few days afloat I was still convalescent. So I could lie in my bunk and read and write in a delicious solitude all day. I actually *did* jot down a line or two. Nothing yet complete (except a song, worthless alone, for Denis to put lovely notes around); but a sonnet or two almost done; and the very respectable and shapely skeleton of an ode-threnody. All of which shall travel to you if and when they are done. . . . . I must go and censor my platoon's letters. My long poem is to be about the existence—and non-locality—of England. And it contains the line —'In Avons of the heart her rivers run.' Lovely, isn't it?"

There is only a small black note-book, from which I will put together what I can. There will be found in the appendix the little song called *The Dance,* mentioned in the letter; and a fragment which is almost his only attempt at blank verse—though even here rhyme steals in towards the end. Here are the scraps which seem to belong to the 'ode-threnody' on England:

All things are written in the mind.
There the sure hills have station; and the wind
Blows in that placeless air.
And there the white and golden birds go flying;
And the stars wheel and shine; and woods are fair;

The light upon the snow is there;
and in that nowhere move
The trees and hills [1] and waters that we love.

And she for whom we die, she the undying
Mother of men
England!

* * *

In Avons of the heart her rivers run.

* * *

She is with all we have loved and found and known,
Closed in the little nowhere of the brain.
Only, of all our dreams,
Not the poor heap of dust and stone,
This local earth, set in terrestrial streams,
Not this man, giving all for gold,
Nor that who has found evil good, nor these
Blind millions, bought and sold . . .

* * *

She is not here, or now—
She is here, and now, yet nowhere—
We gave her birth, who bore us—
Our wandering feet have sought, but never found her—
She is built a long way off—
She, though all men be traitors, not betrayed—
Whose soil is love, and her stars justice, she—
Gracious with flowers,
And robed and glorious in the sea.[2]

* * *

[1] The word 'hands' is written here, I think, by mistake for 'hills.' Compare 'the trees and waters and the hills' in his early poem, *The Charm*.

[2] This last set of lines, or rather jottings, is not written as if they were meant to be consecutive.

She was in his eyes, but he could not see her.
And he was England, but he knew her not.

There are fragments of other poems; two about the expedition:

They say Achilles in the darkness stirred,
And Hector, his old enemy,
Moved the great shades that were his limbs. They heard
More than Olympian thunder on the sea.

* * *

Death and Sleep
Bear many a young Sarpedon home.

And this, headed 'Queen Elizabeth':

And Priam and his fifty sons
Wake all amazed, and hear the guns,
And shake for Troy again.

Then there is this:—

'When Nobby tried,' the stokers say,
'To stop a shrapnel with his belly,
He away,
He left a lump of bleeding jelly.'
But *he* went out, did Nobby Clark [1]
Upon the illimitable dark,
Out of the fields where soldiers stray,
Beyond parades, beyond reveille.

[1] All sailors whose name is Clark are nick-named Nobby. No one knows why.

This is for one of the sonnets:

The poor scrap of a song that some man tried
Down in the troop-decks forrard, brought again
The day you sang it first, on a hill-side,
With April in the wind and in the brain.
And the woods were gold; and youth was in our hands.

* * *

Oh lovers parted,
Oh all you lonely over all the world,
You that look out at morning empty-hearted,
Or you, all night turning uncomforted

* * *

Would God, would God, you could be comforted.

* * *

Eyes that weep,
And a long time for love; and, after, sleep.

There are lines of a poem about evening, in which he recurs to the hares in the Grantchester cornfields:

And daylight, like a dust, sinks through the air,
And drifting, golds the ground . . .
A lark,
A voice in heaven, in fading deeps of light,
Drops, at length, home.

* * *

A wind of night, shy as the young hare
That steals even now out of the corn to play,
Stirs the pale river once, and creeps away.

And of an elegy:

The feet that ran with mine have found their goal,
The eyes that met my eyes have looked on night.
The firm limbs are no more; gone back to earth,
Easily mingling . . .
What he is yet,
Not living, lives, hath place in a few minds . . .

He wears
The ungathered blossom of quiet; stiller he
Than a deep well at noon, or lovers met;
Than sleep, or the heart after wrath. He is
The silence following great words of peace.

That is all.

On the 17th of April they landed at Scyros. Arthur Asquith described it to his sister before anything had happened: "This island is more mountainous than Lemnos, and more sparsely inhabited. It is like one great rock-garden of white and pinkish-white marble, with small red poppies and every sort of wildflower; in the gorges ilex, dwarf holly, and occasional groups of olives; and everywhere the smell of thyme (or is it sage? or wild mint?). Our men kill adders and have fun with big tortoises. The water near the shore, where the bottom is white marble, is more beautifully green and blue than I have ever seen it anywhere."

Here then, in the island where Theseus was buried, and whence the young Achilles and the young Pyrrhus were called to Troy, Rupert Brooke died and was buried on Friday, the 23rd of April, the day of Shakespeare and of St. George.

He seemed quite well till Tuesday the 20th, when there was a Divisional Field-day, and he went to bed tired immediately after dinner. On Wednesday he stayed in bed with pains in his back and head; and a swelling on his lip; but no anxiety was felt till the evening, when he had a temperature of 103. Next morning he was much worse; the swelling had increased, and a consultation was held. The diagnosis was acute blood-poisoning, and all hope was given up. It was decided to move him to the French hospital-ship *Duguay-Trouin* which happened to be at Scyros. When he was told this, his one anxiety was lest he should have difficulty in rejoining his battalion. They reassured him, and he seemed to be content. Soon afterwards he became comatose; and there does not seem to have been any moment when he can have realised that he was dying. The rest of the story shall be told in the words of the letter which Denis Browne wrote me on the 25th from the transport.

"In less than half an hour we had carried him

down into a pinnace and taken him straight aboard the *Duguay-Trouin.* They put him in the best cabin, on the sun-deck. Everything was very roomy and comfortable; they had every modern appliance and the surgeons did all that they possibly could.[1] Oc and I left him about 6 when we could do nothing more, and went to the *Franconia,* where we sent a wireless message to the Admiralty.[2] Next morning Oc and I went over to see what we could do, and found him much weaker. There was nothing to be done, as he was quite unconscious and they were busy trying all the devices they could think of to give him ease. Not that he was suffering, for he was barely conscious all Thursday (he just said 'Hallo' when I went to lift him out into the pinnace), and on Friday he was not conscious at all up to the very last, and felt no pain whatever. At 2 the head surgeon told me he was sinking. Oc went off to see about arrangements, and I sat with Rupert. At 4 o'clock he became weaker,

[1] "I do want you to feel," Browne wrote to Mrs. Brooke, "that nothing was left undone that could alleviate his condition or prolong his life. Nothing, however, all the doctors, French and English, assured me, could have helped him to fight his disease, except a strong constitution. And his was so enfeebled by illness as to make the contest an unequal one. They gave us hardly any hope from the first."

[2] The telegrams were received as if from Lemnos, and as there was no reason to suppose otherwise it was assumed, and published, that he had died there.

and at 4.46 he died, with the sun shining all round his cabin, and the cool sea-breeze blowing through the door and the shaded windows. No one could have wished a quieter or a calmer end than in that lovely bay, shielded by the mountains and fragrant with sage and thyme.[1]

"We buried him the same evening in an olive-grove where he had sat with us on Tuesday—one of the loveliest places on this earth, with grey-green olives round him, one weeping above his head; the ground covered with flowering sage, bluish-grey, and smelling more delicious than any flower I know. The path up to it from the sea is narrow and difficult and very stony; it runs by the bed of a dried-up torrent. We had to post men with lamps every twenty yards to guide the bearers. He was carried up from the boat by his A Company petty officers, led by his platoon-sergeant Saunders; and it was with enormous difficulty that they got the coffin up the narrow way. The journey of a mile took two hours. It was not till 11 that I saw them coming (I had gone up to choose the place, and with Freyberg and Charles Lister I turned the sods of his grave; we had some of his platoon to dig). First came one of his men carrying a great white wooden

[1] This sentence is from the letter to Mrs. Brooke.

cross with his name painted on it in black; then the firing-party, commanded by Patrick; and then the coffin, followed by our officers, and General Paris and one or two others of the Brigade. Think of it all under a clouded moon, with the three mountains[1] around and behind us, and those divine scents everywhere. We lined his grave with all the flowers we could find, and Quilter set a wreath of olive on the coffin. The funeral service was very simply said by the Chaplain, and after the Last Post the little lamp-lit procession went once again down the narrow path to the sea.

"Freyberg, Oc, I, Charles and Cleg [Kelly] stayed behind and covered the grave with great pieces of white marble which were lying everywhere about. Of the cross at the head you know; it was the large one that headed the procession. On the back of it our Greek interpreter wrote in pencil:

ἐνθάδε κεῖται
ὁ δοῦλος τοῦ Θεοῦ
ἀνθυπολοχαγὸς τοῦ
Ἀγγλικοῦ ναυτικοῦ
ἀποθανὼν ὑπὲρ τῆς
ἀπελευθερώσεως τῆς
Κων· πόυλεως ἀπὸ
τῶν Τουρκῶν.[1]

[1] Their names are Paphko, Komaro, and Khokilas.

[1] Here lies the servant of God, Sub-Lieutenant in the English Navy, who died for the deliverance of Constantinople from the Turks.

At his feet was a small wooden cross sent by his platoon. We could not see the grave again, as we sailed from Scyros next morning at 6."

The same friend wrote to Mrs. Brooke: "No words of mine can tell you the sorrow of those whom he has left behind him here. No one of us knew him without loving him, whether they knew him for ten years, as I did, or for a couple of months as others. His brother officers and his men mourn him very deeply. But those who knew him chiefly as a poet of the rarest gifts, the brightest genius, know that the loss is not only yours and ours, but the world's. And beyond his genius there was that infinitely lovable soul, that stainless heart whose earthly death can only be the beginning of a true immortality.

"To his friends Rupert stood for something so much purer, greater, and nobler than ordinary men that his loss seems more explicable than theirs. He has gone to where he came from; but if anyone left the world richer by passing through it, it was he."

Next morning the *Grantully Castle* sailed for the Gallipoli Peninsula. Within six weeks, of the officers named in Denis Browne's letter, he and Colonel Quilter were dead, and all but one of the others had been wounded. Kelly, Lister, and Shaw-Stewart have since been killed.

Winston Churchill wrote in the *Times* of April 26th: "Rupert Brooke is dead. A telegram from the Admiral at Lemnos tells us that this life has closed at the moment when it seemed to have reached its springtime. A voice had become audible, a note had been struck, more true, more thrilling, more able to do justice to the nobility of our youth in arms engaged in this present war, than any other—more able to express their thoughts of self-surrender, and with a power to carry comfort to those who watched them so intently from afar. The voice has been swiftly stilled. Only the echoes and the memory remain; but they will linger.

"During the last few months of his life, months of preparation in gallant comradeship and open air, the poet-soldier told with all the simple force of genius the sorrow of youth about to die, and the sure triumphant consolations of a sincere and valiant spirit. He expected to die; he was willing to die for the dear England whose beauty and majesty he knew; and he advanced towards the brink in perfect serenity, with absolute conviction of the rightness of his country's cause, and a heart devoid of hate for fellow-men.

"The thoughts to which he gave expression in the very few incomparable war sonnets which he has left behind will be shared by many thou-

sands of young men moving resolutely and blithely forward into this, the hardest, the cruellest, and the least-rewarded of all the wars that men have fought. They are a whole history and revelation of Rupert Brooke himself. Joyous, fearless, versatile, deeply instructed, with classic symmetry of mind and body, he was all that one would wish England's noblest sons to be in days when no sacrifice but the most precious is acceptable, and the most precious is that which is most freely proffered."

. . . . . .

"Coming from Alexandria yesterday," Denis Browne wrote to me on June 2nd, two days before his own death, "we passed Rupert's island at sunset. The sea and sky in the East were grey and misty; but it stood out in the West, black and immense, with a crimson glowing halo round it. Every colour had come into the sea and sky to do him honour; and it seemed that the island must ever be shining with his glory that we buried there."

APPENDIX

Note

The Appendix contains: (1) the only two coherent fragments found in the notebook which he used in the last month of his life (see Memoir, page 175); a little song, written, I think, on his travels; and a poem, dating probably from 1912, which for some reason he left unrevised, but which I print for the sake of the characteristic image in the first stanza: (2) a few 'lighter' poems which I dare say he would have printed on their merits if he had published a volume in which they would not have been out of key. Two of these, the "Letter to a Live Poet" and "The Little Dog's Day," were written for *Westminster Gazette* competitions, in which they won prizes.

E. M.

FRAGMENT

I strayed about the deck, an hour, to-night
Under a cloudy moonless sky; and peeped
In at the windows, watched my friends at table,
Or playing cards, or standing in the doorway,
Or coming out into the darkness. Still
No one could see me.

I would have thought of them
—Heedless, within a week of battle—in pity,
Pride in their strength and in the weight and firmness
And link'd beauty of bodies, and pity that
This gay machine of splendour 'ld soon be broken,
Thought little of, pashed, scattered. . . .

Only, always,
I could but see them—against the lamplight—pass
Like coloured shadows, thinner than filmy glass,
Slight bubbles, fainter than the wave's faint light,
That broke to phosphorus out in the night,
Perishing things and strange ghosts—soon to die
To other ghosts—this one, or that, or I.

April, 1915.

THE DANCE

A Song

As the Wind, and as the Wind,
In a corner of the way,
Goes stepping, stands twirling,
Invisibly, comes whirling,
Bows before, and skips behind,
In a grave, an endless play—

So my Heart, and so my Heart,
Following where your feet have gone,
Stirs dust of old dreams there;
He turns a toe; he gleams there,
Treading you a dance apart.
But you see not. You pass on.

April, 1915.

SONG

The way of love was thus.
He was born one winter morn
With hands delicious,
And it was well with us.

Love came our quiet way,
Lit pride in us, and died in us,
All in a winter's day.
There is no more to say.

1913 (?).

SOMETIMES EVEN NOW . . .

Sometimes even now I may
Steal a prisoner's holiday,
Slip, when all is worst, the bands,
  Hurry back, and duck beneath
Time's old tyrannous groping hands,
  Speed away with laughing breath
Back to all I'll never know,
Back to you, a year ago.

Truant there from Time and Pain,
What I had, I find again:
Sunlight in the boughs above,
  Sunlight in your hair and dress,
The Hands too proud for all but Love,
  The Lips of utter kindliness,
The Heart of bravery swift and clean
  Where the best was safe, I knew,
And laughter in the gold and green,
  And song, and friends, and ever you
With smiling and familiar eyes,
  You—but friendly: you—but true.

And Innocence accounted wise,
  And Faith the fool, the pitiable.
Love so rare, one would swear
  All of earth for ever well—
Careless lips and flying hair,
  And little things I may not tell.

It does but double the heart-ache
When I wake, when I wake.

1912 (?).

SONNET: IN TIME OF REVOLT

The Thing must End. I am no boy! I AM
  No BOY! ! being twenty-one. Uncle, you make
  A great mistake, a very great mistake,
In chiding me for letting slip a 'Damn!'
What's more, you called me 'Mother's one ewe lamb,'
  Bade me 'refrain from swearing—for *her* sake—
  Till I'm grown up' . . . —By God! I think you take
Too much upon you, Uncle William!

You say I am your brother's only son.
I know it. And, 'What of it?' I reply.
My heart's resolvéd. *Something must be done.*
So shall I curb, so baffle, so suppress
This too avuncular officiousness,
Intolerable consanguinity.

January, 1908.

A LETTER TO A LIVE POET

Sir, since the last Elizabethan died,
Or, rather, that more Paradisal muse,
Blind with much light, passed to the light more glorious
Or deeper blindness, no man's hand, as thine,
Has, on the world's most noblest chord of song,
Struck certain magic strains. Ears satiate
With the clamorous, timorous whisperings of to-day,

Thrilled to perceive once more the spacious voice
And serene utterance of old. We heard
—With rapturous breath half-held, as a dreamer dreams
Who dares not know it dreaming, lest he wake—
The odorous, amorous style of poetry,
The melancholy knocking of those lines,
The long, low soughing of pentameters,
—Or the sharp of rhyme as a bird's cry—
And the innumerable truant polysyllables
Multitudinously twittering like a bee.
Fulfilled our hearts were with that music then,
And all the evenings sighed it to the dawn,
And all the lovers heard it from all the trees.
All of the accents upon all the norms!
—And ah! the stress on the penultimate!
We never knew blank verse could have such feet.

Where is it now? Oh, more than ever, now,
I sometimes think no poetry is read
Save where some sepultured Caesura bled,
Royally incarnadining all the line.
Is the imperial iamb laid to rest,
And the young trochee, having done enough?

Ah! turn again! Sing so to us, who are sick
Of seeming-simple rhymes, bizarre emotions,
Decked in the simple verses of the day,
Infinite meaning in a little gloom,
Irregular thoughts in stanzas regular,
Modern despair in antique metres, myths
Incomprehensible at evening,
And symbols that mean nothing in the dawn.

The slow lines swell. The new style sighs. The Celt
Moans round with many voices.
God! to see
Gaunt anapaests stand up out of the verse,
Combative accents, stress where no stress should be,
Spondee on spondee, iamb on choriamb,
The thrill of all the tribrachs in the world,
And all the vowels rising to the E!
To hear the blessed mutter of those verbs,
Conjunctions passionate toward each other's arms,
And epithets like amaranthine lovers
Stretching luxuriously to the stars,
All prouder pronouns than the dawn, and all
The thunder of the trumpets of the noun!

January, 1911.

FRAGMENT ON PAINTERS

There is an evil which that Race attaints
Who represent God's World with oily paints,
Who mock the Universe, so rare and sweet,
With spots of colour on a canvas sheet,
Defile the Lovely and insult the Good
By scrawling upon little bits of wood.
They'd snare the moon, and catch the immortal sun
With madder brown and pale vermilion,
Entrap an English evening's magic hush . . .
. . . . . .

THE TRUE BEATITUDE

They say, when the Great Prompter's hand shall ring
  Down the last curtain upon earth and sea,
  All the Good Mimes will have eternity
To praise their Author, worship love and sing;
Or to the walls of Heaven wandering
  Look down on those damned for a fretful d——,
  Mock them (all theologians agree
On this reward for virtue), laugh, and fling

New sulphur on the sin-incarnadined . . .
  Ah, Love! still temporal, and still atmospheric,
    Teleologically unperturbed,
We share a peace by no divine divined,
  An earthly garden hidden from any cleric,
    Untrodden of God, by no Eternal curbed.

1913.

SONNET REVERSED

Hand trembling towards hand; the amazing lights
Of heart and eye. They stood on supreme heights.

Ah, the delirious weeks of honeymoon!
  Soon they returned, and, after strange adventures,
Settled at Balham by the end of June.
  Their money was in Can. Pacs. B. Debentures,

And in Antofagastas. Still he went
  Cityward daily; still she did abide
At home. And both were really quite content
  With work and social pleasures. Then they died.
They left three children (besides George, who drank):
  The eldest Jane, who married Mr. Bell,
William, the head-clerk in the County Bank,
  And Henry, a stock-broker, doing well.

LULWORTH, 1, *January*, 1911.

THE LITTLE DOG'S DAY

All in the town were still asleep,
When the sun came up with a shout and leap.
In the lonely streets unseen by man,
A little dog danced. And the day began.

All his life he'd been good, as far as he could,
And the poor little beast had done all that he should.
But this morning he swore, by Odin and Thor
And the Canine Valhalla—he'd stand it no more!

So his prayer he got granted—to do just what he wanted,
Prevented by none, for the space of one day.
'*Jam incipiebo,*[1] *sedere facebo,*'[2]
In dog-Latin he quoth, '*Euge! sophos! hurray!*'

[1] Now we're off.
[2] *I'll* make them sit up.

He fought with the he-dogs, and winked at the she-dogs,
A thing that had never been *heard* of before.
'For the stigma of gluttony, I care not a button!' he
Cried, and ate all he could swallow—and more.

He took sinewy lumps from the shins of old frumps,
And mangled the errand-boys—when he could get 'em.
He shammed furious *rabies*,[1] and bit all the babies,[1]
And followed the cats up the trees, and then ate 'em!

They thought 'twas the devil was holding a revel,
And sent for the parson to drive him away;
For the town never knew such a hullabaloo
As that little dog raised—till the end of that day.

When the blood-red sun had gone burning down,
And the lights were lit in the little town,
Outside, in the gloom of the twilight grey,
The little dog died when he'd had his day.

July, 1907.

[1] Pronounce either to suit rhyme.

Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
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Historical
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Collection
Series

Epilogue

James H. Richey most likely settled in California after his trip across the Plains in 1854. Not much is known about his life from this point due to lack of historical records but it is assumed that he and his family remained in Northern California.

Following his freedom from bondage with help from Daniel Webster, Paul Jennings set about to make a difference in the lives of enslaved people. Though he should have been bitter that Dolley Madison sold him rather than face that she and her son Payne Todd were penniless because they had never learned to live within their means—Jennings continued speaking about them positively. Working with abolitionists after obtaining his freedom he helped organize efforts to free fellow slaves. His memoir was first published in a magazine in 1863 and in book form in 1865. It remains today an important document about life in the Madison White House as well as an eyewitness account of what really happened when the British burned the White House in 1813. Jennings died in 1874 and left many descendants.

British-born Ruth Wolfe Fuller was born in October 1890 and died in August 1969. Her husband Raymond Fuller survived

combat during the First World War and returned home where he and Ruth welcomed two daughters. She was buried at Newton Cemetery in Massachusetts following her death. Her memoir about life during wartime has been recommended reading for high school and college courses focusing on firsthand accounts of the effects of war on loved ones left behind on the home front.

To fans everywhere Wallace Reid seemed to have it all during the silent era of the movie industry as an idol to millions. But his death opened eyes about the effects of drug abuse. His death was a result of a combination of being overworked—and trying to deal with an injury that seemed to become more painful as time slipped by. Reid was one of the first of many in an industry that treated actors like pieces of property. Not long after Reid died another well-known star of the silent era, Lucille Ricksen, would die in March 1925. She was 14. To cover their complicity in causing her tragic death from exhaustion, movie executives blamed it on tuberculosis, leaving out the fact they overworked her which led to her contracting TB. Rivaling Mary Pickford, Ricksen seemed to have a bright future ahead—and probably would have become a major movie star had not she been treated like a farm animal instead of a human being. Reid's mother seemed to have no clue that her son was being worked to death and accepted what she was told by studio executives such as Jesse Lasky—that her son was like family—which was far from the truth. In the opening pages of her book Reid's mother stated that Lasky planned to have a statue created that would honor her late son. From available records I found, Reid's statue was never completed. Whether Lasky blatantly lied to Reid's mother or changed his mind afterwards remains a mystery. Despite what happened to Reid in 1923 and Ricksen in 1925—the movie industry continued to treat its stars like farm animals by plying them with drugs to keep them working long past exhaustion. In June 1937, Jean Harlow's death was a direct cause of the movie studios ignoring her declining health until it was too late. During the 1930s through the 1950s Judy Garland suffered the same

fate—which resulted in the same ending as the others mentioned. Studio system or not—lessons were never learned by events of the past—and into the 1970s the practice to overwork actors continued. The death of Freddie Prinze in January 1977 was a result of what many saw as too much pressure to perform and not enough concern for how vulnerable it made certain people who were not equipped to handle the demands of fame.

In October 1984 Jon-Erik Hexum died tragically on the set of the TV series *Cover Up* after accidentally shooting himself with a prop gun that should have never been in the hands of an actor when not being used to film a scene. Had the production team used better judgment this would never have happened.

Today Wallace Reid continues to attract fans as streaming services showcase his movies worldwide. He had much promise during the early years of his career and had he lived he probably would have become one of the most notable leading men of the motion picture business well into the 1940s. Though he continues to live through an array of photographs and films—one could only have imagined what he could have become if he had been treated like a human being and not like a bag of money in the bank.

To be fair, there are many more casualties than the brief accounts mentioned above. One only has to read memoirs by those who lived through Hollywood's golden age to see just how cruel studio executives could be toward those they employed. While the public adored their icons on the silver screen—these same icons beloved by many—were treated without respect or dignity. One doesn't have to wonder why there were so many suicides and fatal overdoses during this era. What seemed like heaven to many was actually hell to those subjected to what could best be described as modern-day slavery. I'm sure many would dispute this view—but read the memoirs I read and then say it wasn't exactly as described by those who lived through it.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln's death in October 1818 left a void in her son's life that never completely healed. Throughout his adult life Abraham Lincoln remarked how much her influence made an

impact in his life. In respect to the legacy of her son, people regularly visit the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln at the Lincoln Boyhood Memorial in Indiana. During her brief lifetime she may not have imagined that over two centuries after her death people would know her name. Today when people remember the character of President Lincoln—they also remember how much her influence made him who he became. Nevertheless as with many individuals who became famous in history—books have been written about her and her family background—most of which were debunked as historical fiction due to the outlandish lies told by armchair historians masquerading as biographers pretending to have credibility. Some of these so-called accounts about her life as well as the life of her famous son have been so obvious with the exaggerated retelling of their lives and legacy that it seems more suitable for a badly written sitcom than a serious attempt at calling such works historical biographies.

Most of these books have one thing in common—the writer of such "biographies" always claims inside knowledge on their subject matter yet never provides real proof in the form of verified letters or documents. It should be noted that the line "you can always hear a lie but can never see it" applies here. To bolster their lies, in many cases fake websites on the Internet suddenly appears when a specific book or version of events is challenged. Yet if you look for further information to corroborate what appears on a site claiming to have accurate information about certain things stated in a so-called biography you find nothing. A word of caution for everyone concerning genealogical sites—many aren't accurate or based on actual records or data. In fact, most contain false information about birth and death records. Whether this is intentional or accidental is unsure.

In October 2014 an online independent public library was founded and named after Nancy Hanks Lincoln—dedicated in her memory—featuring public domain books—available for free.

Rupert Brooke seemed to have it all during the Edwardian Era in England as a popular student—a charming young man with

plenty of friends—but also self-doubt about his ability as a poet and his place in society. Though best known as a poet of the World War I era community, Brooke was also skilled at writing detailed letters which seemed more like a memoir than just actual letters to friends and family. He lived in a time when the world was changing and apparently it affected him in different ways which led to a confused state of reality about whom he was and who he imagined himself to be. There is no doubt that Brooke was a talented poet—but at the same time there are significant clues in his many letters that he was suffering from an identity crisis which probably would have emerged at some point during his life had he lived. Today Brooke remains known for his thought-provoking poetry as well as his "movie star" photographs which appear throughout the Internet making him seem more like a matinee idol from Hollywood's golden age than a gifted writer of war poetry. Rupert Brooke was on his way to Gallipoli when he died at 27 in April 1915. He was buried on the Greek island of Skyros. His grave is visited regularly by visitors to Greece—paying homage to a life cut short by tragic events.

In 1975 Cathleen Nesbitt published an autobiography about her life and career in which she mentioned Rupert Brooke. From her visible reaction during television interviews when asked about her feelings for him it seemed she considered him more of a friend than potential husband. She died in 1982 at 92.

As of 2025 there has never been a movie or miniseries about Rupert Brooke's life. There has been one attempt at a documentary—from 1982. Mainly it was just bland readings of his poetry which seemed more like an episode of *Entertainment Tonight* rather than an attempt to tell his complicated story.

About the Authors

James H. Richey supposedly settled in California after his trip across the Plains in 1854. Not much is known about his life following his adventure. His account was published in 1908.

Paul Jennings was a slave owned by James Madison. His freedom was bought by Daniel Webster from Dolley Madison in March of 1847. His brief 1865 account of Madison with help from noted antiquarian John Brooks Russell is considered the first memoir about life in the White House. Jennings died in May 1874.

Ruth Wolfe Fuller was born in October 1890 in England. Her account about her experiences as a war bride during World War I was one of the few memoirs written during that time. She died in August 1969 at the age of 78. She is buried in Massachusetts.

Bertha Westbrook Reid was born in August 1867 in Illinois before moving to St. Louis as a young woman. Her son became a famous silent screen star during the early part of the twentieth century. His death in 1923 exposed the effects of drug addiction as well as the rampant abuse of actors under the movie studio system that was Hollywood's golden age. She died in 1939 at the age of 71.

Harold Edward Briggs was chairman of the Department of History at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. He was a well-known scholar and historian in the field of Western America history. His wife, Ernestine Bennett Briggs, was well-versed in frontier studies as well. They frequently traveled throughout the area where Nancy Hanks Lincoln lived and died—drawing upon every available resource for their book. Harold Briggs passed away in April 1970 and his wife followed in November 1982.

Edward Marsh was a British civil servant and worked as a private secretary for Winston Churchill for many years. He was also friendly with many poets of the era—most notably Rupert Brooke and Siegfried Sassoon. Marsh died in January 1953 at 80.

Additional info about the end years for all biographical subjects as well as the authors of previously published material in this book was provided by Gary Brin. All included info was researched from credible sources and checked for accuracy before publication.

About the Series Editor

Gary Brin was born in 1965 and has lived in the United States Virgin Islands, Hawaii and California. He has edited numerous original literary works over the years—both new and revised. In 2019 he established Standish Press to bring forth interesting fictional and historical material usually ignored by mainstream publishers because of specific views or content. In addition to publishing books, he also created the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library (named after the mother of Abraham Lincoln) in 2014 to make available hard-to-find books to a worldwide audience.

Production Notes

A Trip Across the Plains in 1854 by James Richey
Privately published in 1908 for the author
A Colored Man's Reminiscences of James Madison by
Paul Jennings and John Brooks Russell
Published in 1865 by George Beadle Company
Silver Lining: Experiences of a War Bride by Ruth Wolfe Fuller
Published in 1918 by Houghton Mifflin Company
Wallace Reid: His Life Story by Bertha Westbrook Reid
Published in 1923 by Sorg Publishing Company
Nancy Hanks Lincoln: A Frontier Portrait by
Harold Edward Briggs and Ernestine Bennett Briggs
Published in 1952 by Bookman Associates
Rupert Brooke: A Memoir by Edward
Marsh with selected snippets of Brooke's letters
Published in 1918 by John Lane Company

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www.nancyhankslincolnpubliclibrary.org

Marie Laplace
February 13, 1892
August 16, 1981

Robert J. Questel
June 22, 1911
August 4, 1990

Marie Anicia Berry Questel
January 13, 1912
April 9, 1997

Eugene Albery Brin
March 21, 1932
May 26, 1977

Lucille Questel Brin
February 21, 1940
December 10, 2000

They never got to have the dreams they wanted or expected but their lives were important nevertheless.

Standish Press

FIRST TIME IN ONE VOLUME
Biographical Accounts of Six Extraordinary Lives

Using digitally restored page images of six books of which were first published in 1908, 1865, 1918, 1923, 1952 and 1918 based on adventures of *James Richey* from an account about his travels across the Plains in 1854. A biographical memoir by *Paul Jennings* about his experiences with former US President James Madison and his wife First Lady Dolley Madison. Personal letters and notes by *Ruth Wolfe Fuller* during the First World War to her husband. A memoir about *Wallace Reid* by his mother focusing on the silent screen idol's early years. *Nancy Hanks Lincoln* from a definitive biography by noted historians Harold Edward Briggs and Ernestine Bennett Briggs and *Rupert Brooke* from a memoir by his friend Edward Marsh are presented complete and uncut from the original published versions. Included in this edition are digitally restored photographs that have rarely been published as well as additional biographical material.

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